



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

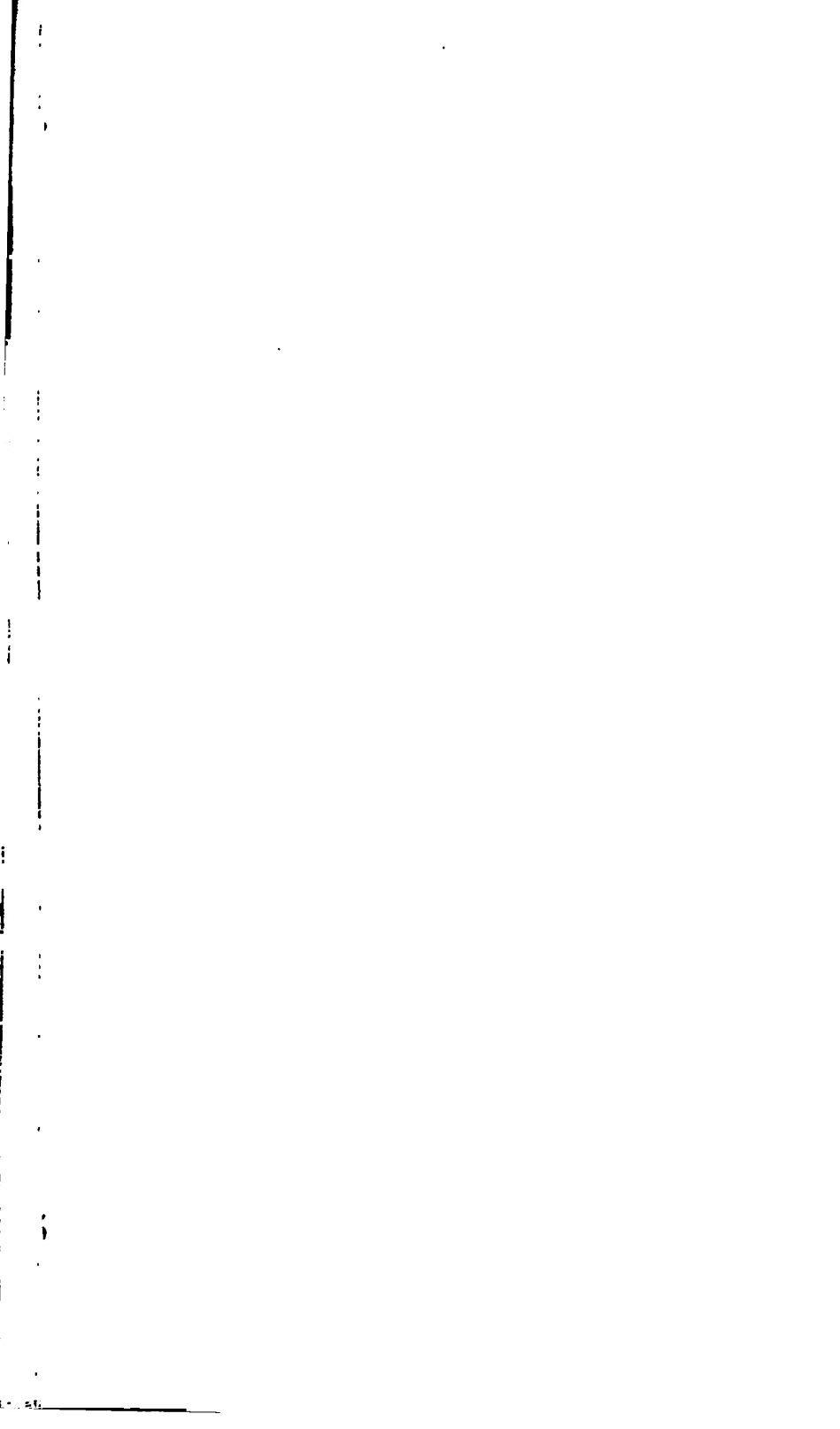
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

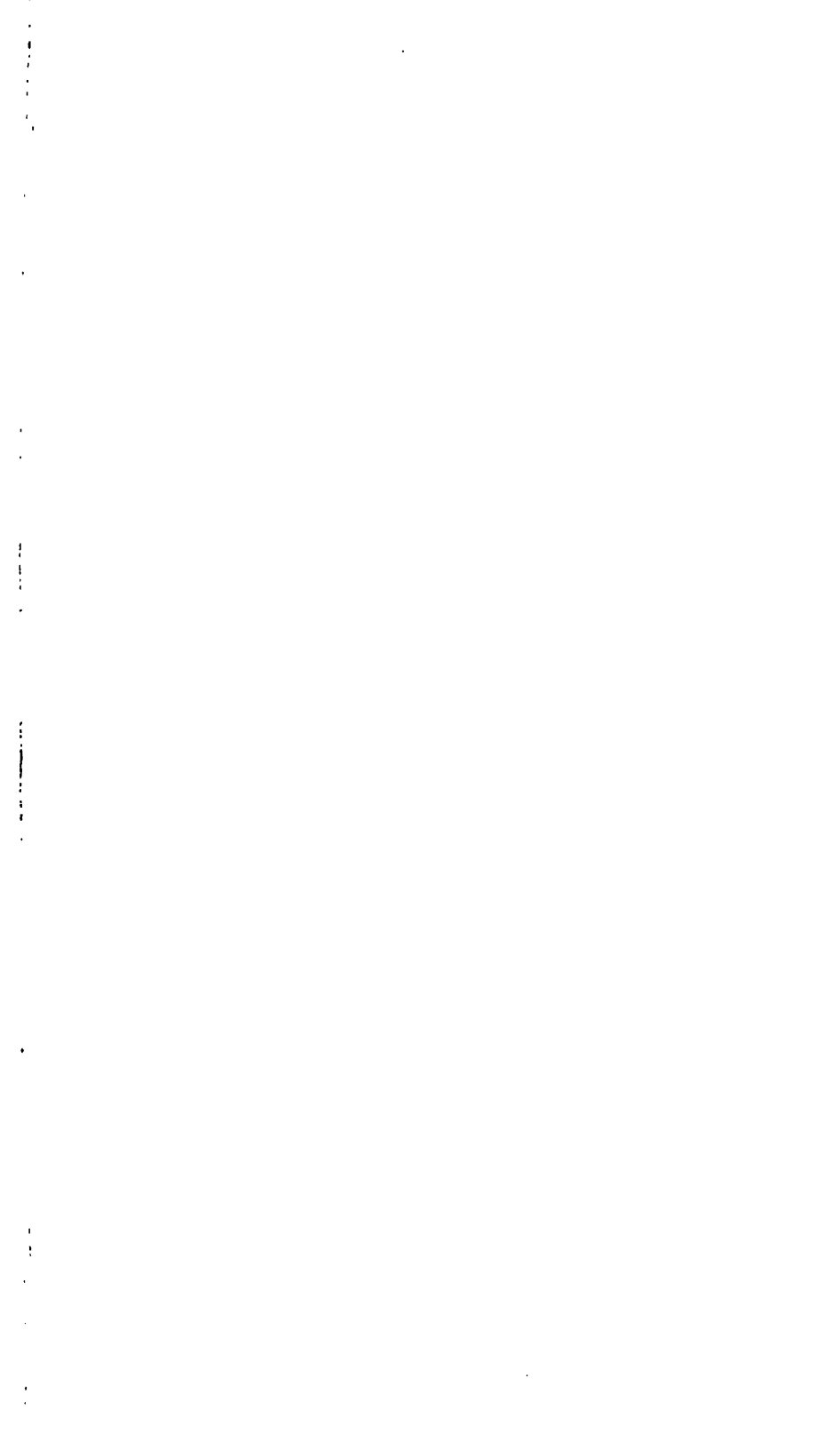
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Perilous Adventures of Travellers.





Perilous Adventures of Travellers.

MOY WEN
JUN
YHABU

INCIDENTS
—
AND
—
NARRATIVES OF TRAVEL
— IN —
IN
LIBRARY
EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA AND AMERICA.



BY JOHN FROST, LL.D.
—
EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

W30 V30
2100
V30

INCIDENTS
AND
NARRATIVES OF TRAVEL,
IN
EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA AND AMERICA,

IN VARIOUS PERIODS OF HISTORY.

BY JOHN FROST, LL. D.

AUBURN AND BUFFALO:
JOHN E. BEARDSLEY.

1857.

Tm

favourites. The names of Mungo Park and others who have encountered terrible difficulties in exploring countries before unknown are familiar as "household words." Even the fictitious attractions of Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput do not give them the superiority, in the youthful estimation. The desire to see other lands and other people, besides those among which we are born and reared is common. All, however, have not the means of gratifying themselves in this particular; and to those who are compelled to remain at home, narratives of adventurous travel must be a source of pleasure. To such, especially, our copious collection with its many illustrations, may be recommended.

CONTENTS.

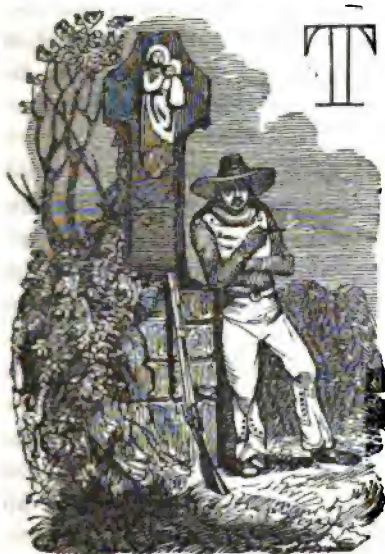
	PAGE
ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELLER IN HUNGARY.....	9
ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.....	21
ADVENTURES OF MR. WILLIAM MARINER.....	30
ADVENTURE UPON THE ROAD.....	45
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER IN TEXAS.....	50
SINGULAR ENCOUNTER WITH A COBRA DI CAPELLO.....	65
TREMENDOUS ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.....	68
ADVENTURES OF JAMES BRUCE IN AFRICA.....	72
ADVENTURES OF JOHN LEDYARD.....	82
ADVENTURES OF MUNGO PARK.....	86
M. SIMOND IN SWITZERLAND.....	92
CAVALIERO'S ADVENTURES IN EGYPT.....	99
A WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.....	106
PERILOUS ASCENT OF ADAM'S PEAK, IN CEYLON.....	110
ADVENTURES OF BURCKHARDT.....	117
A TRAVELLER'S ENCOUNTER WITH ALBANESSE BRIGANDS.....	135
ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.....	141
ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA.....	180
ROUGHING IT IN CANADA.....	212
THE INDIANS OF CANADA.....	223
ENCOUNTER WITH THE BANDITTI AND SMUGGLERS OF ANDA- LUSIA.....	254
MEETING AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTHERN OCEAN.....	259
ADVENTURES IN CIRCASSIA.....	262
ENCOUNTER WITH ROBBERS IN TURKEY.....	277
ADVENTURES IN OREGON.....	282
FERIBLE SHIPWRECK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.....	297
ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY MADemoisELLE D'ANGEVILLE.....	299

	PAGE
LOSS OF THE VETHERID	308
ADVENTURES UPON THE UPPER MISSOURI	313
WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMBOAT	326
THE CROCODILE BATTERY	330
SHIPWRECK AT KING'S ISLAND	346
ADVENTURE AND EXPLOIT OF TWO GUIDES	350
DESTRUCTION OF AN EAST INDIAMAN BY FIRE	358
ADVENTURES IN THE TYROL	363
PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT SLIDELL IN SPAIN ..	372
ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT SLIDELL WITH ROB- BERS IN SPAIN	382
ADVENTURES OF LIEUT. COL. DENHAM IN AFRICA	390
VISIT OF MR. FORD TO ST. YUSTE, THE LAST RESIDENCE OF CHARLES V.	398
SUFFERINGS OF A PARTY ON FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY TO THE POLAR SEA	406
AN EARTHQUAKE ADVENTURE IN ITALY	445
ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HEAD IN CANADA	457
ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER AT AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN NEPAUL	481
ADVENTURES OF CAPT. GOLOWNIN'S PARTY IN JAPAN	491
LOSS OF THE BLENDEHALL	496
MR. BORROW'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE GIPSIES IN SPAIN	509
EXCURSION TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, BY AN ENGLISH LADY	532

PERILOUS ADVENTURES
AND
THRILLING INCIDENTS OF TRAVELLERS

**ADVENTURE OF A TRAVELLER IN
HUNGARY.**

(See Frontispiece.)



THIS story was told me, says a recent writer, by an Italian officer, who was serving, at the time he first learned it, with the 'Grande Armée' of Napoleon. It seems to me to contain one of the most striking, most dramatic, and terrible scenes that can be conceived, and I have only to regret that I lack the talent or power of tell-

ing the tale of horror so well as it was told to me.

It was a few weeks before the termination of the

short, but (for Austria) fatal campaign of 1809—that campaign which, begun nobly by the Austrians, ended in their seeing Buonaparte dictate to their prostrate empire from their capital, and shortly after claim as his bride the daughter of the sovereign he had so injured and humbled—that an Hungarian horse-dealer left Vienna to return to his home, which was situated in an interior province of his country.

He carried with him, in paper-money and in gold, a very considerable sum, the product of the horses he had sold at the Austrian capital. To carry this in safety was a difficult object just at that time; for troops, French and Austrian, were scattered in every direction, and he knew by experience, that it was not always safe to fall in with small parties of soldiers, even of his own country or government, (to say nothing of the French,) but that Croats, and wild Hussars and Hulans, and others that fought under the Austrian eagle, were seldom over-scrupulous as to “keeping their hands from picking and stealing,” when opportunity was favourable or tempting.

The dealer, however, relied on his minute knowledge of the country he had traversed so often; on the bottom and speed of his thorough-bred Hungarian horse;—and having obtained what he considered good information, as to the posts occupied by the belligerents, and the range of country most exposed to the soldiery, he set out from Vienna, which he feared would soon be in the hands of the enemy. He went alone, and on his road carefully avoided, instead of seeking the company of other travellers, for he reasonably judged, that a solitary individual, meanly dressed as he was, might

escape notice, while a party of travellers would be sure to attract it.

By his good management he passed the Hungarian frontier unharmed, and continued his journey homeward by a circuitous unfrequented route. On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards.

When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for a Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold,

and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep.

He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next minute a robust fellow dropped into the room, and, after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make

him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving, when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was, until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had just been dispossessed in so singular a manner, but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps crossed it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host, and the other his son, appeared on its threshold.

"Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble."

"There is no fear of that," said the younger man, also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!"

"Do my bidding," said the old man sternly; "would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?"

As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent with an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "He is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money. I saw him put it under his bolster."

"I have it, here it is," said the son; "a purse and a pocket-book."

The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation, and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether, from the apartment.

No sooner were they fairly gone, than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all

his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the Burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted with all that had happened.

In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants, and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death, but as the party went round to the stables, they heard a noise; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate with the traveller and some half dozen armed men ran to the stable door—this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave.

The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne: they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by hard griping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly, but at length rising, he said to those who

held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! who says I am a murderer?"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

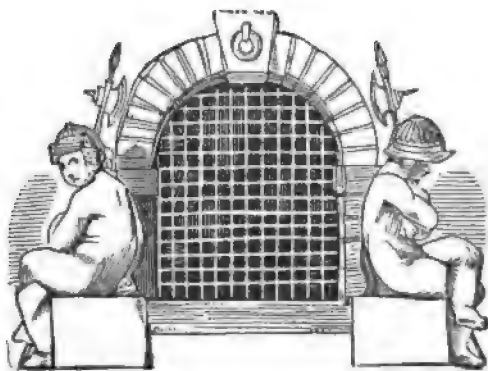
Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw by the lamps, the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, "How is this! who is this!" and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute, the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without

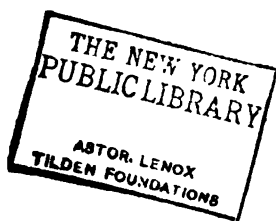
knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest towns-people. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself, shrieking and frantic, carried back into the inn by main force.

The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence, and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather

go to sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance, and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.

The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

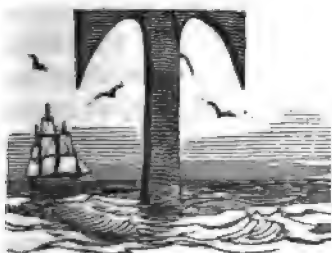






AN ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



THE following narrative of a remarkable adventure on the St. Lawrence, appeared a number of years ago in a Liverpool newspaper, where it was vouched for as true in every particular:

“On the 22d of April, 1810, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, in Upper Canada, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the river St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge—a large flat-bottomed boat—to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles: then set out from Kingston on the 28th of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdenburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall; and the succeeding night, at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St. Francis: here our bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river: and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being con-

fined within comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels: through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the Falls of Niagara; they are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, we arrived at the village of the Cedars; immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids—the Cedars, the Split-Rock, and the Cascades—distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May, we set out from the Cedars; the barge very deep and very leaky; the captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedar Rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time with horrid impiety that all the powers could not steer the barge better than he did. Soon after this, we entered the Split-Rock Rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we hurried on to what the Canadians call the *grand bouillie*, or great boiling. In approaching this place, the captain let go the helm, saying: "Now for it! here we fill!" The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient pre-

sence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders, when the barge sank, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water; but, contrary to my expectations, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot where the Split-Rock Rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited, and we could see women on shore, running about, much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo: these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on by the trunk; when, terrified with the vicinity of the Cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersions; and in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom—which, with the gaff, sails, &c. had been detached from the mast, to make room for the cargo—and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the Cascades: in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom

upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it; the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time, I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation, I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head; and when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold, and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

“The Cascades are a kind of fall or rapid descent in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French *sauter*—to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea; and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over it. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one half; and I certainly should—after I became very cold and much exhausted—have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over me, which obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St Lawrence before; but I knew there were more rapids ahead—perhaps another set of the Cascades—but, at all events, the

La Chine Rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice, extending from the shore, to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw, at a distance, a canoe, with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; but in this I was disappointed: the men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians,—genuine descendants of the Tartars—who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me. The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, and the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St. Louis, about three to five miles wide: with some difficulty, I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from the shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see

if it were possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along: this I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged up upon the barge. After near an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife, whilst trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and, to my great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c. all wet. Of these I made a seasonable, though very moderate use; and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

"After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal—with my waistcoat, &c.—in my power to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals, with my waistcoat and a shirt, which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived. The distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on; my destruction appeared certain, but it did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and had become quite familiar. I really felt more provoked at having escaped so long to be finally sacrificed, than alarmed at the prospect. Finding signals in vain, I

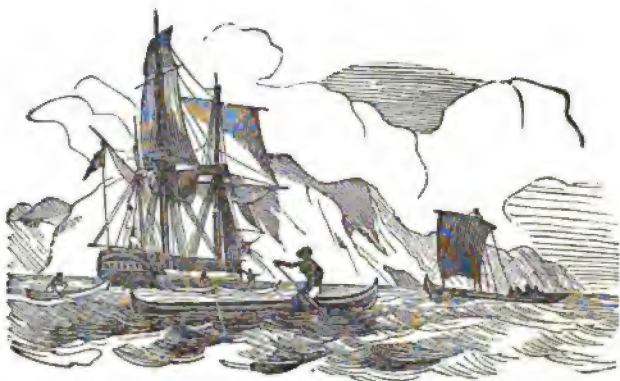
now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and, being favoured by the wind, it did, although at above a mile distant, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, twenty-one miles below where the accident happened, having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold. The accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men, &c. My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day: had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and, of course, would have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was rapidly advancing. The trunk which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and have been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on

shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction: the floating luggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor, indeed, could they well have been made.

“It was at this very place that General Amherst’s brigade of three hundred men, coming to attack Canada, was lost: the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first *bateau*, committing—it is said intentionally—the same error that we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other *bateaux* following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party with which I was, escaped: four left the barge at the Cedar village above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe; the barge’s crew, all accustomed to labour, were lost; of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again; nor, indeed, was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped; the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c. to which they adhered, and the heavy greatcoats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them; but they must have gone at all events: swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible; still, I think my knowing how to swim, kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with

one article of support to gain a better ; those who could not swim would naturally cling to whatever hold they first got ; and, of course, many had very bad ones. The captain passed me above the Cascades on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk."





ADVENTURES OF MR. WILLIAM MARINER.

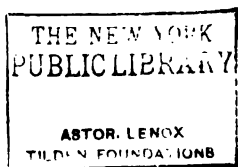


R. William Mariner was a native of England. Possessing an intelligent mind and a daring disposition he, at an early age, evinced a desire to visit other lands. When quite a young man, he sailed as captain's clerk, on board of the privateer, Port au Prince. This vessel had a twofold commission. If not very successful in her cruise for prizes within certain latitudes, she was to double Cape Horn, and proceed to the Pacific ocean in search of whales. Captain Duck, the commander of the Port au Prince, was Mr. Mariner's particular friend.

On her way to the South Pacific, the privateer captured several Spanish vessels, and on arriving at the whaling ground, was very successful in the fishery.

HARPOONING A WHALE.





Without meeting with any accident, the crew contrived to take eleven whales. Some of these were of large size. The vessel then came to anchor in the port of Tola. In spite of the success of the privateer, the crew, apprehending that no very valuable prizes would be taken during the cruise became discontented, and there was a strong disposition to mutiny and desert. A leak in the vessel added to the causes of apprehension.

After wooding and watering the ship at Tola, and procuring about fourteen bullocks, six pigs, and a quantity of fruit, she weighed anchor and made sail, leaving the prizes behind, after having stripped them of their anchors, cables, sails, &c. Finding the leak increase, she proceeded towards the island of Cocos, to careen. On Friday, the 14th of February, 1806, at sunset, this island appeared $W\frac{1}{2}$ S. twelve leagues, and the next day she came to an anchor in Chatham Bay. The water casks being sent on shore to fill, they began to careen the ship. On running the guns over to starboard, and heeling the ship four strokes, the leak was found to proceed from a graving-piece not being properly secured under the forechains. The copper under the larboard bow was found to be in a bad state; it was accordingly stripped off, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch board was used for sheathing. On Tuesday, the 18th, the principal leaks were considered to be pretty well stopped, and the ship was therefore righted. After wooding, watering, and painting, she weighed anchor on the 25th, and made sail towards the whaling ground. On the 5th of March, having made Pan de Azucar, which bore N. six or seven leagues, she recommenced her whaling cruise, but which, notwithstanding the most diligent

look out during the lapse of two or three weeks, was very unsuccessful; and hence the men began to be exceedingly discontented.

On the 30th of March, she captured the Spanish brig *Santa Isidora*, Captain Josef Evernzega, from Guàquil, bound to Acapulco, laden with cocoa. The *Port au Prince* now kept plying to windward, keeping a good look out for whales. On the 12th of May, she caught four whales, which, together with what had been caught before at sundry times, made up a number of fifteen, being the whole that were taken during the voyage.

The labour and peril attendant upon the capture of these monsters of the deep had not been anticipated by the crew, and they continued to murmur. The privateer now proceeded northward towards the coast of California. On the 11th of August, Captain Duck, Mr. Mariner's constant friend, died, and Mr. Brown succeeded to the command of the vessel. He was arbitrary and incompetent, and caused the discontent of the crew to show itself plainly. He steered for the Sandwich Islands, but missing Otaheite, he anchored at the Tonga Islands, where Captain Cook had formerly visited. On the evening of the 29th of November, 1806, a number of Indian chiefs came on board, with a large barbacued hog and some yams. A native of Owyhee, who spoke a little English, came with the party.

On Monday, the first December, 1806, at eight o'clock in the morning, the natives began to assemble on board, and soon increased to 300 in different parts of the ship. About nine o'clock Tooi Tooi, the Sandwich islander, before mentioned, who had endeavoured to inspire the ship's company with a good opinion of

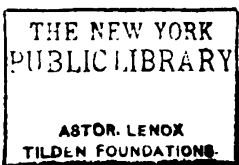


WHALE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE.



the friendly disposition of the natives, came on board, and invited Mr. Brown to go on shore and view the country: he immediately complied, and went unarmed. About half an hour after he had left the ship, Mr. Mariner, who was in the steerage, went to the hatch for the sake of the light, as he was about to mend a pen; looking up, he saw Mr. Dixon standing on a gun, endeavouring by his signs, to prevent more of the natives coming on board: at this moment he heard a loud shout from the Indians, and saw one of them knock Mr. Dixon down with a club: seeing now too clearly what was the matter, he turned about to run towards the gun-room, when an Indian caught hold of him by the hand: he luckily escaped from his grasp, ran down the scuttle, and reached the gun-room, where he found the cooper: but considering the magazine the safest place, they ran immediately there; and having consulted what was best to be done, they came to the resolution of blowing up the vessel, and, like Samson of old, to sacrifice themselves and their enemies together. Bent upon this bold and heroic enterprise, Mr. Mariner repaired to the gun-room to procure flint and steel, but was not able to get at the muskets without making too much noise, for the arm-chest lay beneath the boarding-pikes, which had carelessly been thrown down the scuttle the preceding evening: the noise occasioned by clearing them away, as the uproar above began to cease, would undoubtedly have attracted the notice of the Indians; he therefore returned to the magazine, where he found the cooper in great distress from the apprehension of his impending fate. Mr. Mariner next proposed that they should go at once upon deck,

and be killed quickly, while their enemies were still hot with slaughter, rather than by greater delay subject themselves to the cruelties of cooler barbarity. After some hesitation, the cooper consented to follow if Mr. Mariner would lead the way. The latter thereupon went up into the gun-room, and lifting up the hatch a little, saw Tooi Tooi and Va-ca-ta-Bola examining Captain Duck's sword and other arms that were in his bed-place. Their backs being turned, he lifted off the hatch entirely, and jumped up into the cabin: Tooi Tooi instantly turned round, Mr. Mariner presented his hands open, to signify that he was unarmed and at their mercy: he then uttered *aroghah!* (a word of friendly salutation among the Sandwich islanders) and asked him partly in English, and partly in his own language, if he meant to kill him, as he was ready to meet his fate. Tooi Tooi replied in broken English, that he should not be hurt, as the chiefs were already in possession of the ship, but that he wished to be informed how many persons there were below, to which Mr. Mariner answered, that there was only one, and then called up the cooper, who had not followed him the whole way. Tooi Tooi led them upon deck towards one of the chiefs who had the direction of the conspiracy. The first object that struck Mr. Mariner's sight, on coming upon deck, was enough to thrill the stoutest heart: there sat upon the companion a short squab naked figure, of about fifty years of age, with a seaman's jacket, soaked with blood, thrown over one shoulder, on the other rested his ironwood club, spattered with blood and brains,—and what increased the frightfulness of his appearance was a constant blinking with one of his eyes, and a horrible convulsive motion





BURNING OF THE PORT AU PRINCE.

on one side of his mouth. On another part of the deck there lay twenty-two bodies perfectly naked, and arranged side by side in even order. They were so dreadfully bruised and battered about the head, that only two or three of them could be recognized. At this time a man had just counted them, and was reporting the number to the chief, who sat in the hammock-nettings; immediately after which they began to throw them overboard. Mr. Mariner and the cooper were now brought into the presence of the chief, who looked at them awhile and smiled, probably on account of their dirty appearance. Mr. Mariner was then given in charge to a petty chief to be taken on shore, but the cooper was detained on board.

In a little while Mr. Mariner was landed, and led to the most northern part of the island, a place called Cooolo, where he saw, without being much affected at the sight, the cause of all that day's disasters, Mr. Brown, the whaling master, lying dead upon the beach: the body was naked, and much bruised about the head and chest. They asked Mr. Mariner, by words and signs, if they had done right in killing him;—as he returned them no answer, one of them lifted up his club to knock out his brains, but was prevented by a superior chief, who ordered them to take their prisoner on board a large sailing canoe. Whilst here, he observed upon the beach an old man, whose countenance did not speak much in his favour, parading up and down with a large club in his hand.

Mr. Mariner was completely stripped of his clothing, and exposed to the blistering heat of the sun. Three others of the crew were found dead near a fire where

hogs were roasting. Finow, the king of the islands, took a fancy to Mr. Mariner, and cared for him. Several of the crew were preserved to assist the natives in war. The ship was burned, after her guns and some ammunition were conveyed on shore.

Mr. Mariner remained at the Tonga islands for four years, during which time he underwent many hardships and made many narrow escapes from death. Finow continued to be his friend and protector, and in return for favours thus shown, the young Englishman was of much service to the natives in the wars, in which they were almost steadily engaged. Upon the death of Finow, his son succeeded to the chieftainship. At length, when Mr. Mariner had almost given up all hope of returning to England, he discovered an European vessel while on a fishing excursion. The natives refused to take him on board. But he was determined to go, and after he had wounded one of them and threatened the others, they complied with his demand. The vessel proved to be the brig *Favourite*, Captain Fisk, bound for China. Mr. Mariner easily obtained a passage, and contrived to get two of his friends as well as the journal of the *Port au Prince* brought on board. The *Favourite* then sailed for China, whence Mr. Mariner proceeded in another ship to England. His relatives and friends had given him up as dead. His parents had deceased. His early trials and hardships had effectually cured him of the desire of wandering, and he now settled down in England. A journal of his adventures and a description of the manners and customs of the natives of the Tonga islands, among whom he had so long resided, were afterwards published, and they made an interesting volume.





AN ADVENTURE UPON THE ROAD.

ADVENTURE UPON THE ROAD.



THE following curious circumstance is from "Nights at Mess," published in Blackwood's Magazine. About thirty years ago, Mr. B. having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on

horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November, and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high-road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the roadside, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr.

B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice,

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added, "thank heaven, I am yet free from crime."

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said, "I fear you are in distress—is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"*Strangers* may, perhaps," replied the man in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from *friends*."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said, impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been"—he suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me; I certainly have no right to pry into your concerns, but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber"—"ay," he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not, I care not for your former crimes—

sufficient for me that you repent them—tell me wherein I can stand your friend?"

"For myself, I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar; I wished for *her* sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, and wealth, to all which *she* is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world." Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket book, and unfolded a bank bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds." The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low, subdued tone, "I will not attempt to thank you sir. May I ask your name and address?" Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you—till then I dare not."

Saying these words he bounded over the hedge and disappeared. Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity; and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the

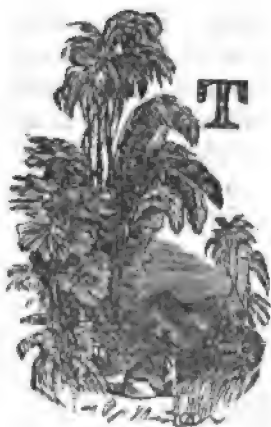
transaction almost entirely from his mind. One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hands, and the servant told him that the Leith carrier had brought a hogshead of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date; but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drank at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Greyfriar's churchyard, the procession was joined by a gentleman, who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said,

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this, I have no doubt in my mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgment in that article, I'll be bound to say, is unimpeachable and sublime.



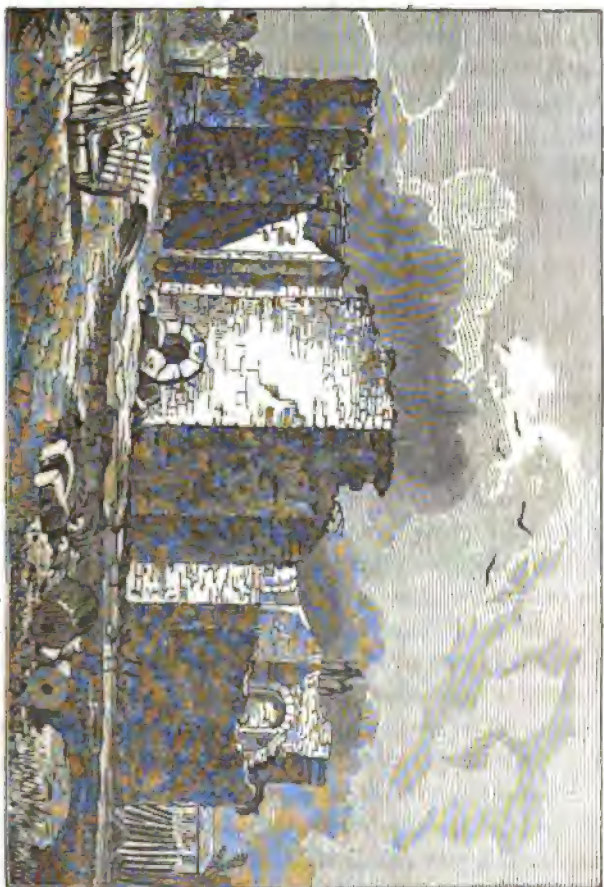
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER IN TEXAS.



THE city of Antonio de Bexar, which was founded more than two centuries past, occupies a fertile plain on the west shore of the Antonio river, and now, even in its curtailed condition, reaches fully a mile along that beautiful stream, which in width extends, perhaps, to more than half that distance. It seems to have been regularly laid off into streets, crossing each other at right angles, with an oblong

space in the centre, about midway of which stands the cathedral and other public buildings, dividing it into two equal divisions of some eight acres each, the eastern being denominated the civil, and the western the military square. Around the whole extent of these squares are erected a continuous wall of stone houses, which from the exterior, with their rough walls, their flat roofs, and their port-holes, resemble nothing but an impregnable fortification, while on the interior, with their plastered fronts, large windows, and spacious corridors, they present at once an appearance of comfort, uniformity, and security. The other buildings are

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXA, WITH THE ALAMO, WHERE CROCKETT FELL.





miserable huts, built of crooked muskeet-logs, stuck endwise into the ground, the crevices filled with clay, without windows, with dirt floors, and generally thatched with prairie grass or bull-rushes. The surface of the ground being level, the streets, which are without pavement, appear to have been prepared by the hand of nature for the especial purposes to which they have been appropriated by man. The suburbs on the eastern bank of the San Antonio, where a considerable portion of the population reside, yield to the curvatures of the river from the Alamo to the full extent of the city.

The river of San Antonio, which is formed by some half-dozen springs that burst up within a small compass, is, perhaps, one of the coolest and purest little rivers on the American continent.

Besides affording an abundance of water to supply the numerous diverging ditches for irrigation, it sweeps on with a bold current, and with its flowery banks and its meandering channel winding gracefully through the city may be considered as its most valuable and interesting ornament. From early evening till the hour of midnight the inhabitants flock to it in crowds, for the purpose of bathing, and then the forms of hundreds of young and beautiful nymphs may be seen joyfully gambolling amongst its limpid waves. It is by no means an unusual sight to behold the forms of three or four young brunettes come dashing down the current, with their dark hair floating over their shoulders, and gliding like dolphins on the sea. The writer describes an incident which came within his notice during his visit to this beautiful river. He says—"As I stood gazing on the

various forms before me, I beheld one younger and more delicate, rolling, curvetting, and sporting among the waves, whose tapering limbs and well formed figure shone amidst the sparkling waters like alabaster when exposed to the sunlight. She was the only female of light complexion I saw in San Antonio, and as she passed her flaxen ringlets fell wantonly about her white neck and half-developed bosom. She seemed artless and sinless as a child of the coral caves of the deep, deep ocean—but when her full blue eye turned up, and its glance met, in wild surprise, with ours, a blush of modest consciousness passed over her cheek, when she darted to the bottom to rise no more till distance had deprived us of the powers of discrimination.”

The population of San Antonio is divided into three classes. The third is the connecting link between the savages and the Mexicans, and are termed *Rancheros*, (or herdsmen) a rude, uncultivated, fearless race of men, who spend a great part of their lives on the saddle, herding their cattle and horses, and in hunting deer and buffalo, or pursuing mustangs, with which this country so fully abounds. Unused to comfort, and regardless alike of ease and danger, they have a hardy, brigand, sun-burnt appearance, especially when seen with a broad, slouched hat, a red or striped shirt, deer-skin trowsers, and Indian moccasins.

The second are a link between the Mexican and the Spaniard, or Castilian, and are somewhat more civilized, more superstitious, owing to the influence of the priest, and yet possessed of less bravery, less generosity, and far less energy than the former. They reside in the city, with but scanty visible means of

support, and without the least effort to procure the comforts of life; still they vegetate, and appear to be perfectly independent and contented. Their usual dress is a broad-brim white hat, a roundabout, calico shirt and wide trowsers, with a red sash or girdle around the waist. At an early hour of the day they go to mass, then loiter out the morning, sleep through the afternoon, and spend the night in gaming, dissipating, and dancing—but they drink but little liquor. Almost entirely uneducated, completely cut off from all intercourse with the world (for except a few paths and Indian trails, there is no appearance of a road to San Antonio,) and therefore deprived of the common means of intelligence—they have no enterprise or public zeal, no curiosity, but little patriotism—know nothing of government and laws, and seem incapable of feeling themselves, or appreciating in others, those lofty aspirations which fire the brain, warm the heart, nerve the arm, and burn in the bosom of a free man.

With apparent good nature, and much awkward courtesy, they are yet treacherous and deceptive, and can no more stand the frank, honest gaze of a real white man than a fox can the eye of a lion.

The wives and daughters of the *Rancheros* are as rough and uncouth as their husbands and fathers, and disdain those light and polite amusements that generally amuse their sex. But the females of the second class are agreeable, handsome, and fascinating—although not particularly accomplished. They dress plain and tastefully, and in a style best calculated to develope the elegant proportion of their persons.

Generally poor, they of course wear but few costly

jewels; yet with much good sense seem to consider their own natural charms as the richest ornaments that can adorn a woman, and as those surest to attract the notice and secure the attention of the rougher portion of humanity.

This class are the votaries of the *fandangoes*, for which San Antonio is so justly celebrated.

Nightly, while yet fresh and buoyant with the exhilarating effects of a *siesta* and bath, they flock by hundreds to those dirt floor saloons which are the scenes of mirth and music.

Conducted with much decorum, and yet without such useless restraints as announcements, bows, and introductions, the fandangoes were well calculated to afford rare sport for a company of young volunteers fresh from the United States; and so omnipotent was their influence over the ladies, and so terrible their appearance with pistols and bowie-knives to their brown-skinned neighbours, that the arrival of a single platoon was sufficient to clear the room of every Mexican, except a few, who stood around as silent and disinterested spectators. The English language is but little spoken at San Antonio, and not much Spanish is understood by a single trooper.

It is frequently diverting to observe the sighs and soft glances of the gentlemen, and the smiles of recognition and nods of assent reciprocated by the ladies—and it is still more diverting at the end of the fandango, after each dancer has paid the fiddler, and treated his partner to some simple beverage prepared for the occasion, to see them pairing off by consent, and

silently, though not sentimentally, striking off by the light of the stars to every quarter of the city.

The first class, now reduced to a limited number, is composed of the direct lineal descendants of Spanish dons and Castilian nobles, who, though stripped of the titles and prerogatives which they enjoyed under a royal government; yet retain their dignity, their royalty, and their fortunes, and keeping aloof from the two degenerate and subordinate classes already described, are content to live in ease and aristocratic retirement. While a bench or two, a *mitato* for grinding corn, a copper kettle, an earthen jar, and a few cow hides and Mexican blankets spread on a dirt floor, with a shelf of clothes, and a saddle and *larietto*, are the articles of furniture usually found in the thatched hovels and stone huts of the two first classes, the comfortable dwellings of the first are supplied with most of the comforts, and many articles of taste and elegance.

In this class may be found gentlemen of education and talents, of polished manners, and refined and hospitable feelings; and if the females in the second class are handsome and fascinating, those in the first class are splendid and irresistibly captivating. Having been educated either in the city of Mexico, the United States, or Europe, they have, with perhaps a very few exceptions, travelled much, seen much of the world—and those superlative advantages with which nature has gifted them, have been cultivated, cherished, and embellished, until they exceed in appearance, and equal in capacity, any women of the present day. And when collected within the luminous walls of a ball-room, as they were the evening preceding our departure, with

graceful figures floating with elegance and dignified ease through the cotillion and waltz, while the flashes from beneath the long drooping lashes of their dark eyes, eclipsed the dazzling lustre of the diamonds and costly crescents that clustered amongst the jet black braids of their hair, the belles and beauties of San Antonio looked like a band of houries from some fabled land of the East, or like an assemblage of young princesses of some romance.

They were all so young, so lovely, and so noble, and yet so very natural and unaffected—they smiled with such exquisite sweetness, laughed with such delight, their voices possessed so much melody, their mien was so artless, they danced so divinely, and spoke broken English so prettily, that more than a dozen of our troopers lost their hearts, while the heads of one or two were so completely turned, that they have looked westward ever since our return to America.

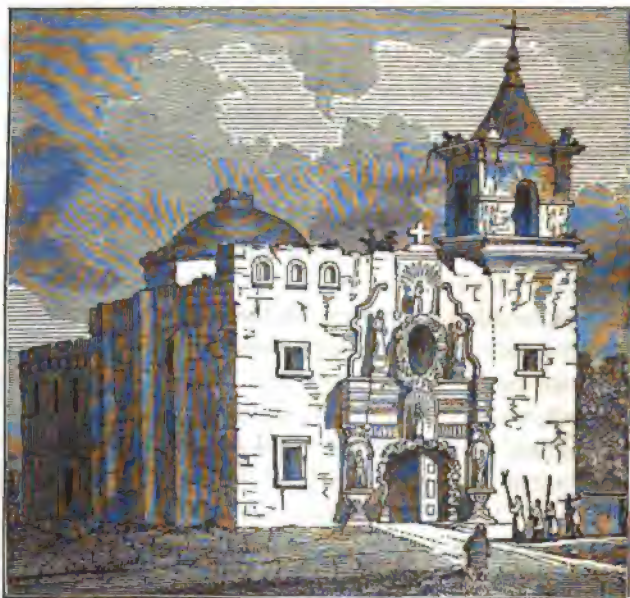
This city has been the theatre of so many skirmishes, and so many revolutionary scenes, that not a house has escaped the indelible evidences of strife. The walls, windows, and doors on all sides, are perforated by thousands of balls, and even the steeple of the venerable church was penetrated by a shot from the ordnance of the Texians, during the first memorable action in December, 1835. The noted spots where the lamented Milam fell, where the fearless Ward lost his leg, and where the intrepid Beldin, after rushing out to spike the cannon, was deprived of an eye by a ball from the enemy, were all pointed out to me.

The traces of the ditches across the streets, and along which they advanced from house to house, are

yet visible, and the unrepaired wall, then demolished by their hands, yet stands the proud monument of their patriotism and their prowess.

We next visited the Alamo, on the east bank of the river, and opposite the northern extremity of the city. It stood in ruins as it was left by the Mexicans, and was occupied by a few hundred soldiers, and as many thousand chattering swallows, forever passing in and out like bees around a hive.

By a broad archway through the centre of a fortress, which fronts the south, we entered an oblong square of some twelve acres extent, and turning obliquely to the left, we had passed all but the last of a long row of soldiers' quarters, which form a part of the western wall, when our guide exclaimed, "Here perished poor Crocket." We then followed along the wall on the north and east until we came to an edifice of great strength, two stories high, and divided by thick walls and archways with many apartments, some of which are in good repair and others in ruins. This building stands detached from the wall, and it was in one of its rooms that Colonel Bowie was murdered while confined to his bed by sickness. Extending from its southeastern corner to the wall in the rear, is seen the splendid ruins of the cathedral, a building of beautiful proportions, entered by a large ornamental door fronting the west, on either side of which, between two deeply fluted stone columns, stands a figure of some holy saint, executed and finished with taste that would do credit to some of the best European sculptors. The roof had fallen in, but the high columns and part of the archway remained, and the cells and chambers that were once



CHAPEL OF SAN JOSE.

the abode of priests and bishops, were filled with Camanche prisoners and mutinous soldiers, while an armed guard stood upon the rear wall, directly over the seat of the holy altar.

Within a short distance, and very similar in appearance to the Alamo, stands the mission of St. Jose. Here, too, the hand of time and destruction is visible, yet the walls and the numerous edifices are more perfect, and the church is in a good state of preservation, although every thing about them is touched with a cast of great antiquity. This establishment, with its towers and steeples, and buttresses and spires, reminds the traveller of an old baronial castle in the feudal times;

and as the ditch around its walls, which once served to irrigate the fields around it, answers for the "deep moat," nothing but a draw bridge across the San Antonio is wanted to complete the delusion.

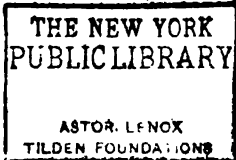
The front of the church is embellished with a rich vine, within the curvatures of which are hearts and darts, the moon, the sun, and the globe; then there are cherubim and seraphim, with trumpets and garlands, and with mandates in their hands, who seem ministering to the wants and worshipping around the wrought figures of St. Jose, the Virgin Mary, with the infant in her arms. The whole is cut in stone, and stands out boldly from the wall. Within we found remnants of rich tapestry, fragments of images and crosses, and very natural-looking figures of St. Jose and Jesus, with his bandages and wreath of thorns, as he was seen after he was taken down from the cross. The vase for the holy water is chaste, and must have been beautiful indeed. Like every thing else, it is of stone, and represents four winged angels seated on a rich pedestal, and bearing in their hands a bowl resembling large convex leaves, diverging from the centre, which, with their pointed edges, form a beautiful brim. Here again were the evidences of warfare, which called to mind the events of the bloody revolution of 1835-6. On every side Nature had been bountiful in her gifts—the fertile soil still freshened by irrigation, and the multiplicity of bright flowers and fragrant shrubs flashing among the waving grass like the rays of a prism whenever agitated by the slightest breath of wind.

The climate was pure, the air sweet, the breeze fresh, and the sunbeams warm, though not sickening—yet

the thousands who once lived and moved and were happy upon this spot, had passed away, and wildness extended from the missions to the very walls of the city. It was then we wished for the genius, the fire, and the conception of a Byron, a Scott, or a Stephens, that we might give vent to our feelings, and portray the beautiful prospect which surrounded us.



MEXICAN MULETEERS.





**FIGHT BETWEEN A COBRA DI CAPELLO AND AN
ICHNEUMON.**

SINGULAR ENCOUNTER WITH A COBRA DI CAPELLO.



THE *cobra di capello* is one of the most deadly serpents found in the warm countries of the East. The little squirrel-like animal called the mungoos, or ichneumon is its constant enemy.

A British traveller in India was wandering on foot at night through a desolate part of the country, and at length overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry spear-grass, and fell asleep. We will let him tell what then occurred to him.

“No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all

movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

“My God! I am lost!” was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralyzed.

“It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me; I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look downward at the loathsome bed-fellow which my evil stars had sent me.

“Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upward to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mungoos* or *ichneumon* and a *cobra di capello*!

"I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snaky glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the mungoos was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigour to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

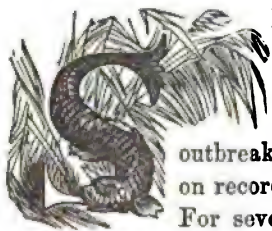
"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mungoos—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals."





ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

TREMENDOUS ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.



MR William Hamilton, an English traveller, had the good fortune in 1822 to be an eye-witness of one of the grandest outbreaks of the volcano of Vesuvius on record. It occurred late in October. For several days previous a rumbling noise was heard, and vivid blue streaks of fire shot up from the crater, warning the people of Naples and the adjacent country of their danger. Terror seized upon the peasantry, and whole villages were deserted.

The English traveller reached Resina, and thence walked up the mountain to the hermitage of San Salva-

tore, situated on a flat at the foot of the terminating cone in which is the great crater. Here he found several of his country-people, and among them some ladies, whose anxiety to view this sublime spectacle near at hand had overcome their fears. From the hermitage he advanced nearer to the cone, and then descended into a hollow through which the great river of lava was flowing. As he approached it, he saw it come in contact with a fine large vineyard. The low, dried vines were immediately set on fire, and blazing all over in an instant, the destructive element spread to another and another vineyard, until considerable mischief was done. The lava, as in every eruption he has seen, so far from being rapid, was exceedingly slow in its course, flowing only a few feet in a minute. At this time it seemed tending directly to the unfortunate town of the Torre del Greco, which it threatened to overwhelm; but it afterwards turned aside, and following another hollow, rolled into a wide and deep chasm of the mountain. He then attempted to ascend by the side of this burning river towards the cone; but its heat, which set fire to brushwood and little trees at several feet distance, became insupportable. At every throe of the volcano the mountain shook beneath his feet, and he was already so near that the lapilla from the crater fell upon him like hail. This sort of ash, which is called lapilla, is an exceedingly light and porous substance, resembling pumice-stone; and though it fell so thickly and in pieces as large as walnuts, it caused little annoyance. But the heat, as it has been said, was insupportable; and as the fumes of the sulphur became still more so, causing a most disagreeable sensation of

suffocation, he returned to the hermitage. In a short time the quantity of smoke was so great and so black that it obscured the lava that produced it. Nothing could now be seen distinctly except the lightning flashing through a pitchy sky, and a part of the column of fire from the crater looking a lurid red. The noise, tremendous even as far off as Naples, was at a spot so near as the hermitage, utterly astounding. It should be noticed that this noise was produced by the passage through the air of the matter which the volcano ejected, and then the fall of that matter; for the forked lightning was unaccompanied by thunder—it only played close round and above the crater, and seemed produced by electric fluid issuing thence, and to depend on the dense black clouds that flanked the ascending column of fire.

The violence of this eruption was little abated for two days and nights. Fortunately, however, the lava, in the courses it took, did not find any town or village to destroy; and the lapilla and ashes or dust that fell in almost inconceivable quantities in every place in the neighbourhood were not difficult to remove, and indeed (that being the rainy season) were mainly washed away by the heavy rains shortly after.

. When the smoke cleared away from the mountain, which it did not for many days, it was perceived that the eruption had carried away the edges or lips of the crater, and materially altered the shape, and lowered the cone, of Vesuvius. The lava by this time, though its outer coating had cooled to such a degree that you could walk over it, still burned beneath; and it was many days more before what had been rivers of liquid

fire became cold. Solid ridges were then seen, of what looked like hard, black, brittle stone, or rather like what smiths and iron-founders call clinkers.

The main stream of lava was about fifty feet wide on an average. It ran for more than a mile; and had not the eruption ceased and stopped at its fountain head, even in the direction it had taken it would have soon destroyed a beautiful district between Vesuvius and the sea.



NEAPOLITAN COSTUMES.





JAMES BRUCE.

ADVENTURES OF JAMES BRUCE IN AFRICA.



JAMES BRUCE was one of the most daring of modern travellers. He was born in Stirlingshire, Scotland, on the 14th of December, 1730. In his earliest years he evinced a passion for books of travel, and devoted himself to acquiring information in regard to foreign countries. He possessed great energy and intelligence. After travelling all over Europe, Bruce received the appointment of consul-general at Algiers, with new incentives to undertake the exploration of Africa. He reached

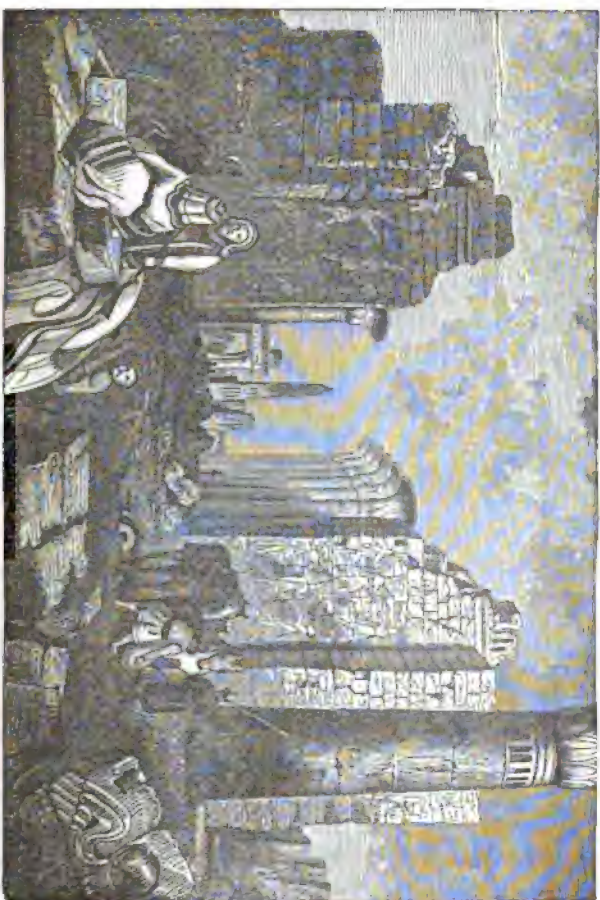
Africa in March, 1763. After a short stay in Algiers he was deprived of his commission, and he then resolved to proceed as a private individual. Mr. Bruce was well fitted for this daring excursion. He was six feet four inches in height, and possessed great muscular strength. He was an excellent horseman and swimmer, and a wonderful marksman. His mind was vigorous and fertile in resources.

On the 25th of August Mr. Bruce sailed for Tunis, stopping on his way thither at Utica and Carthage, the ruins of which cities he stayed some time to examine, making drawings of the most important parts, in which he was assisted by a young Bolognese artist, whom he had brought with him from Italy. In one of his incursions into the interior of the country, he discovered Girta, the capital of Syphax, whence he returned to Tunis, and started thence for Tripoli, by way of Gabs and Gerba. On entering the desert which borders the latter town, he was attacked by the Arabs, and compelled to return to Tunis, where he remained till August, 1766, when he crossed the desert in safety, and arrived at Tripoli. He next proceeded across the Gulf of Sydra to Bengazi and Ptolometa, and shortly afterwards set sail for Crete, when a shipwreck drove him again upon the African shore, with the loss of every thing but his drawings and books, which he had fortunately despatched from Tripoli to Smyrna. From Bengazi, the place of his shipwreck, and where he was very cruelly treated, he escaped by a French vessel to Canea, where he was detained by an intermittent fever till the end of April, 1767, when he proceeded by way of Rhodes to Sidon.

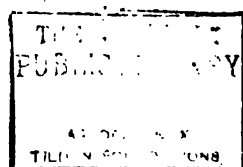
On the 16th of September he commenced his journey to Balbec, which he reached on the 19th of the same month; and having returned to Tripoli, set out in a few weeks for Palmyra. After making several drawings, which, as well as those of Balbec, he afterwards presented to the king, he travelled along the coast to Latakia, Antioch, and Aleppo, where he was attacked by a fever, from which he with great difficulty recovered. About this time, meditating the discovery of the source of the Nile, he left Aleppo for Alexandria, where he arrived on the 20th of June, 1768. From hence he proceeded by land to Rosetta, where he embarked on the Nile for Cairo.

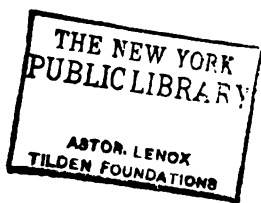
After impressing the bey of the city with an idea of his skill in medicine and prophecy, he sailed to Syene, visiting in his way thither the ruins of Thebes; and on the 16th of February, 1769, set out from Kenne through the Thebaid desert to Cosseir, on the Red Sea, and from thence proceeded to Tor and Jidda, where he landed on the 5th of May. After making several excursions in Arabia Felix, he quitted Loheia on the 3d of September for Masuah; where, on his arrival, he was detained for some weeks by the treachery and avarice of the governor of that place, who attempted to murder him in consequence of his refusal to make him an enormous present. In February, 1770, he entered Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, the ras of which city appointed him gentleman-usher of the king's bed-chamber, commander of the household cavalry, and governor of a province.

On the 27th of October, after having taken an active part in the councils of the sovereign, and effected



RUINS OF THEBES.







BRUCE AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

several cures of persons about the court attacked with the small-pox, he left the capital, and set out in search of the source of the Nile, which he discovered at Saccala, on the 14th of the following November. The joy he felt on the occasion is thus described by himself: "It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment; standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, history, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of nearly three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers who had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of the myriads those princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off the stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to the presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my shortlived triumphs. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence; I was, however, then but half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already

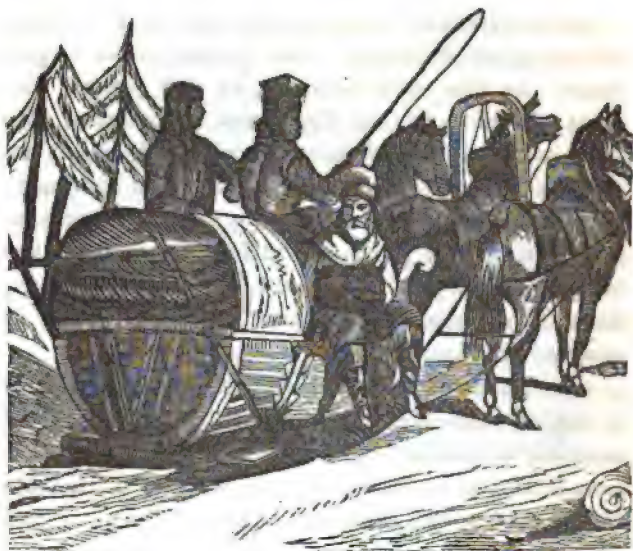
passed awaited me again on my return. I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself."

After returning to Gondar, our traveller found much difficulty in obtaining permission to proceed on his way homeward; it being a rule with the inhabitants never to allow a stranger to quit Abyssinia. A civil war breaking out in the country about the period of his intended departure, he was compelled to remain in it till the December of the following year, and took part in one of their battles, in which his valiant conduct was such that the king presented him with a rich suit of apparel, and a gold chain of immense value. At length, at the end of 1771, he set out from Gondar, and in the February of the following year arrived at Senaar, where he remained two months, suffering under the most inhospitable treatment, and deceived in his supplies of money, which compelled him to sell the gold chain he had been presented with. He then proceeded by Chiendi and Gooz through the Nubian desert, and on the 29th of November reached Assouan on the Nile, after a most dreadful and dangerous journey, in the course of which he lost all his camels and baggage, and twice laid himself down in the expectation of death. Having procured, however, fresh camels, he returned to the desert and recovered most part of his baggage, with which, on the 10th of January, he arrived at Cairo; where, ingratiating himself with the bey, he obtained permission for English commanders to bring their vessels and merchandise to Suez, as well as to Jidda, an advantage no other European nation had

He arrived at St. Petersburg in March, 1787, without shoes and stockings, which he was unable to purchase. In this state, however, he was treated with great attention by the Portuguese ambassador, who often invited him to dinner, and procured him an advance of twenty guineas on a bill drawn on Sir Joseph Banks, and finally obtained him permission to accompany a convoy of provisions to Yakutz, where he was recognized and kindly received by Captain Billings, whom he had known in Cook's vessel, and with whom he returned to Irkutsk.

From hence he proceeded to Ocsakow, on the coast of the Kamschatkan Sea, whence in the spring, he intended to have passed over to that peninsula, and to have embarked on the eastern side in one of the Russian vessels trading to America; but finding the navigation obstructed, he returned to Yakutz to await the termination of the winter. His intentions, however, were suddenly frustrated by the arrival of an order from the empress for his arrest, which took place in January, 1788, without any reason being assigned for such a proceeding. He was deprived of his papers, placed in a sledge, and under the guard of two Cossacks, conducted through the deserts of Siberia and Tartary to the frontiers of Poland, where he was left, covered with rags and vermin, and prohibited from returning to Russia on pain of death. In this situation he set out for Koenigsbergh, on arriving at which town he obtained five guineas, by drawing a bill in the same manner as before, with which sum he proceeded to England.

He then undertook, in the service, and at the expense, of Sir Joseph Banks, a voyage to Africa, to discover



TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

the source of the Niger. He arrived at Alexandria on the 5th of August, 1788, and on the 19th he reached Cairo. He then set about exploring the ancient monuments of Europe, and engaged in making preparations for his departure for Sennaar, when he was seized with a bilious fever which terminated his adventurous life. The details of Mr. Ledyard's many tours have never been given to the world; but it is certain that for hardihood he has never been surpassed.

He left some manuscripts behind him, which were printed in London a few years after his death, in a work called *Memoirs of the Society instituted for the encouraging Discoveries in the Interior of Africa*. A work, entitled *Voyages de MM. Ledyard et Lucas en*

en Afrique, suivis d'extraits d'autres voyages, was also printed at Paris in 1804. Mr. Ledyard, in his journal, evinces great powers of observation, and a sound judgment and understanding. Some idea of his sufferings may be formed in reading the following extract: "I have known," he writes, "both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a mad man; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever *will* own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform in its utmost extent my engagements to the Society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will be safe, for death cancels all bonds."





MUNGO PARK.

ADVENTURES OF MUNGO PARK.



MUNGO PARK, the famous traveller, was a native of Fowlshiels, Scotland, and was born September 10, 1771. He was educated for the medical profession, and, at an early age, made a voyage to Sumatra as a surgeon.

On his return to England, hearing that the African Association was desirous of engaging a person to replace Major Houghton, who, it was feared, had fallen a sacrifice to the cause of discovery in Africa, Park offered his services, and was accepted. He left England on the 22nd of May, 1795, and after a pleasant

voyage reached Jullifree, on the river Gambia. After a short stay at this place, the vessel continued her course up the river as far as Jonkakonda, where she was to take in a part of her cargo. Park, therefore, disembarked, and having a letter of introduction to a European, named Laidley, who lived at Pisanía, sixteen miles higher up the river, he proceeded thither. From this gentleman he received the greatest attention, and was invited to remain in his house till an opportunity offered of continuing his journey into the interior.

While waiting the occurrence of this opportunity, Park set about acquiring all the information he could procure regarding the countries which he was about to visit. He studied also the Mandingo language, which is in general use in this part of Africa. In the midst of these labours, however, he was seized with fever, having incautiously exposed himself to the night dew while observing an eclipse of the moon.

Availing himself of his restoration to health, and the return of the dry season, Park now resolved to set out on his journey. He was attended by a negro to act as interpreter, who spoke both English and Mandingo, having acquired the former during a residence in England, and a boy-slave of Dr. Laidley's, who, in order to stimulate him to behave well, was promised his freedom on his return, in case Park should report favourably of his conduct.

Nothing remarkable occurred till our traveller arrived at Fatteconda, the capital of Bondou, where he had scarcely arrived before he was sent for by the king, who was desirous to see him. As Park had heard that

this monarch had treated Major Houghton with great unkindness, and caused him to be plundered, it was not without a feeling of apprehension that he was ushered into his presence. He found him seated under a tree, and, after explaining to his majesty the object of his journey, he presented him with a quantity of gunpowder, some tobacco, and an umbrella. With the latter article he was particularly delighted, repeatedly furling and unfurling it, to the great admiration of himself and his attendants, who could not for some time understand the use of such an article.

By way of preserving from plunder part of his wardrobe, Park dressed himself in the best coat which it afforded. This article, however, ornamented as it was with yellow gilt buttons, so captivated the king's fancy, that, after making a long speech on the liberality of the whites, he asked our traveller to make him a present of the coat, assuring him at the same time that he would wear it on all public occasions, and inform every one who saw it of his generous conduct. The request of an African prince in his own dominions, particularly when made to an unprotected stranger, is little short of a command. Park knew very well that if the king did not obtain the object of his wishes by fair means he would do so by force; he, therefore, at once pulled off his coat, and laid it at the monarch's feet.

From this place Park proceeded to Joag, the frontier town of the kingdom of Kajaaga, and during the night the house in which he slept was surrounded by an armed band of horsemen, who told him that as he had entered the town without first paying the customs,

or giving any present to the king, according to the laws of the country, his people, cattle, and baggage were forfeited; that they had orders from his majesty to take him to Maana, where he resided. and that, if he refused to accompany them peaceably, they must bring him by force. After some little delay, Park replied that, being a stranger, unacquainted with the customs of their country, he had infringed their laws from ignorance, and not from any desire to violate them, and that he was now ready to pay whatever they demanded. He then presented them with some pieces of gold, but, not content with this, they insisted on examining his baggage, from which they helped themselves to whatever took their fancy. In short, after robbing him of half his goods, they left him.

On his arrival at Kaarta, our traveller found that the king of Bambarra had declared war against the Kartans, and that it would therefore be necessary for him to proceed thither by a circuitous route through the Moorish kingdom of Ludamar. Having, therefore, procured an escort from the king of Kaarta, he set out for Jarra.

After travelling a few days, exposed to great suffering from the heat of the weather and the scarcity of water, they arrived at a Negro village called Samee, where they were kindly received, and Park was congratulating himself that he was now out of reach of all danger from the Moors, when a party suddenly entered the hut where he was, telling him they had come by order of Ali (the Moorish king,) to conduct him to the camp. He was therefore forced to accompany them. After a journey of four or five days, they arrived at

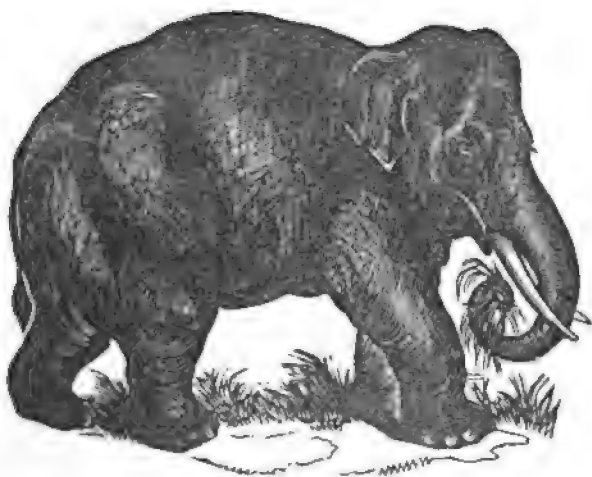


PARK AND THE FROGS.

Benown, where Ali's army was then encamped. Here Park was during ten weeks, exposed to all the insults and indignities which could be contrived by some of the rudest savages on earth.

We have not space to detail all the trials and sufferings of Mr. Park. He contrived to escape from the Moors, but nearly starved to death in the desert. He also suffered dreadfully from thirst. At length he found some pools of muddy water, where he quenched his own and his horse's thirst. At these pools the frogs were so numerous that Park had to beat them

away with a branch before his horse could drink. Continuing his journey, Park reached the majestic Niger. He followed this river towards its source, meeting with perils of every description, which, in a short time, obliged him to return. He succeeded in reaching England. Undaunted by the dangers he knew to be attendant upon the journey, Park once more set out to discover the source of the Niger. He was attacked by the natives of Yaour while passing up the river, and seeing no chance of escape, he leaped into the Niger and perished. This was a fit termination of a career so adventurous.



AFRICAN ELEPHANT.



SWISS.

M. SIMOND IN SWITZERLAND.



IN all the Alpine ranges of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Italy, on the approach of summer the peasants lead their herds up to the pasturages on the mountains. These, from their height, are uninhabitable during the winter and early spring months. They are resorted to at different seasons, according to their

heights; and some of them, placed at an elevation of 6000 or 7000 feet above the level of the sea, affording food for the cattle but for a short period, the covering of snow not disappearing till June, and winter closing in at the end of August, or beginning of September. In these Alpine heights are built log-huts, called *châlets*, in which the herdsmen and their cattle are sheltered. In some parts of the higher Alps the peasants remain during the whole season, without returning more than twice or thrice to fetch up a scanty supply of meal, the remainder of their food being the milk of the cattle and the cheese made in the *châlets*. As the higher grounds are only accessible by steep and winding foot-paths, the few articles of food, and the churn and pails necessary for the preparation of the cheese, are carried up on the backs of the herdsmen, who thus pass their time with their cattle in entire solitude. Sometimes a single man has the charge of ten or fifteen cows, and remains for ten or twelve weeks hung up amidst pine-forests, rocks, and glaciers of ice, without seeing a human being. Their appearance is in general wretched and dull; and when by chance a wandering traveller visits their haunts, they will follow him for miles, in order to exchange with him a few words of conversation. On the approach of winter they return with the cattle and the stock of cheese that has been made in the mountains.

The following extract from Mr. Simond's 'Travels in Switzerland' describes one of these mountain *châlets*; but those in the higher mountains are far more dreary, and possess even less of comfort and convenience.

"The higher ridge of the Scheideck, when we passed it, was crowded with cattle, assembled there for miles

to avoid the flies, which in more sheltered situations torment them during the heat of the day. The natural process by which soil is made was every where observable on the Eselsrücken (Ass's Back), where the uncovered edge of the slate is so far decomposed by exposure to weather, that large fragments, apparently sound, crumbled into black dust under our feet. This dust, fertilized by the cattle, is in some places covered with grass; in others it is washed away to lower grounds, leaving the surface of the slate again exposed to the weather, to be farther decomposed.

"Some way beyond this ridge we came to a *châlet*, which, being occupied by the shepherds, afforded more conveniencies than our halt of yesterday. Here a fire was already blazing in a sort of pit or trench dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheese-making. We had plenty of cream furnished us, in which the spoon literally stood on end, a kettle to make coffee, and wooden ladles by way of cups. All the utensils were made of maple, of linden, and of a sort of odorous pine (*pinus cembra*), by the shepherds themselves, who bestow much time on this manufacture. We noticed the portable seat with a single leg, oddly strapped to the back of those who milk the cows; the milk-pails, the milk-hod fastened to their shoulders, the measures, the ladles made in the shape of shells, the milk-strainer (a tripod funnel full of pine leaves), the vase in which rennet (used to coagulate milk) is preserved, the press, the form, and many other implements of their trade, all elegantly shaped, and very clean.

"The *châlet* itself was an American log-house of the

rudest construction; the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, gave vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney; this roof, projecting eight or ten feet, formed a sort of piazza, called the *milkgang*, a German word, which, like many others in that language, needs no English translation.

"The bed-room of the shepherds in these summer *châlets* is a wooden gallery, hung up over the *milkgang*, close to the projecting roof; they go up to it by a ladder, and all herd together on a little straw, never changed. The cows come home to be milked, attracted from the most distant pastures by a handful of salt, which the shepherd draws out of a leathern pouch hanging across his shoulder. The ground round the *châlet* is so broken, poached, and made filthy by treading of cattle, that without stepping-stones it would be difficult to reach the door; to finish the picture, a herd of swine ranges about, waiting for the allotted portion of butter-milk and curds. All this is, no doubt, very different from Rousseau's charming description of a *châlet*; but the *châlets* about Heloise's residences were family dwellings, inhabited the whole year round, and such as are found on lower mountains only; they are kept perfectly clean and comfortable, and are in all respects different from those on the High Alps, constructed for mere temporary shelters during a few months: no women live in the latter.

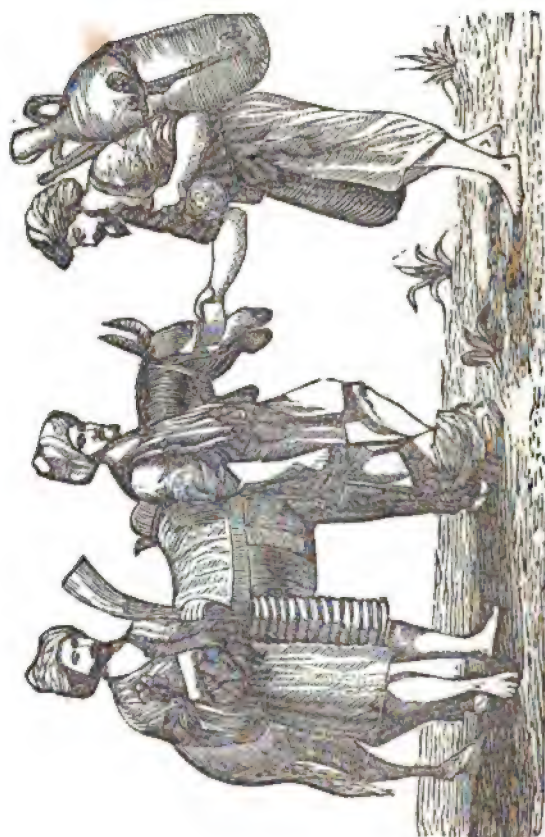
"When the weather is tempestuous, the shepherds, or rather the herdsmen, are up all night in the mountains with their cattle, calling to them, as without this precaution they might take fright, run into dangers, and be lost. A few places of shelter, built of logs on the

principal pastures, would, it seems, answer the purpose better with less trouble. The cattle look very beautiful and active, full of spirit and wild sport; they show much more curiosity and intelligence than the rest of their kind, and often follow travellers from rocks to rocks a long while, merely to observe them. Bulls, notwithstanding the fierceness of their looks, never attack any body. Mr. Ramond, in his notes on Coxe's Travels, tells an interesting story concerning these animals, which, if it should happen not to be quite true, at least deserves to be so. Speaking of their antipathy for bears—'It is impossible,' he says, 'to restrain a bull when he scents a bear in the neighbourhood; he comes up to him, and a running fight begins, which often lasts for several days, and till one of the two is killed. In a plain the bear has the advantage; among rocks and trees the bull. (I should have thought just the reverse.) Once, in the Canton of Uri, a bull went in pursuit of a bear, and did not return; after searching for him three successive days, he was found motionless, squeezing against a rock his enemy, which had been long dead, was quite stiff and cold, and almost crushed to pieces by the pressure; such had been the efforts of the bull, that his feet were deep sunk into the ground.'



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



EGYPTIANS.

CAVALIERO'S ADVENTURES IN EGYPT.



RANCESCO CAVALIERO accompanied Bonaparte in his famous expedition to Egypt, and was captured by the Arabs. Upon his release he published an account of his travels and adventures while in captivity. When he was taken to Cairo, he became pipe-bearer to a Turkish officer. He gives the following account of his service:—

“Solyman Aga, my new master, sent for me, and gave me a fan made of ostrich feathers to drive the flies from him, and cool him at meals. There were five other officers beside Solyman Aga that messed together, and who could speak very little Arabic, but I found their manners much more polite and genteel than any of the natives; they were also cleaner both in their cooking and eating; using spoons, but neither knife nor fork. They drink nothing but water with their meals; but after their repast they retire with their companions to a separate room, and there indulge in drinking the strongest liquors, but never take any before their servants. After being here a few days, Solyman sent for me, saying I was to follow him on horseback when he rode out, also giving me the care of four large pipes, the stems of which were at least

two yards and a half long, and his tobacco bag. With these I was to follow him either on horseback or on foot, and always be in attendance to light his pipe when he wanted it: he also named me Assan Bendler, not knowing I had already been christened Ragib Achmet by the Arabs, and I did not think it necessary to acquaint him. He also instructed me in the Turkish prayers, and occasionally sent me to the bagnios, or vapour baths, attended by two soldiers to guard me. It is hardly credible the attention they pay to you at these baths: first they undressed me in a room, tying a towel round my middle, then led me to the inner room, where they made all my joints snap by rubbing me with a mohair-bag about the size of a man's hand, which takes away all uncleanness from perspiration; then washed me with warm and afterwards cold water, covered me with a dry cloth, and led me back to the first room, and laid me upon a bed, and whilst one person was wiping my body, another was rubbing my feet with a pumice stone; all this was done for the trifling sum of 40 paras, about 18*d.* sterling. I found so much benefit from these baths, that I requested leave to go to them twice a week, which my master granted. After having been about two months with him, he wished me to be dressed in the Mameluke manner, which was a much lighter dress and richer than my former; he also gave me a poniard, which I was always to wear when I went out with him. He told me that he expected soon to return to Constantinople, and would take me along with him. I was very glad to hear this, as I was in hopes when I arrived there to meet with some Christian minister to apply to



SOLYMAN AGA.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

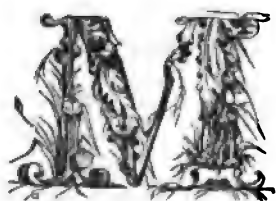
for my freedom. He wished me to undergo the operation of circumcision, as he said no one could be a good Musselman without it. Showing him my wounds, and telling him they were very painful, but that at a future period I would comply with his request, he gave me to understand, by a native, that if I resolved to become a Turk, he would tie me in a bag and throw me into the river Nile. This gave me great uneasiness, as I thought to myself that I certainly should lose my life if I did not comply with his request. I therefore prayed to the Almighty to be merciful to me, and assist me in this time of trial, determining within myself to follow the Christian religion. Solyman Aga said nothing more about it for some time; he still continued to take me with him when he went on his visits. Sometimes he had parties to dinner; their victuals are served up in large copper dishes, tinned inside; they use no plates, but every one helps himself out of the common dish with a spoon, and they have but two or three dishes brought in at a time. They have neither table nor table-cloth, but each person has a napkin. A piece of leather is spread on the floor, which they all set upon with their legs across, and the morsels that occasionally drop on the leather are taken care of and given to the poor. The rooms are generally spacious, with carpets at the extremities of them, and cushions to rest themselves upon. The only ornaments they have in the rooms are warlike instruments of different descriptions hung in different parts. About a month had expired when Solyman Aga sent for me, and claimed the performance of my promise: not knowing any probable mode of escaping, I consented, but with considerable

apprehension, which displeased him very much. The operator arrived and produced his instruments, which totally took away the fear of death, and made me determine to object to the operation. This refusal put Solyman Aga into a violent rage, and he abused me very much in his own language, ordering me to strip off the clothes he had given me, and giving me a suit much inferior. Now once more I found myself very uncomfortably situated; having lost the friendship I had gained, the whole household despised me; as they passed me they made signs, giving me to understand that if I did not become a Mussulman, I should have my head taken off. In this miserable state I did not remain long, the Almighty being merciful and hearing my prayers, and I was soon delivered from the hands of those Turks. One of the officers belonging to Solyman Aga being taken ill of a disorder, it was thought necessary to consult a European doctor, and to my great astonishment I recollected him to have been in Bonaparte's army. I approached the doctor, and addressed him by his name, but he had no recollection of me. I told him my name, and in whose service I had been; he seemed greatly astonished, as he had heard Colonel Broune say many times that I had been killed. I then acquainted him how I came in my present situation, and how cruelly they had used me. He then asked me if I had changed my religion; I replied no, but that I expected every moment to be forced to do so. This gentleman filled my heart with rapture, saying that if I could keep myself from doing so for twenty-four hours, he would apply to the grand vizier for my liberty, he being under his protection.

The twenty-four hours had not expired before this humane gentleman came with a Turkish officer, and a letter from the grand vizier for Solyman Aga. After reading the contents, and finding it was for my liberty, his countenance instantly changed with a sanguinary look both at the gentleman and myself. I expected every moment my head would be separated from my shoulders, but his passion by degrees subsided, and at length, by the interference of the officer who brought the vizier's letter, he consented that I should go, but not until he was repaid the sum he had given for me, which the gentleman immediately paid to Solyman Aga, who also made him pay for the clothes I had on, after which the Turkish officer took my hand and conducted me to this gentleman's house in safety, when I thought myself to be once more the happiest man living. The gentleman made me take off the Turkish dress, and gave me some of his own. I then related to him all the dangers and hardships I had undergone during the fourteen months I was with the Arabs, and five months with the Turks.



A WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



R. KING, an English adventurer in the region at the extreme north of America, thus speaks of his wintry experience:—

As the severe weather was by this time over, and I had seen the thermometer, on the 17th of January, 102° below the freezing-point, had slept in an atmosphere of 82 below, 'under the canopy of heaven,' with a single blanket for a covering, and had had some experience in snow-shoe walking, I may be allowed to make a few remarks upon the intensity of cold in the inhospitable regions of the north, as they are termed. During a calm, whether the thermometer stood at 70° or 7° minus zero, was to me in sensation the same; and although I have experienced a difference in temperature of 80° from cold to heat, and *vice versa*, in the course of twenty-four hours, still its change was not sufficiently oppressive to put a stop to my usual avocations. I have been shooting grouse at every range of the thermometer from the highest to the lowest point, wearing the very same clothing as in England on a summer's day, a fur cap, moccasins, and mittens excepted, instead of a hat, tanned leather shoes or boots, and kid gloves.



SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Merely a cotton shirt was sufficient to protect my breast from the most intense cold that has ever been registered; and notwithstanding my waistcoats were made double breasted, I never felt sufficiently cold to be under the necessity of buttoning them; neither flannel nor leather was worn by me in any way. It must be understood, however, that I am only speaking of the temperature during a calm, or when the atmosphere is but slightly in motion. The lowest descent of the thermometer would not prevent my making an excursion of pleasure; but a higher temperature by 40° , accompanying a stiff breeze, would confine me to the house: the sensation of cold, as I have said before, depends so much more upon the force of the wind than upon the state of the thermometer. Such endurance may appear incredible to those persons who have read each ponderous quarto as it issued forth, fearful in aspect as in subject; and it is no wonder. I was astonished at myself, while sporting in a country always portrayed as unfit either for man or beast; but, what was my astonishment, when, hopping before me from bough to bough, the lesser red-pole, caught my sight, the little bird that so frequently adorns, in England, the cottager's room! If so small a creature can find the climates of England and Great Slave Lake equally congenial to its constitution, surely man may exist there. A sudden transition from heat to cold produced cramps; a fact well worthy the notice of those persons who are subject to that painful disease,—for an extra blanket or two, and a trusty thermometer to indicate when to put them on and pull them off, may save much excruciating pain and many restless nights.



BUDDHIST PRIEST OF CEYLON.

PERILOUS ASCENT OF ADAM'S PEAK IN CEYLON.



UT few Europeans have had the courage and perseverance to ascend the famous mountain in Ceylon which terminates in Adam's Peak. Mr. Marshall, who made the venture, has given us an account of the ascent in his Tour in

Ceylon.

This gentleman performed the fatiguing journey in 1819, accompanied by S. Sowers, Esq., Commissioner

of Revenue in the Kandyan provinces. Starting from the city of Kandy, and proceeding in a south-westerly direction towards the mountain, the travellers were three days in performing thirty-nine miles, so rugged in parts, and in others covered with forest trees and low jungle, was the country which they had to traverse. On the third day they saw the few huts of the natives, built on the extreme jagged points of the loftiest mountains, to escape the ravages of elephants. At the end of this day's journey they were only eighteen miles from the foot of the peak, or the upper cone, yet it took them two days to perform that distance.

On the fourth day there was a considerable degree of ascent in their road, and they found the trees covered with moss or lichen. For some distance their pathway lay along the ridge of a narrow hill, on each side of which flowed a river. "The river," says Mr. Marshall, "at some places fell over stupendous precipices, forming cascades of great magnitude. From the height of one of these cascades the whole mass of water which passed over the rock seemed to rise again in white vapour." Above and beyond these impetuous rivers rose lofty ranges of peaked mountains, the whole presenting one of those magnificent pictures which have made men of good taste, who have travelled in Ceylon, declare that it is one of the most picturesque countries in the world.

The peak has always been considered as a holy mount, a pilgrimage to which was highly meritorious and beneficial. The returning pilgrims, as an act of charity, always disposed of their walking staves on the face of the hill, so as to assist future travellers in their

ascent. When Mr. Marshall and his friend came to a very steep part of the road, they found a succession of these walking-sticks stuck firmly in the earth, and bundles of rods laid horizontally behind them, by which means tolerable steps were formed. As, however, pilgrimages by the road by which they came had almost ceased since the dominion of the English, all these conveniences were rapidly going to decay.

On the sixth day of their journey, when they were four hours going about six miles (all the distance they performed), their guides were frequently at a loss to distinguish the path they ought to follow, from the tracks of wild elephants through the jungle. On reaching the top of a very high hill they had a near view of the peak, which rose before them like an immense acuminated, or sharp-pointed dome. Whenever the natives, in the course of the journey, caught a glimpse of the holy mount (the *Mallua Sri Pade*, or "the hill of the sacred foot" in their language), they raised their clasped hands over their heads, and devoutly exclaimed "*Saa ! Saa !*" Their zeal had increased the nearer they approached, but at this point their holy fervour was extreme.

The next morning, before they began the fatiguing ascent of the peak, they came to a small river, where the natives performed the ceremony of ablution preparatory to the delivery of their offerings at the shrine of the holy foot. Their offerings chiefly consisted of a few small copper coins, which the devotees wrapped in a piece of cloth ; the cloth was then wrapped in a handkerchief that encircled their head, it being indispensable

that the offering should be carried on the head, the noblest portion of the human frame.

From the river the pathway went up a narrow, rugged ravine,—in the wet season the bed of a torrent, and impassable. Thick jungle and lofty trees threw a wild gloom over this hollow, and intercepted the view. When they had made about two-thirds of the ascent they were informed that they were at the place where those who professed the religion of Buddhoo offered *needles and thread* to their divinity. The Buddhists in their train had thought little of this singular religious duty, for there was only one needle, with a little thread, found among the whole party. This, however, they made do duty for the whole, one succeeding another in taking up the needle and thread, and then replacing it on a small rock to the right of the road.

Their way was now more difficult than ever, as the superior portion of the peak consists of an immense cone of granitic rock, bearing no trees, and but very partially covered with vegetation. "The track," says Mr. Marshall, "over several places of this cone is quite abrupt; and where the pathway leads over a bare declivious rock (tending to some fearful precipice) there are steps cut out in the stone, and iron chains so fixed as to lie along the steps, for the purpose of assisting passengers in ascending and descending."

Mr. Marshall and his companion reached the top of the cone about two hours after they had begun to ascend at its base. They found that its narrow apex, which was only twenty-three paces long by eighteen broad, was surrounded by a wall, in which there were two tracks by which alone the mountain can be ascended.

The elevation of this apex is 6800 feet above the level of the sea; the granitic peak or cone resting upon a very high mountain belonging to the chain which forms the rampart of the upper country. Nearly in the centre of the enclosed area they saw a large rock, one side of which is shelving, and can be easily ascended. On the top of this mass, which is of granite there stands a small square wooden shed, fastened to the rock, as also to the outer walls, by means of heavy chains. This security is necessary to prevent the edifice being hurled from its narrow base by the violence of the winds. The roof and posts of this little building, which is used to cover the *Sri Pade*, or holy foot-mark, was adorned with flowers and artificial figures made of party coloured cloth. The impression in the rock they found to have been formed in part by the chisel and in part by elevating its outer border with hard mortar: all the elevations which mark the spaces between the toes of the foot have been made of lime and sand. The impression, which is five feet and a half long, two feet and a half broad, and from one and a half to two inches deep, is encircled by a border of gilded copper in which are set a few valueless gems. To use Mr. Marshall's words, "According to the books respecting Buddhoo, it appears that he stepped from the top of the peak to the kingdom of Siam. The Buddhists profess to believe that the impression is a mark made by the last foot of Buddhoo which left Ceylon." We believe it was the Arabs, who traded here in very early ages, that first changed the hero of the tale, and gave the foot-mark to Adam, our first father.

On Mr. Marshall's arriving he found between forty and fifty pilgrims, who had ascended in an opposite direction, already there. They performed their devotions without heeding the strangers, and then suddenly departed, and descended the mountain, without seeming to look to the right or to the left.

On a shelf on the same rock on which the foot is traced, there is also a small temple dedicated to Vishnu, whom the pilgrims conciliate with offerings of small sums of money. All the ceremonies were finished in less than a quarter of an hour, when the party instantly proceeded to the opening in the wall, and left the area free to those whose next turn it was.

Two Buddhist priests were on duty to take charge of the offerings of the devout, which are forwarded at the end of the season to the chief priest at Kandy. The average annual amount is about £ 250 sterling, an important sum for that people. These priests only reside in this lofty solitude during the period when pilgrims visit it, or from January to April inclusive, being the dry season on the west side of the island. During the wet months the peak is commonly enveloped in clouds, and the ascent to it impracticable. They were attended by a boy, and occupied a little hut immediately without the encircling walls. They strenuously objected (as did also the natives who had accompanied Mr. Marshall and his friend) to the English travellers remaining there all night, saying that disease and other calamities would be the inevitable consequence of their so doing. Their motive for this objection rose out of their belief, that such a long stay of white men at the sacred spot would be displeasing to their divinities.

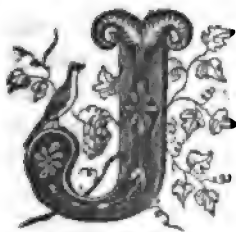
Seeing, however, that the travellers, who had determined to stay, would not be moved from their purpose, the senior priest gave them a number of plants, solemnly assuring them, that by wearing a part of one of them as an amulet, they would be protected from the attack of bears. In like manner parts of other plants were calculated to defend them from wild elephants; and others from devils, sickness, &c., &c. One herb that he offered, he said was a sure preservative against misfortunes, sickness, and every kind of evil.

The travellers descended the cone by the opposite route leading to Saffragam, which they found to be still more abrupt than that by which they had ascended coming from Kandy. In several places it led them across bare, slippery, precipitous rocks. There were no steps cut, as on the other side of the cone, but in the more difficult and dangerous places there were strong iron chains fastened to the rock, to assist ascent and descent. At two or three turns the view downward was grand and awful in the extreme, the cone at these points seeming to overhang the lower mountain, by which means the eye plunged perpendicularly almost to the base of the peak. Meanwhile the sun shining brightly upon the space where the view terminated at the bottom of the mountain, increased thereby the sublimity of the prospect. "It is impossible," says Mr. Marshall, in concluding his interesting sketch of this remarkable place, "to describe the terrific grandeur of the scene; but indeed the prospect is so frightful, that I believe it is rarely contemplated with due composure."



AFRICAN CHIEF.

ADVENTURES OF BURCKHARDT.



JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT was born at Lausanne, in Switzerland, in the year 1784. He came to England in 1806, and, being provided with a letter of introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, who, it will be recollected, was the means of introducing

both Ledyard and Park to the African Association, he soon imbibed so much of this distinguished man's ardour, that he offered his services to the association, and was accepted.

He, accordingly, began diligently to study the Arabic language; and, as it was thought he would be more likely to proceed undisturbed by the Moors, from whom we have seen that most of Park's sufferings proceeded, if he travelled disguised as a native of the east, the association instructed him first to proceed to Syria, where he was to remain two years for the purpose of completing his Arabic studies, and to acquire oriental habits and manners sufficient to make him pass unsuspected by the Moors. He was then to proceed to Cairo, to join one of the caravans which leave that town for Mourzuk, and thus to proceed into the interior of Africa.

Burckhardt sailed from England early in 1809, and arrived at Malta in safety. Here he equipped himself entirely in the style of an oriental, assuming the character of an Indian Mohammedan merchant, and sailed for Acre, whence he hoped to be able to reach Tripoli, in Syria, or Latakia. After being twice duped by the captains of the little trading vessels, with whom he engaged a passage, by their telling him, when he was fairly embarked, that they were not going to the place which they had represented, he reached the coast of Syria at Suedieh. Having bargained with the muleteers for the transport of himself and baggage to Aleppo, he was beginning to load the mules, when he received a message from the aga or Turkish governor of the place, requesting to see him. Our traveller



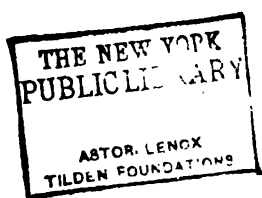
THE AGA AND THE POTATO.

found this dignitary smoking his pipe in a miserable room, and pulling off his slippers, he sat down before him. After having partaken of a cup of coffee, Burckhardt asked his highness what he wanted. The aga answered by making a sign with his thumb and forefinger, like a person counting money, at the same time inquiring particularly what was contained in the chests of which our traveller's baggage was composed. Burckhardt, who had among them several packages for the British consul at Aleppo, told him that he did not know, but that he thought there was a sort of Frank or European drink, (beer,) and some eatables, which he had brought from Malta for the consul. Not to be

thus eluded, the aga sent one of his people to examine the contents. The messenger tasted the beer, and found it abominably bitter; and as a sample of the eatables, he carried a potato, which he took out of one of the barrels, to his master. The aga tasted the raw potato, and instantly spitting it out again, exclaimed loudly against the Frank's stomach, which could bear such food. After this sample he did not care to investigate farther, and exacting a fine of ten piastres, he allowed Burckhardt to proceed.

When the caravan arrived at Antakia, the aga of that place, suspecting that Burckhardt was only a Frank in disguise, sent his dragoman to try and discover if such was the case. After putting a great many questions, all of which Burckhardt answered so as not to betray his secret, the emissary, as a last resource, took hold of his beard, and pulling it, asked him familiarly why he let such a thing grow. To pull his beard is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to a Turk. Burckhardt at once saw his object, and gave the poor dragoman such a blow upon the face as soon convinced him that the insult was duly appreciated, and turned the laugh of the bystanders so completely against him that he did not trouble our traveller any farther.

From Aleppo, Burckhardt set out on a journey to Palmyra, under the guidance and protection of an Arab shiekh or chief; but during the absence of the latter, who had gone to one of the wells for a supply of water, the party was attacked by a hostile tribe of Arabs, and our traveller lost his watch and his compass. At Palmyra he was again plundered, and his guide pretending





PETRA.

that it was unsafe to proceed farther in this direction, he now directed his steps to Damascus.

At this city he was obliged to remain upwards of six weeks, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. He contrived, however, to accomplish two journeys to places of celebrity—one to Baalbec and Mount Libanus, and the other into the Hauran, the patrimony of the patriarch Abraham. The latter journey occupied him twenty-six days; but the fatigue to which he was exposed was amply repaid by the interesting scenes amidst which it was accomplished. At every step he discovered vestiges of ancient cities, the remains of ruined temples and other public edifices; and had opportunities of copying many inscriptions, which serve to throw light upon the history of this, at that time, almost unknown country.

Burckhardt then proceeded to Aleppo, whence he penetrated into the desert towards the Euphrates. In this excursion he was robbed and stripped to the skin, so that he had to return to Sukhne, a village almost five days' journey from Aleppo, his body blistered by the rays of the sun, and without having accomplished any of the objects of his journey.

With the true spirit of an enterprising traveller, Burckhardt, as soon as the rainy season was over, again set out towards the Dead Sea. On this journey he encountered many difficulties—was stripped of his money by a treacherous Bedouin, to whose care he confided himself; and was at length obliged to wander from one Arab encampment to another, till he at last found a person who was willing to carry him to Egypt. As they proceeded up the valley of Ghor, Burckhardt

was fortunate enough to discover the ruins of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petraea, a spot till then unknown to Europeans. His conductor, however, allowed him merely a glance at these majestic ruins, whose magnificence have since astonished more recent beholders. Shortly after leaving this place they fell in with a small caravan of Arabs, who were proceeding to Cairo with a few camels for sale. To this party Burckhardt joined himself, and travelled the remainder of the way in their company.

As no immediate opportunity offered for entering on the great object of his mission, Burckhardt next turned his attention to Nubia. He purchased a couple of dromedaries, and furnishing himself with a firman from the bashaw, and several private letters to the Nubian chiefs, he set out, accompanied by his guide, on the 14th of February, 1818.

He travelled along the eastern bank of the Nile, and proceeded, not only without molestation, but, on the contrary, was generally received in a hospitable manner at the Nubian villages.

Burckhardt continued his course without any remarkable adventure till he arrived at the Manass territory, where he found two of the principal Mameluke chiefs, with a band of retainers, amounting to about a hundred and twenty men, engaged in celebrating the capture of the castle of Tinareh, which had surrendered on the day preceding our traveller's arrival.

Suspecting that Burckhardt was a spy in the pay of Mohammed Ali, the bashaw of Egypt, the chief threatened to send his head as a present to Ibrahim Beg, the chief of the Mamelukes; and a long consultation was

held with his confidants to decide what was to be done with him. Fortunately, before they decided on such an unpleasant experiment as the language of the chief seemed to threaten, the arrival of two of their friends, who had seen Burckhardt in another part of the country convinced them of their error. They were still anxious, however, to extort something from him in the way of presents or otherwise; and when he went to take his leave of Mohammed Kashef, he persisted so much in desiring him to defer his departure, that our traveller at last found it necessary to tell him that he was not permitted to act as he pleased, he considered himself a prisoner, and that he must take the consequence of his detention. "Go then, you rascal!" at last exclaimed this refined chieftain, in his usual brutal language. Burckhardt did not require to be twice told. In five minutes he had mounted his camel and was out of sight of the camp, where he had spent one of the most uncomfortable days which had yet occurred to him during the course of his travels.

They had now arrived at Derr, and here his trusty guide, who had accompanied him on this journey, left him. At parting Burckhardt presented him with a woollen mellaye, a sort of shawl which is worn about the neck and shoulders by the Egyptians, and a small sum of money, with which he was infinitely delighted.

Having provided himself with a new guide, our traveller continued his journey, visiting such remains of antiquity as lay in his route: copying the inscriptions in the ruined temples, and gathering much new and interesting information regarding the details of these buildings, and the history and manners of the ancient inhabitants.

On the 9th of April he reached Esne, where he remained nearly twelve months, waiting for the opportunity of joining a caravan travelling towards the interior of Nubia in a more easterly direction.

Two days after their departure, the caravan was attacked by a party of wandering Bedouins, who claimed tribute for allowing it to pass. After much clamour and some hard fighting, in which, however, no blood was shed, the chiefs interfered on both sides, and put an end to the dispute, and the caravan was at length allowed to pass without paying tribute.

The weather was now excessively hot; and, as they advanced into the desert, their sufferings from want of water became daily more severe. At length, on their arrival at the wells of Nedjeym, finding them empty, and being thus unable to replenish their stock, the whole party were in the greatest dejection, foreseeing that all the asses must very soon die, if not speedily supplied with this necessary article, and none of the traders had more than a few draughts for his own personal use. After a long deliberation, they at length came to the only determination that could save them, namely; to send ten or twelve of the strongest camels to bring a supply from the nearest point of the Nile.

They were not more than a journey of five or six hours distant from the Nile, but its banks being inhabited by a hostile tribe of Arabs, it was impossible for the whole caravan to proceed thither. It was therefore arranged that a party should set out in the afternoon, so as to arrive on the banks of the river during the night, and having filled the water skins, to return as speedily and stealthily as possible.

Those who remained in the meanwhile passed the evening in the greatest anxiety; for, if the camels should not return, they had little hope of escape from either death by thirst, or by the sword of their enemies, who, if they had once caught a glance of the camels, would have traced their footsteps in the sand, and thus discovered and plundered the caravan. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, the distant hallooings of their watermen broke upon their ears; and they soon refreshed themselves with copious draughts of the delicious water of the Nile.

On the 23d of March, the caravan arrived at Ankheye, the principal town in the district of Berber, whence, after resting fourteen days, they again set out. Burckhardt was not at all sorry to leave this place, for the character of its inhabitants was so bad that a stranger can never consider himself safe among them for a moment.

Matters were not much mended on their arrival at Ras-el-wady, where the mek, or governor, forced them to pay very heavy fines, under the name of transit duties. Fortunately his contributions did not fall very severely on our traveller, who, foreseeing the probability of some such danger, had disposed of his ass, which was the best animal in the caravan, to one of his fellow traders, taking in exchange a less powerful beast, and a small sum of money. The spirited animal soon caught the attention of the mek, and he insisted on its being presented to him, much to the dissatisfaction of its new owner, who had only gained possession of it on the preceding day.

At Damer, the caravan halted five days. This place



BUBOKHARDT SEIZING HEADS.

is chiefly inhabited by Fokara, or religious men. The governor, or chief is called Faky el Kebir, or the Great Faky. The family in which this dignity is hereditary, have the reputation of being endowed with such supernatural powers that nothing can withstand their spells. So powerful are these that the father of the present faky is said on one occasion to have caused a lamb to bleat in the stomach of the thief who had stolen it, and afterwards eaten it.

As there is no daily market at Damer, nor any shops

where articles can be bought except on the weekly market-day, Burckhardt was under the necessity of imitating his companions, and going from house to house with some strings of beads in his hands, offering them for sale at about four handsful of corn for each bead. "I gained at this rate," says he, "about sixty per cent. on the prime cost; and at the same time had an opportunity of entering many private houses, and studying the manners and habits of the people."

So strong is the belief of the credulous natives in the powers of the fakies, that the mere sight of them walking unarmed at the head of a caravan is sufficient to protect it. The services of several were therefore secured, and the party again set out, and reached Hawaya in safety. This village forms the northern frontier of the territory of Shendy. As he understood it to be a safe place, Burckhardt took some beads to exchange for bread, in the village. After a long and fruitless search, he was met by two men, who invited him to go home with them, telling him that their wives would take the beads. Burckhardt accordingly followed them, until they reached a narrow, unfrequented lane, when they turned short upon him, snatched away the beads, tore off his cap, and then, finding that, unarmed as he was, he still made some resistance, they drew their swords. Burckhardt then considered that it was time to take to his heels, and rejoined his companions, who laughed at his misfortunes. He afterwards applied for redress to the sheikh of the village, who recovered the cap and beads for him, but insisted on being paid, as a compliment, twice the value of the stolen goods.

On their arrival at Shendy, Burckhardt abandoned all idea of proceeding farther south, and resolved to take the route for the Red Sea. He disposed of all his little adventure of merchandise, and purchased a slave boy, partly for the sake of having a constant and useful companion, and partly to afford him an ostensible reason for going in the direction of the Red Sea, where he might expect to sell him at a profit. He also purchased a camel, and having laid in a supply of provisions for the journey, he set out on the 17th of May.

In this journey the caravan was exposed to a violent hurricane; "the most tremendous," says Burckhardt, "that I ever remember to have witnessed. A dark blue cloud first appeared; as it approached nearer, and increased in height, it assumed an ash-gray colour, with a tinge of yellow, striking every person in the caravan who had not been accustomed to such phenomena with amazement at its magnificent and terrific appearance: as the clouds approached still nearer, the yellow tinge became more general, while the horizon presented the brightest azure. At last it burst upon us in its rapid course, and involved us in darkness and confusion; nothing could be distinguished at the distance of five or six feet, our eyes were filled with dust, our temporary sheds blown down at the first gust, and many more firmly fixed tents followed. The largest withstood for a time the effects of the blast, but were at last obliged to yield, and the whole camp was levelled with the ground. In the meantime, the terrified camels arose, broke the cords by which they were fastened, and endeavoured to escape from the destruction which

appeared to threaten them, thus adding not a little to our embarrassment. After blowing about half an hour with increased violence, the wind suddenly abated; and, when the atmosphere became clear, the tremendous cloud was seen continuing its havoc to the north-west.

At length, on the 26th of June, they arrived at Souakin, after journeying through a wild, picturesque country, and pitched their tents at a short distance from the town. On the following day they were visited by the emir, who came in person to levy the customary contributions. Understanding that Burckhardt's camel was famed in the caravan for its strength and agility, he wished to secure it, telling him that all camels brought from Soudan by foreign traders were his. Burckhardt refused to comply with this unjust demand, and insisted on the matter being referred to the Turkish custom-house officer. He was accordingly carried before the aga, who, having been instructed by the emir, addressed Burckhardt in a very haughty and repulsive manner. Burckhardt at first refused to answer; but at length told him that he had come to hear from his own mouth whether the emir was entitled to his camel. "Not only thy camel," he replied, "but the whole of thy baggage must be taken and searched;" and, affecting to treat him as a Mameluke spy, or refugee, he continued; "you shall not impose upon us, you rascal; you may be thankful if we do not cut off your head!" Burckhardt, seeing there was no other way of escape, now drew from his pocket the two firmans or letters with which he had provided himself before setting out, one of which was sealed with the great seal of Mohammed Ali. The change from haughty



MOHAMMED ALL.

insolence to base servility was instantaneous. The aga kissed the papers, pressed them to his forehead, and apologized for his conduct in the most submissive terms. Nothing more was said about the emir's right to the camel, and Burckhardt's slave even was allowed to pass duty free. Afraid of the reports which our traveller might make to the bashaw respecting his government in Souakin, the aga tried every means in his power to ingratiate himself with him. He invited him to his table daily, and offered him a present of a slave, and one of his own dresses, both of which marks

of kindness, however, Burckhardt thought proper to decline.

From Souakin our traveller sailed for Djidda, on the opposite shore of the Red Sea, on the 6th of July, and after suffering much inconvenience from the crowded state of the vessel, and the inadequate supply of water, as well as the unskilful navigation of the Arabian sailors, they arrived at Djidda on the 18th of July. More than three-fourths of the time had been consumed in sailing lazily along the coast, disembarking every evening, and passing the night on shore.

Having obtained permission from the bashaw, he accordingly set out for Mecca, and witnessed and took part in the singular and absurd ceremonial, at the performance of which were gathered an immense crowd of people from every corner of the Mohammedan world—the principal men accompanied by long retinues of attendants, their equipments vying with each other in splendour and magnificence. He also performed a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet, at Medina.

From Medina he travelled to Yembo, where, on his arrival, he found the plague raging with the greatest violence. After remaining here three weeks, he found his way to Tor, where he recovered his health. He arrived at Cairo on the 24th of June, after an absence of nearly two years and a half.

From Cairo he afterwards made one or two unimportant excursions, in one of which he reached Mount Sinai, and traced the course of the Red Sea as far as Akaba.

At Cairo Burckhardt remained for some time, arranging the journals of his Arabian and Nubian travels,

and waiting the opportunity of joining a Moggrebin caravan, to penetrate into Africa. While thus engaged, he was attacked by a disease which carried him off after an illness of eleven days, notwithstanding the best medical attendance which the place could afford.



ARAB ENCAMPMENT.



ALBANIANS.

A TRAVELLER'S ENCOUNTER WITH ALBANESE BRIGANDS.



ABOUT 1832, the brigands were numerous in Greece, and attacks upon travellers and villages were frequent. An English traveller, who experienced their hostility, has left us the following account of their attack upon a village.

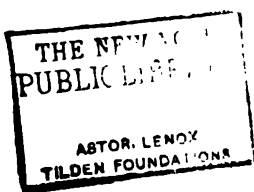
Our first care on landing had been to negotiate for horses to convey ourselves and our baggage to Nauplia. We

were quietly eating our breakfast, in expectation of their arrival, when a messenger came in breathless haste to announce that a party of irregular soldiers, or Albanese, as they are generally called, was coming down to pillage the place. We immediately re-shipped all our baggage, and, having prepared our arms, awaited the arrival of these formidable brigands. In the meantime the news had spread the utmost terror and confusion through all the inhabitants of Epidaurus. The women and children crowded around us, weeping, crying, wringing their hands, and imploring us to take them on board our caïque, which was the only vessel in the harbour. To comply with their demand was, of course, impossible, for our boat was a very small one, and we might be obliged to have recourse to it for our own safety. We told them, however, that if they wished to put any of their valuables on board, we would take them under our protection. Accordingly, the men brought their arms, pistols, muskets, and yataghans, and in such quantities, that we could not help asking why they did not retain them, and use them for their own defence, instead of submitting to be pillaged and abused by a party of ruffians, who probably were not equal to themselves in numerical amount? "We dare not resist," they replied, "we might drive them away to-day, but they would return to-morrow with greater force, and our fate would be worse than ever." We said all we could to rouse them to a vigorous resistance, but our persuasions were unavailing; their spirits seemed completely broken by a long course of suffering and oppression; they had been scourged and trodden into passive abjectness. The Albanese soon appeared.

They were, as I conjectured, a stragling party, without pay, and without leader, and subsisting entirely on pillage. The whole of Greece is overrun with similar bands. A more squalid, ferocious, ruffianly-looking set of men I never beheld. They were filthy in the extreme; their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yataghan in their belts, and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing every thing in the way of food or ammunition they could lay their hands on. The people, subdued to the cowardice of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watching the seizure of their stores, without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other. The brigands, after rifling every house, except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoils. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians. They insulted all the women who had been foolish enough to remain in the village, and the men did not dare to interfere. I could bear the scene no longer, and strolled away towards one of the remotest houses, when a loud scream arrested my attention, and a young woman, with a babe in her arms, rushed out of the door, pursued by one of the Albanese. My indignation had before wanted but little to make it overflow; so, looking this way and that way, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian, I rushed after the inebriated ruffian,

and brought him to the ground by a blow with the butt end of my carbine. He fell with great violence, and lay for some minutes insensible. I took his pistols and yataghan, and threw them into a marsh close by, and then went up to the poor woman, who was terrified to death, and led her to a thicket of thorn trees, where she was not likely to be discovered. Here we remained till nightfall, when we ventured from our hiding-places, and found that the Albanese had retired, and were probably gone to repeat the same scene at some other village.







VERA CRUZ AND SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.



MEXICAN MARKET-WOMAN.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

MEXICO was appropriately called "New Spain" by its adventurous conquerors. The title was prophetic of its character. The country has many features in common with old Spain—beauties and barrens being thickly and alternately spread throughout its extent. The Spanish language is in common use, and the generality of the people have the vices and virtues of the Spanish character—being haughty, pleasure-loving, superstitious, and treacherous.

A recent traveller in Mexico—Mr. George Frederic

Ruxton—has published some very interesting and instructive sketches of his journey and adventures, written in that simple and direct style which one loves to find in such a work. He observed acutely, and caught the spirit of the people and institutions of the country. Landing at the city of Vera Cruz, Mr. Ruxton was struck with its singular situation and features. He says:—

From the sea the coast on each side of the town presents a dismal view of sand hills, which appear almost to swallow up the walls. The town, however, sparkling in the sun, with its white houses and numerous church-spires, has rather a picturesque appearance; but every object, whether on sea or land, glows unnaturally in the lurid atmosphere. It is painful to look into the sea, where shoals of bright-coloured fish are swimming; and equally painful to turn the eyes to the shore, where the sun, refracted by the sand, actually scorches the sight, as well as pains it by the quivering glare which ever attends refracted light.

The city is well planned, surrounded by an *adobe* wall, with wide streets crossing each other at right angles. There are also several large and handsome buildings fast mouldering to decay. One hundred years ago a flourishing commercial city, like every thing in Spanish America, it has suffered from the baneful effects of a corrupt, impotent government. Now, with a scanty population, and under the control of a military despotism, its wealth and influence have passed away. The aspect of the interior of the town is dreary and desolate beyond description. Grass grows in the streets and squares; the churches and public buildings are

falling to ruins; scarcely a human being is to be met, and the few seen are sallow and lank, and skulk through the streets as if fearing to encounter, at every corner, the personification of the dread vomito, which at this season (August) is carrying off a tithe of the population. Every where stalks the "sopilote" (turkey-buzzard,) sole tenant of the streets, feeding on the garbage and carrion which abound in every corner.

Before delivering my letters I went to a fonda, or inn, kept by a Frenchman, but in Mexico-Spanish style. Here I first made acquaintance with the *frijole*, a small black bean, which is the main food of the lower classes over the whole of Mexico, and is a standing dish on every table both of the rich and poor. The cuisine, being Spanish, was the best in the world, the wine good, and abundance of ice from Orizaba. Among the company at the fonda was a party of Spanish padres, a capellan of a Mexican regiment, and a Capuchin friar. I was invited one evening to their room, and was rather surprised when I found I was in for a regular punch-drinking bout. The Capuchino presided at the bowl, which he concocted with considerable skill; and the jolly priests kept it up until the gray of the morning, when they all sallied out to mass, it being the feast of San Isidro.

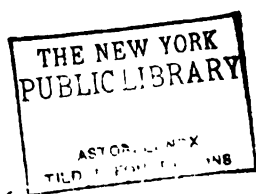
The next day I accompanied this clerical party to the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, which we were allowed to inspect in every part. I thought it showed very little caution, for I might have been an American for all they knew to the contrary. The fortress is constructed with considerable skill, but is in very bad repair. It is said to mount three hundred and fifty

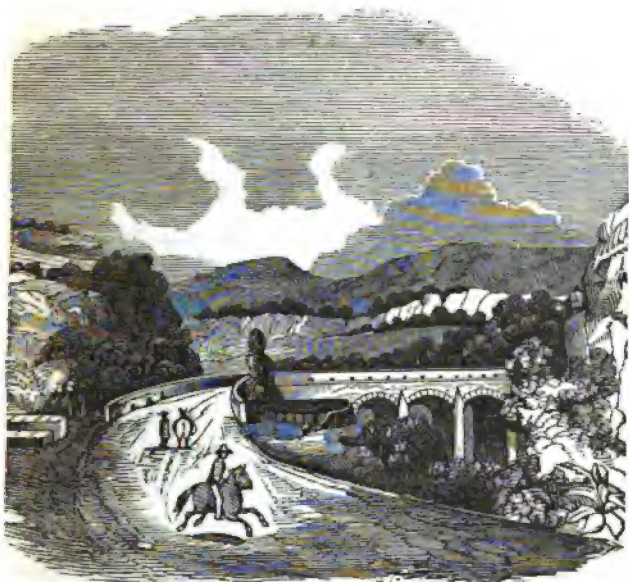
pieces of artillery, many of heavy caliber, but is deficient in mortars. The garrison did not amount to more than seven hundred men, although they were in hourly expectation of an attack by the American squadron; and such a miserable set of naked objects as they were, could scarcely be got together in any other part of the world. Our party was ciceroned by an aid-de-camp of the governor, who took us into every hole and corner of the works. The soldiers' barracks were dens unfit for hogs, without air or ventilation, and crowded to suffocation.

In one of the batteries were some fine ninety-eight-pounders, all English manufacture, but badly mounted, and some beautiful Spanish brass guns. Not the slightest discipline was apparent in the garrison, and scarcely a sentinel was on the look-out, although the American squadron was in sight of the castle, and an attack was hourly threatened. On the side facing the island of Sacrificios the defences were very weak; indeed, I saw no obstruction of sufficient magnitude to prevent half a dozen boat's crews making a dash in the dark at the water-batteries, where at this time were neither guns nor men, nor one sentry whose post would command this exposed spot; thence to cross the ditch which had but two or three feet of water in it, blow open the gate of the fortress with a bag of powder, and no organized resistance could be dreaded when once in the castle. I pointed this out to one of the officers of the garrison. He answered, "No hay cuidado! no hay cuidado! somos muy valientes," "Never fear, never fear! we are very brave here." "Si quieren, los

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.







NATIONAL BRIDGE.

Americanos, que vengan"—"If the Americans like to try, let them come."

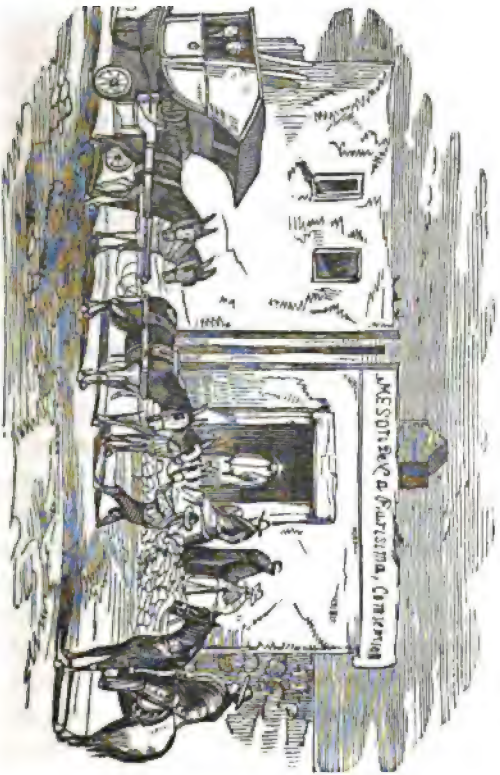
As we returned at night to Vera Cruz, a dull, yellowish haze hung over the town. I asked the "patron" of the boat what it was. Taking his cigar from his mouth, he answered quite seriously, "Senor, es el vomito—it's the fever."

In spite of the "weak" condition of the city of Vera Cruz and its castle at the time of Mr. Ruxton's visit, they made a good defence when besieged by the United States forces, under Gen. Winfield Scott. The city sustained a bombardment of several days before it yielded.

Mr. Ruxton now took the road towards the capital.

After crossing the beautiful National Bridge, he reached the Plan del Rio, where he was forced to put up at one of those miserable inns, so common in Mexico, of which he gives the following humorous account :

“At sunset we reached El Plan del Rio, a miserable venta, which we found crowded with cavalry soldiers and their horses, so that we had great trouble in finding room for our own animals. This hostelry belonged to the genus meson, a variety of the inn species to be found only in Mexico. It was, however, a paradise compared to the mesones north of the city of Mexico; and I remember that I often looked back upon this one, which Castillo and I voted the most absolutely miserable of inns, as a sort of Clarendon or Mivarts. Round the corral, or yard, where were mangers for horses and mules, were several filthily dirty rooms, without windows or furniture. These were the guests' chambers. Mine host and his family had separate accommodations for themselves, of course; and into this part of the mansion Castillo managed to introduce himself and me, and to procure some supper. The *chambermaid*—who, unlocking the door of the room apportioned to us, told us to beware of the *mala gente* (the bad people) who were about—was a dried-up old man, with a long, grizzled beard and matted hair, which fell, guiltless of comb or brush, on his shoulders. He was perfectly horrified at our uncomplimentary remarks concerning the cleanliness of the apartment, about the floor of which troops of fleas were carracoling, while flat, odoriferous bugs were sticking in patches to the walls. My request for some water for the purpose of washing almost knocked him down with the heinousness of the



▲ MEXICAN INN.



demand ; but when he had brought a little earthen-ware saucer, holding about a table-spoonful, and I asked for a towel, he stared at me, open-mouthed, without answering, and then burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. "Ay que hombre, Ave Maria Purissima, que loco es este !"—Oh, what a man, what a madman is this ! "Servilleta, panuela, toalla, que demonio quiere ?"—towel, napkin, handkerchief—what the devil does he want ?—repeating the different terms I used to explain that I wanted a towel. "Ha, ha ha ! es medio tonto, es medio tonto"—a half-witted fellow, I see. "Que demonio ! quire agua, quire toalla !" what the d—! he wants water, towels, every thing. "Adios !"

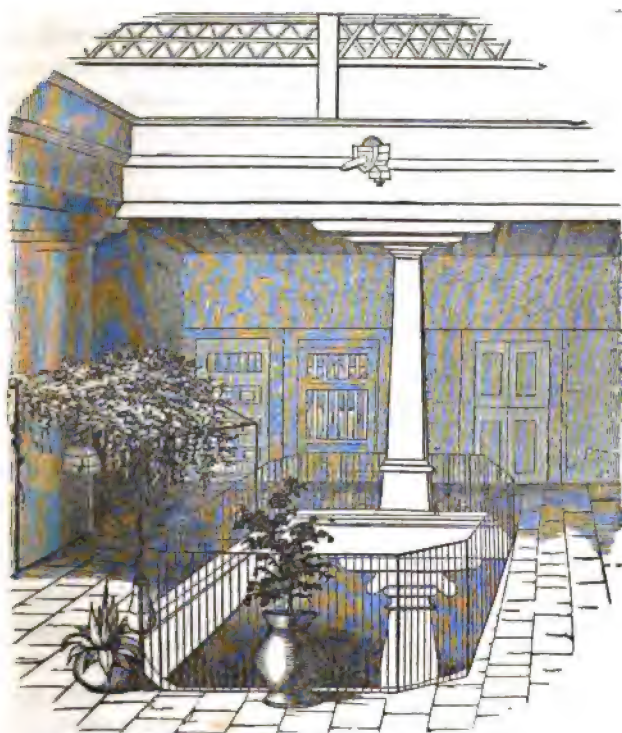
Attaining the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, our traveller next approached Jalapa :

"Jalapa, the population of which is nearly seventeen thousand, is situated at the foot of Macultepec, at an elevation of four thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the sea. Unfortunately, this elevation is about that which the strata of clouds reach, when, suspended over the ocean, they come in contact with the ridge of the Cordillera, and this renders the atmosphere exceedingly humid and disagreeable, particularly in northeasterly winds. In summer, however, the mists disappear, the Sun shines brightly, and the sky is clear and serene. At this time the climate is perfectly heavenly ; the extremes of heat and cold are never experienced, and an even genial temperature prevails, highly conducive to health and comfort. Fever is here unknown ; the dreaded vomito never makes its appearance on the table-land ; and, in spite of the humid climate, sickness is comparatively rare

and seldom fatal. The average temperature is 60 to 65° in summer.

On a bright, sunny day the scenery round Jalapa is not to be surpassed; mountains bound the horizon, except on one side, where a distant view of the sea adds to the beauty of the scene. Orizaba, with its snow-capped peak, appears so close that one imagines it is within reach; and rich and evergreen forests clothe the surrounding hills. In the foreground are beautiful gardens, with fruits of every clime—the banana and fig, the orange, cherry, and apple. The town is irregularly built, but picturesque; the houses are in the style of Old Spain, with windows to the ground, and barred, in which sit the Jalapenas, with their beautifully fair complexions and eyes of fire.

Near Jalapa are two or three cotton-factories, which I believe pay well. They are under the management of English and Americans. The girls employed in the works are all Indians or Mestizas, healthy and good-looking. They are very apt in learning their work, and soon comprehend the various uses of the machinery. In the town there is but little to see. The church is said to have been founded by Cortez, and there is also a Franciscan convent. However, a stranger is amply interested in walking about the streets and market, where he will see much that is strange and new. The vicinity of Jalapa, although poorly cultivated, produces maize, wheat, grapes, jalap (from which plant it takes its name,) and a little lower down the cordillera grow the vanilla, the bean which is so highly esteemed for its aromatic flavour, and the fruits of the temperate and torrid zones.



INTERIOR OF ▲ MEXICAN HOUSE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

On inquiry as to the modes of travelling from Jalapa to the city of Mexico, I found that the journey in the diligencia to the capital was to be preferred to any this season, on account of the rains; although by the former there was almost a certainty of being robbed or attacked. So much a matter of course is this disagreeable proceeding, that the Mexicans invariably calculate a certain sum for the expenses of the road, including the usual fee for *los caballeros del camino*. All baggage is sent by the arrieros or muleteers, by which means it is insured from all danger, although a long time on the road. The usual charge is twelve dollars a *carga*, or mule-load of two hundred pounds, from Vera Cruz to the capital, being from ten to twenty days on the road. The Mexicans never dream of resisting the robbers, and a coach load of nine is often stopped and plundered by one man. The ladrones, however, often catch a Tartar if a party of foreigners should happen to be in the coach; and but the other day, two Englishmen, one an officer of the Guards, the other a resident in Zacatecas, being in a coach which was stopped by nine robbers, near Puebla, on being ordered to alight and *bocabazo*—throw themselves on their noses—replied to the request by shooting a couple of them, and, quietly resuming their seats, proceeded on their journey.

During my stay two English naval officers arrived in the diligencia from Mexico. As they stepped out, bristling with arms, the Mexican by-standers ejaculated, "Valgame Dios!" What men these English are! "Esos son hombres!"—These *are* men! The last week the coach was robbed three times, and a poor

Gachupin, mistaken for an Englishman, was nearly killed, the robbers having vowed vengeance against the pale-faces for the slaughter of their two comrades at Puebla; and a few months before, two robbers crawled upon the coach during the night, and putting a pistol through the leathern panels, shot an unfortunate passenger in the head, who, they had been informed, carried arms and was determined to resist. There is not a travelling Mexican who cannot narrate to you his experiences on "the road;" and scarcely a foreigner in the country, more particularly English and Americans, who has not come to blows with the ladrones at some period or other of his life.

Such being the satisfactory state of affairs, before starting on this dangerous expedition, and particularly as I carried all my baggage with me (being too old a soldier ever to part with that,) assisted by mine host, I had a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, all of which was put in perfect order. One fine morning, therefore, I took my seat in the diligencia, with a formidable battery of a double-barrel rifle, a ditto carbine, two brace of pistols, and a blunderbuss. Blank were the faces of my four fellow-passengers when I entered thus equipped. They protested, they besought—every one's life would be sacrificed, were one of the party to resist. "Senores," I said, "here are arms for you all; better for you to fight than be killed like a rat." No, they washed their hands of it, would have nothing to do with gun or pistol. "Yaya: no es el costumbre"—it is not the custom, they said.

From Jalapa the road constantly ascends, and we are now leaving the *tierra templada*, the region of oaks



MEXICAN HUT.

and liquid amber, for the still more elevated regions of the *tierra fria*, called *cold*, however, merely by comparison, for the temperature is equal to that of Italy, and the lowest range of the thermometer is 62°. The whole table-land of Mexico belongs to this division. The scenery here becomes mountainous and grand; and on the right of the road is a magnificent cascade, which tumbles from the side of the mountain to the depth of several hundred feet. The villages are few, and fifteen or twenty miles apart, and the population scanty and miserable. No signs of cultivation appear, but little patches of maize and chile, in the midst of which is an Indian hut of reeds and flags. In the evening we passed through a fine plain in which stands the town and castle of Perote.

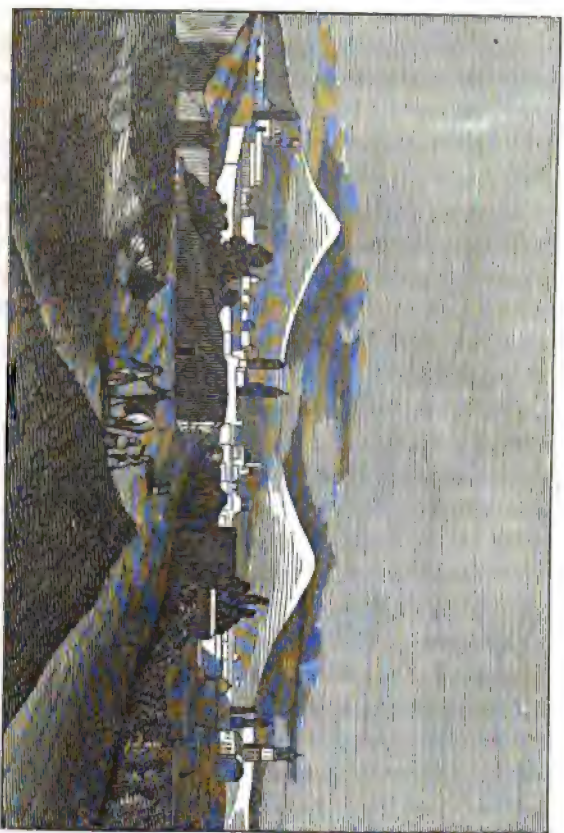
At eleven next day we stopped to breakfast, and were joined by a stout wench of La Puebla, with a nut-brown face, and teeth as white as snow. She informed us that there were *muy mala gente* on the road—very bad people—who had robbed the party with which she was travelling but the day before; and, being *muy sin verguenza*—shameless rascals—had behaved very rudely to the ladies of the party. Our buxom companion was dressed in Poblana style. Her long black hair was

combed over her ears, from which descended huge silver earrings; the red *enagua*, or short petticoat, fringed with yellow, and fastened round her waist with a silk band; from her shoulders to the waist a chemisette was her only covering, if we except the gray reboso drawn over her head and neck; and on her small naked foot was a tiny shoe with silver buckle.

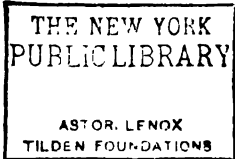
However, we reached Puebla safe and sound, and drove into the yard of the Fonda de las Diligencias, where the coach and its contents were minutely inspected by a robber-spy, who, after he had counted the passengers and their arms, immediately mounted his horse and galloped away. This is done every day, and in the teeth of the authorities, who wink at the cool proceeding.

The same manners, customs, and general institutions noted by travellers in old Spain are to be found in Mexico, slightly modified by the republican form of government.

Puebla, the capital of the intendancy of that name, is one of the finest cities in Mexico. Its streets are wide and regular, and the houses and public buildings are substantially built, and in good taste. The population, which is estimated at between eighty and one hundred thousand, is the most vicious and demoralized in the republic. It was founded by the Spaniards, in 1531, on the site of a small village of Cholula Indians, and, from its position and the fertility of the surrounding country, was unsurpassed by any other city in the Spanish Mexican dominions. The province is rich in the remains of Mexican antiquities. The fortifications of Tlaxcalla and the pyramids of Cholula are worthy



PUEBLA.



of a visit, and the noble cypress of Atlixo is seventy-six feet in circumference, and, according to Humboldt, the "oldest vegetable monument" in the world.

We left Puebla early in the morning, and as day broke, a scene of surpassing beauty burst upon us. The sun, rising behind the mountain, covered the sky with a cold, silvery light, against which the peaks stood in bold relief, while the bases were still veiled in gloom.

Passing through a beautiful country, we reached Rio-Frio, a small plain in the midst of the mountains, and may *mal punto* for the robbers, as the road winds through a pine-forest, into which they can escape in case of repulse. The road is lined with crosses, which here are veritable monuments of murders perpetrated on travellers. Here, too, we took an escort, and, when we had passed the *pinol*, the corporal rode up to the windows, saying, "Ya sesretira la escolta,"—the escort is about to retire; in other words, Please remember the guard. Each passenger presented him with the customary *dos reales*, and the gallant escort rode off quite contented. Here, too, all the worst *puntos* being passed, my companions drew long breaths, muttered, "Ave Maria Purissima—gracias à Dios ya no hay cuidado," and lighted their cigars. We soon after crested the ridge of the mountain, and, descending a winding road, turned an abrupt hill, and, just as I was settling myself in the corner for a good sleep, my arm was seized convulsively by my opposite neighbour, who, with half his body out of the window, vociferated: "Hi esta, hi esta, mire, por Dios, mire!"—Look out for God's sake! there it is. Thinking a *ladron* was in sight, I seized my gun; but my friend, seeing my mistake,

drew in his head, saying, "No, no, Mejico, Mejico, la ciudad!"

To stop the coach and jump on the box was the work of a moment; and, looking down from the same spot where probably Cortez stood three hundred years ago, before me lay the city and valley of Mexico, bathed by the soft flooding light of the setting sun.

He must be insensible, indeed a clod of clay, who does not feel the blood thrill in his veins at the first sight of this beautiful scene. What must have been the feelings of Cortez, when, with his handful of followers, he looked down upon the smiling prospect at his feet, the land of promise which was to repay them for all the toil and dangers they had encountered!

The first impression which struck me on seeing the valley of Mexico was the perfect, almost unnatural, tranquillity of the scene. The valley, which is about sixty miles long by forty in breadth, is on all sides inclosed by mountains, the most elevated of which are on the southern side; in the distance are the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, and numerous peaks of different elevation. The lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco glitter in the sun like burnished silver, or, shaded by the vapours which often rise from them, lie cold and tranquil on the plain. The distant view of the city, with its white buildings and numerous churches, its regular streets and shaded paseos, greatly augments the beauty of the scene, over which floats a solemn, delightful tranquillity.

On entering the town, one is struck with the regularity of the streets, the chaste architecture of the buildings, the miserable appearance of the population,



VIEW OF THE VOLCANOES FROM MEXICO.

the downcast look of the men, the absence of ostentatious display of wealth, and the prevalence of filth which every where meet the eye. On every side the passenger is importuned for charity. Disgusting lepers whine for clacos; maimed and mutilated wretches, mounted on the backs of porters, thrust out their distorted limbs and expose their sores, urging their human steeds to increase their pace as their victim increases his to avoid them. Rows of cripples are brought into the streets the first thing in the morning, and deposited against a wall, whence their infernal whine is heard the

livelong day. Cries such as these every where salute the ear :

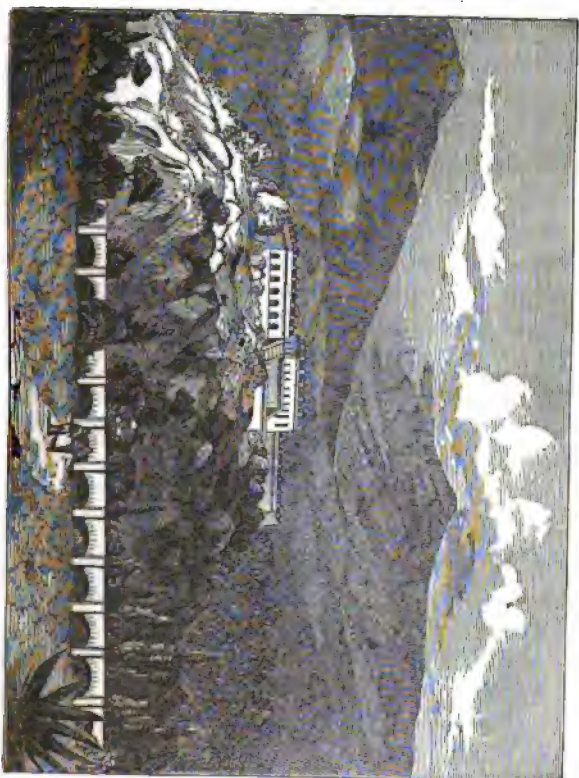
"Jesus Maria Purissima; una corta caridad, caballero, en el nombre de la santissima madre de Dios; una corta caridad, y Dios, lo pagara a usted."—In the name of Jesus, the son of the most pure Mary, bestow a little charity, my lord; for the sake of the most holy mother of God, bestow a trifle, and God will repay you.

Mexico is the head-quarters of dirt. The streets are dirty, the houses are dirty, the men are dirty, and the women dirtier, and every thing you eat and drink is dirty.

This love of dirt only refers to the Mexicans proper, since the Gachupines,* and all foreigners in the city, and those Mexicans who have been abroad, keep themselves aloof and clean. The streets are filled with leperos, with officers in uniform (pleasing themselves as to the style,) with priests, and fat and filthy Capuchinos, friars and monks.

Observe every countenance; with hardly an exception, a physiognomist will detect the expression of vice, and crime, and conscious guilt in each. No one looks you in the face, but all slouch past with downcast eyes and hangdog look, intent upon thoughts that will not bear the light. The shops are poor and ill supplied, the markets filthy in the extreme. Let no fastidious stomach look into the *tortillerias*, the shops where pastry is made.

* The Gachupin is the term of contempt which was bestowed upon the Spaniards in the War of Independence, and is now invariably used by the lower classes to distinguish a Spaniard from a Mexican.



ЧАПУЛТЕПЕК.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The stranger in Mexico is perpetually annoyed by the religious processions which perambulate the streets at all hours. A coach, with an eye painted on the panels, and drawn by six mules, conveys the Host to the houses of dying Catholics who are rich enough to pay for the privilege; before this equipage a bell tinkles, which warns the orthodox to fall on their knees; and wo to the unfortunate who neglects this ceremony, either from accident or design. On one occasion, being suddenly surprised by the approach of one of these processions, I had but just time to doff my hat and run behind a corner of a building, when I was spied by a fat priest, who, shouldering an image, brought up the rear of the procession. As he was at the head of a vast crowd who were just rising from their knees, he thought it a good opportunity of venting an anathema against a vile *heretico*. Turning first to the crowd, as much as to say, "Just see what a dressing I am going to give this fellow," he, with a most severe frown, addressed me:

"Man," said he, "do you refuse to kneel to your God?" "No, mi padre," I answered, "pero àl imagen de maderas"—but to an image of wood.

"Vaya," muttered the padre; "lo te pagara el demonio"—the devil will pay thee—and marched away.

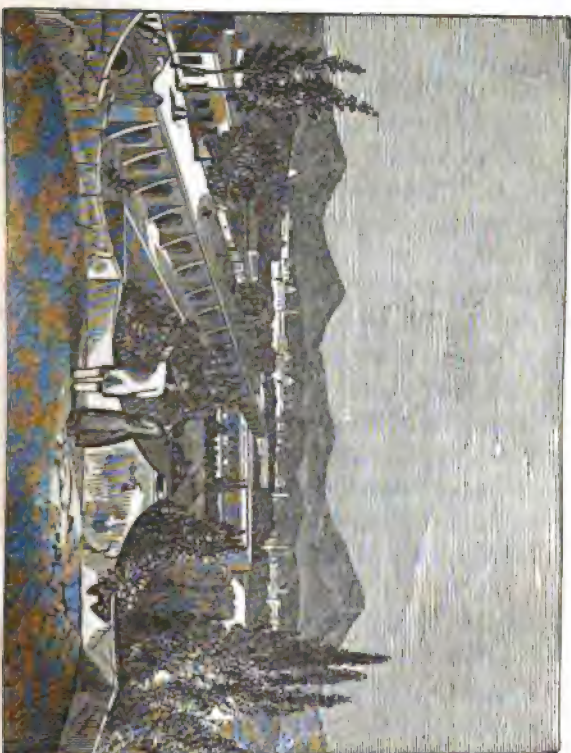
Tacubaya is the Richmond of Mexico: villas and country residences abound, where the aristocracy resort during the hot months. The road passes the great aqueduct which supplies the city with water from a spring in Chapultepec. It is not strongly built, and the arches exhibit many cracks and fissures occasioned by the earthquakes. At this season the valley was

partly inundated, and the road almost impassable to carriages.

By this road Cortez retreated from the city on the memorable "noche triste," the sorrowful night. The fatal causeway, the passage of which was so destructive to the Spaniards, was probably on nearly the same site as the present road, but the latter since that period has entirely changed its character. On returning from Tacubaya, I visited the hill of Chapultepec, celebrated as being the site of Montezuma's palace, on which, toward the close of the seventeenth century, the viceroy Galvez erected a huge castle, the remains of which are now occupied by the military school.*

Far more interesting than the apocryphal tradition of the Indians' palace, the viceroy's castle, or the existing eyesore, is the magnificent grove of cypress, which outlives all the puny structures of man, and still in the prime of strength and beauty, looks with contempt on the ruined structures of generation after generation which have passed away. One of these noble trees is upward of seventeen yards in girth, and the most picturesque, and at the same time most nobly proportioned tree it is possible to conceive. It rises into the sky a perfect pyramid of foliage, and from its sweeping branches hang pendulous, graceful festoons of a mossy parasite. There are many others of equal height and beauty; but this one, which I believe, is called Monte-

* Chapultepec has been immortalized since the visit of Mr. Ruxton, by being the scene of one of the most memorable of all the battles fought during the recent war between Mexico and the United States. It was in the storming of this strong castle that the most splendid displays of American valour took place.



MEXICO FROM THE CONVENT OF SAN COSME.



suma's cypress, stands more isolated, and is therefore conspicuously grand. From the summit of the hill, to which a path winds through a labyrinth of shrubs, a fine view of the valley and city of Mexico is obtained, and of the surrounding mountains and volcanic peaks.

The streets of Mexico at night present a very animated appearance. In the leading thoroughfares the *tortilleras* display their tempting viands, illuminated by the blaze from a brazero, which serves to keep the tortillas and chile colorado in a proper state of heat. To these stalls resort the arrieros and loafers of every description, tempted by the shrill invitations of the presiding fair ones to taste their wares. Urchins, with blazing links, run before the lumbering coaches proceeding to the theatres. *Cargadores*—porters—stand at the corners of the flooded streets, to bear across the thin-booted passengers on their backs. The cries of the *perdioseros*, as the beggars are called from their constant use of "por Dios," redouble as the night advances. The mounted ones urge their two-legged steeds to cut off the crowd thronging toward the theatres, mingling their supplications for alms with objurations on their lazy hacks.

"Urga limosnita, caballerito, por (to the cargador) Malraya! piernas de piedra, anda—and-a-a—', A small trifle, my little lord, for the sake of—(aside to the unfortunate porter, in a stage whisper) Thunder and fury, thou stony-legged one! get on for the love of mercy: he is going to give me a claco. *Ar-hé—ar-r-hé.*

Red-petticoated *poblanas** reboso-wrapped, display

* The *Poblana* is the *Manola* of Mexico.

their little feet and well-turned ankles as they cross the gutters ; and, cigar in mouth, they wend their way to the fandangoes of the Barrio de Santa Anna. From every pulque-shop is heard the twanging of guitars and the quivering notes of the *cantadores*, who excite the guests to renewed potations by their songs in praise of the grateful liquor. The popular chorus to one of these is :

“Sabe que es pulque ?
Licor divino-o !
Lo beben los angeles
En el sereno-o.”

“Know ye what pulque is ?
Liquor divine !
Angels in heaven
Prefer it to wine.”

Those philosophical strangers who wish to see “life in Mexico” must be careful what they are about, and keep their eyes skinned, as they say in Missouri. Here there are no detective police from which to select a guide for the back slums—no Sergeant Shackel to initiate one into the mysteries of St. Giles’ and the Seven Dials. One must depend upon his own nerve and bowie-knife, his presence of mind and Colt’s revolver ; but, armed even with all these precautions, it is a dangerous experiment, and much better to be left alone. Provided, however, that one speaks the language tolerably well, is judicious in the distribution of his dollars, and steers clear of committing any act of gallantry by which he may provoke the jealousy and *cuchillo* of the susceptible Mejicano, the expedition may



MEXICAN ROBBERS.

be undertaken without much danger, and a satisfactory moral drawn therefrom.

One night, equipped from head to foot "al paisano," and accompanied by one José Maria Canales, a worthy rascal, who, in every capacity, from a colonel of dragoons to a horse-boy, had perambulated the republic from Yucatan to the valley of Taos, and had inhabited apartments in the palace of the viceroys as well as in the Acordada, and nearly every intermediate grade of habitation, I sallied out for the very purpose of perpetrating such an expedition as I have attempted to dissuade others from undertaking.

Our first visit was to the classic neighbourhood of the Acordada, a prison which contains as unique a collection of malefactors as the most civilized cities of Europe could produce. On the same principle as that professed by the philosopher, who, during a naval battle, put his head into a hole through which a cannon-shot had just passed, as the most secure place in the ship, so do the rogues and rascals, the pick-pockets, murderers, burglars, highwaymen, coiners, *et hoc genus omne*, choose to reside under the very nose of the gallows.

My companion, who was perfectly at home in this locality, recommended that we should visit a celebrated pulqueria, where he would introduce me to a caballero—a gentleman—who knew every thing that was going on, and would inform us what amusements were on foot on that particular night. Arrived at the pulqueshop, we found it a small, filthy den, crowded with men and women of the lowest class, swilling the popular liquor, and talking unintelligible slang. My cicerone led me through the crowd, directly up to a man who, with his head through a species of sack without sleeves, and *sans chemise*, was serving out the pulque to his numerous customers. I was introduced as “un forastero, un caballero Yngles”—a stranger—an English gentleman, his particular friend. Mine host politely offered his hand, assured me that his house and all in it was mine from that hour, poured us out two large, green tumblers of pulque, and requested us to be seated.

It was soon known that a foreigner was in the room. In spite of my dress and common *sarape*, I was soon singled out. Cries of “Estrangero, Tejano, Yanqué,

burro," saluted me; I was a Texan, a Yankee, and consequently burro—a jackass. The crowd surrounded me, women pushed through the throng, *a ver el burro*—to look at the jackass; and the threats of summary chastisement and ejection were muttered. Seeing that affairs began to look cloudy, I rose, and, placing my hand on my heart, assured the caballeros y las señoritas that they laboured under a slight error: that, although my face was white, I was no Texan, neither was I a Yankee or a jackass, but "Yngles, muy amigo à la republica"—an Englishman, having the welfare of the republic much at heart; and that my affection for them, and hatred of their enemies, was something too excessive to express; that to prove this, my only hope was that they would do me the kindness to discuss at their leisure half an arroba of pulque, which I begged then and there to pay for, and present to them in token of my sincere friendship.

The tables were instantly turned: I was saluted with cries of "Viva el Yngles! Que meueren los Yanqués! Vivan nosotros y pulque!"—Hurrah for the Englishman! Death to the Yankees! Long live ourselves and pulque! The dirty wretches thronged round to shake my hand, and semi-drunken poblanas lavished their embraces on "el guéro." I must here explain that, in Mexico, people with fair hair and complexions are called guéro, guëra; and, from the caprice of human nature, the guéro is always a favourite of the fair sex: the same as, in our country, the olive-coloured foreigners with black hair and beards are thought "such loves" by our fair country-women. The guéro, however,

shares this favouritism with the genuine unadulterated negro, who is also greatly admired by the Mejicanas.

After leaving the pulqueria, we visited, without suspicion, the dens where those people congregate for the night—filthy cellars, where men, women, and children were sleeping, rolled in sarapes, or in groups, playing at cards, furiously smoking, quarrelling, and fighting. In one we were attracted to the corner of a room, whence issued the low sobs of a woman, and, drawing near the spot as well as the almost total darkness would admit, I saw a man, pale and ghastly, stretched on a sarape, with the blood streaming from a wound in the right breast, which a half-naked woman was trying in vain to quench. He had just been stabbed by a lepero with whom he had been playing at cards and quarrelled, and who was coolly sitting within a yard of the wounded man, continuing his game with another, the knife lying before him covered with blood. The wound was evidently mortal; but no one present paid the slightest attention to the dying man, excepting the woman, who, true to her nature, was endeavouring to relieve. After seeing every thing horrible in this region of crime, we took an opposite direction, and, crossing the city, entered the suburb called the *Barrio de Santa Anna*.

This quarter is inhabited by a more respectable class of villains. The *ladrones a capello*—knights of the road—make this their rendezvous, and bring here the mules and horses they have stolen. It is also much frequented by the *arrieros*, a class of men who may be trusted with untold gold in the way of trade, but who are, when not “*en ataje*” (unemployed), as unscrupu-

leus as their neighbours. They are a merry set and the best of companions on the road; make a great deal of money, but, from their devotion to pulque and the fair sex, are always poor. "Gastar dinero como arriero"—to spend money like an arriero—is a common saying.

In a meson much frequented by these men we found a fandango of the first order in progress. An *atago* having arrived from Durango, the arrieros belonging to it were celebrating their safe arrival by entertaining their friends with a *bayle*; and into this my friend, who was "one of them," introduced me as an *amigo particular*—a particular friend. The entertainment was *al-fresco*, no room in the meson being large enough to hold the company; consequently the dancing took place in the corral, and under the portales, where sat the musicians, three guitars and a tambourine, and where also was good store of pulque and mezcal.

The women, in their dress and appearance, reminded me of the manolas of Madrid. Some wore very picturesque dresses, and all had massive ornaments of gold and silver. The majority, however, had on the usual *problana enagua*, a red or yellow kind of petticoat, fringed or embroidered, over the simple chemisette, which, loose and unconfined, except at their waists, displayed most prodigally their charms. Stockings are never worn by this class, but they are invariably very particular in their *chausure*, a well-fitting shoe, showing off their small, well-formed feet and ankles. The men were all dressed in elaborate Mexican finery, and in the costumes of the different provinces of which they were natives.

The dances resembled, in a slight degree, the *fandango arabe* of Spain, but were more clumsy, and the pantomimic action less energetic and striking. Some of the dances were descriptive of the different trades and professions. *El Zapatero*, the shoemaker; *el Sastroncito*, the little tailor; *el Espadero*, the swordsman, &c., were among those in the greatest demand; the guitar-players keeping time and accompanying with their voices in descriptive songs.

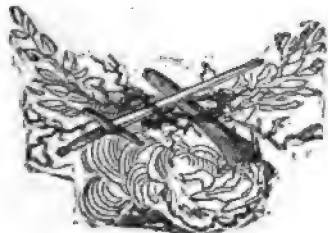
The fandango had progressed very peacefully, and good-humour had prevailed until the last hour, when, just as the dancers were winding up the evening, by renewed exertions in the concluding dance, the musicians, inspired by pulque, were twanging with vigour their relaxed catgut, and a general chorus was being roared out by the romping votaries of Terpsichore, above the din and clamour a piercing shriek was heard from a corner of the corral, where was congregated a knot of men and women, who chose to devote themselves to the rosy god for the remainder of the evening, rather than to the exertions of the dance. The ball was abruptly brought to a conclusion, every one hastening to the quarter whence the shriek proceeded.

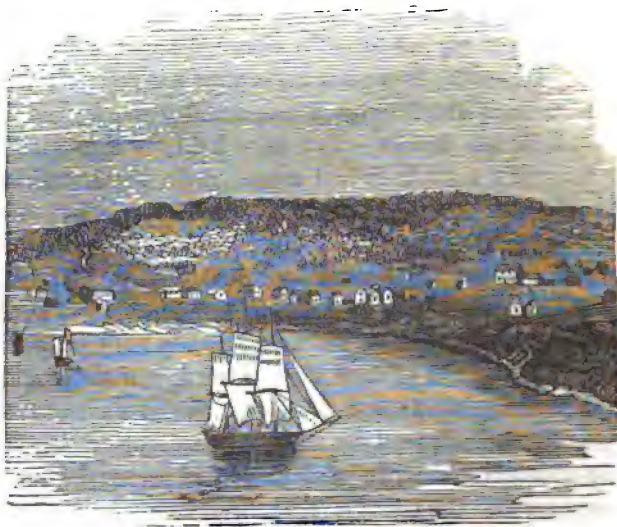
Two men, with drawn knives in their hands, were struggling in the arms of several women, who strove to prevent their encounter—one of the women having received an ugly wound in the attempt, which had caused the shriek of pain which had alarmed the dancers.

“Que es eso?”—What is this?—asked a tall, powerful *Durangueno*, elbowing his way through the crowd. “Que quierren esos gallos?”—What do these

game-cocks want? "*A pelear?*"—To fight, eh? "*Vamos, a ver los toros!*"—Come, let us see the fun!—he shouted. In an instant a ring was formed; men and women standing at a respectful distance, out of reach of the knives. Two men held the combatants, who, with sarapes rolled round their arms, passion darting out of their fiery eyes, looked like two bull-dogs ready for the fray.

At a signal they were loosed at each other, and, with a shout, rushed on with uplifted knives. It was short work with them, for at the first blow the tendons of the right arm of one of them were severed, and his weapon fell to the ground; and as his antagonist was about to plunge his knife into the body of his disarmed foe, the by-standers rushed in and prevented it, at the same moment that the patrulla (the patrol) entered the corral with bayonets drawn, and *sauve-qui-peut* was the word; a visit to the Acordada being the certain penalty of being concerned in a brawl where knives have been used, if taken by the guard. For myself, with a couple of soldiers at my heels, I flew out of the gate, and never stopped until I found myself safe under the sheets, just as daybreak was tinging the top of the cathedral.



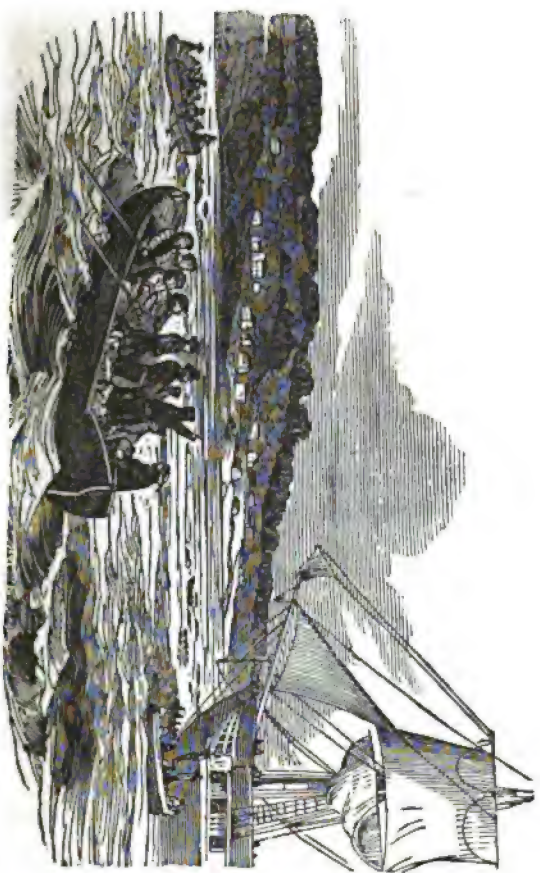


MONTEREY.

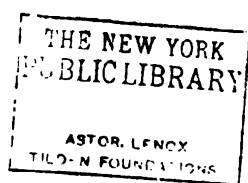
ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA.



BEFORE the war between the United States and Mexico, which began in the spring of 1846, Alta California was known only as an extensive, thinly-inhabited, grazing territory, which Mexico had considerable trouble in keeping under her sway, in consequence of the restless and independent spirit of the people. Monterey was the chief port, and hides and tallow were the principal articles of commerce. Upon



CAPTURE OF MONTREY, CALIFORNIA.



the breaking out of the war, the United States forces under the command of Commodore Stockton and General Kearney easily subdued this territory, first taking Monterey and the other chief towns; and at the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, it was ceded to the United States. Neither party knew the immense value of the country thus bartered away. But soon after the peace it was accidentally discovered that the streams in the valley of the Sacramento and the rocks and gulfs of the Sierra Nevada teemed with gold. This discovery acted like magic in changing the aspect of things in the territory. California became the cynosure of all eyes, and from every land the news had reached, came crowds upon the search for fortune. The old towns, at first deserted, grew, by the great numbers of arrivals, to an astonishing size, and new ones sprang up as if at the touch of the enchanter's wand. San Francisco, which in 1847 contained about fifty houses, became a great city, and its splendid harbour was crowded with vessels from all parts of the world. Digging and washing for gold was the chief business of the eager crowds of adventurers. The scenes and incidents of such a stirring, changing time as this cannot but be both amusing and instructive, and happily many English and American travellers and adventurers have left upon record their observations, trials and operations. One of the most graphic of these narrators is Mr. Redmond Ryan, whose "Personal adventures in California," contains much interesting information and amusing incident and is very pleasantly written. Mr. Ryan served as a private in the New York regiment of volunteers, which after performing some brilliant ex-

plots in Lower California, sailed for Monterey. We will let him tell a part of his own story.

We reached Monterey towards the end of August 1848, and landed full of hope, feeling satisfied we should be immediately disbanded, paid, and once more our own masters; free to seek fortune at the "diggings," or elsewhere if we fancied it. But a sore disappointment awaited us. Governor Mason had decamped to the mines; the streets were unpeopled; the houses empty, and the town deserted: with the exception of a stray "regular" now and then, not a living soul was to be met with. Every body was off to the real Tom Tiddlers ground, to pick up the gold and silver. From one of these straggling regulars we heard that the soldiers had long ago abandoned the fort on the hill, all attempts to prevent them from deserting their post proving utterly futile against the influence of the thirst for gold, which every fresh account from the mines aggravated. Pursuit was useless; it had been tried and failed, for the pursuers in turn became the pursued, until Governor Mason himself, learning from experience that gold possessed stronger allurements to the soldiers than glory, followed the general example, taking with him a small government cart and a negro servant. He was reported to be away on government business; but no doubt was entertained of the real purpose of his journey to the mines, namely, to speculate in gold, which at this time could be bought there for a fourth of its real value in coined money.

Colonel B———now assumed the command of the post in the absence of the Governor; and, upon application being made to him for quarters, we were in-

formed there were none provided, and we must shift in tents as well as we could. The misery of such accommodations soon became intolerable, for, having come from a very warm latitude but recently, the cold and the torrents of rain together threatened to convert every tent into an hospital. In this strait, we resolved to procure better lodgings at any risk, and proceeded at once to break open and instal ourselves in such houses as we judged most suited to our wants. I took possession of the school-house—the door of which I ought, in self-justification, to add, stood invitingly open—and found the private apartments of the schoolmaster exceedingly comfortable. The rest of the house was rapidly appropriated by other parties, and became crowded to excess. Some of the volunteers, nevertheless, preferred remaining in their tents, for reasons which we were not long in discovering. They were on the look-out for horses, which they were of opinion could be better looked after a little way out of the town, and were not so likely to be stolen from them.

We all felt anxious to be moving towards the valley of gold as soon as possible, but not a word had we yet heard respecting what was just then of considerable importance to us, namely, the pay which the government owed us for several months' service, and an honourable and formal discharge—lacking which latter document, we should want our title to the one hundred and sixty acres of land that had been promised to the volunteers as an additional incentive—over and above their pay—to remain faithful to their country's flag. Indeed, so many were the difficulties experienced by us at last in procuring this important instrument, and so desirous

were we to depart, that with two exceptions, the whole body of us were obliged to take the Colonel's verbal dismissal; a circumstance that ultimately involved the majority in an extreme difficulty, when they sought to prove their right to the land in question.

Fortunately for us, there arrived here, one Colonel Stevenson, with a party of men from Pueblo de Los Angeles, the whole of them being on their way to the mines. To his influence we owed a supply of flint-lock muskets, in the proportion of one to every two men, twenty cartridges, and one month's rations; all of which we received as so much instalment on what was really due to us, namely, mileage and scrip, to say nothing of our legal title to our one hundred and sixty acres of land.

We were no sooner our own masters again, than there commenced on all sides a series of the most active preparations for a journey to the mines. The plan adopted was to form bands of three, five, or ten, under the leadership of one of the number, whose name the party took, and continued to be distinguished by. A set of written rules was drawn up for the regulation of the general interests, these rules varying in certain points, according to the peculiar views of particular associations.

Whilst our men were preparing for their departure, making purchases, packing provisions, and equipping themselves and their horses, the discovery of the body of one of our number cast a deep gloom over our spirits. He was found at the bottom of a well, with a deep cut over his head, evidently inflicted by a sharp instrument. An accórdion, on which he was in the habit of playing,

•

was also found in the well, on the top of his body, as if it had been cast in after it. We never ascertained the real cause of this murder, but strongly suspected it to have been either the result of an old grudge, or of a jealous paroxysm on the part of some of the Spaniards, with whom he had always been at variance, and involved in serious broils. I was much attached to him, and sincerely lamented his sad end.

So much time having now been lost in preparation, I proposed that the members of my party should meet in my apartment, on a certain evening, for the purpose of paying over their respective shares to the common stock, in order to complete the purchase of our yoke and team. But, although every one agreed to meet, three of the party went that evening to Abrigos, and gambled away at *monte* every cent they possessed. We were thus left without sufficient funds to procure the means of transport; until Halliday, Parker, and myself, putting our scanty treasuries together, purchased two more horses; one with a very sore back, the other spirited enough, but small, and unfitted for heavy burdens.

We were much embarrassed and very uneasy concerning our companions, whom we did not like to leave behind at Monterey, well knowing the privations and misery they would have to endure; therefore, and notwithstanding their improvidence, we determined to permit them to accompany us. One of them had already, I should state, left us, and set off after another party, then *en route*, with whom he succeeded in coming up, and reaching the mines.

Having manufactured pack-saddles, and bestowed



A CALIFORNIAN INDIAN.

away our month's provisions, our cooking utensils, and other necessities, and I having consented to allow my horse to be used for the pack of our two companions, the larger of the two other horses being reserved for a similar purpose, and the second as a resource, in case of a break down, we met, five in number, namely, Devin, Halliday, Drew, Parker, and myself, all well armed, and in capital spirits, and set off upon our hazardous journey in the evening, determined to walk the whole way, rather than fatigue our horses, whose strength we knew would be severely tried.

The party endured great hardships during the journey towards the mines, and great precautions were necessary to guard against the robbers and Indians of this wild country. An unsuccessful attempt of two Indians to steal the horses of the party is thus narrated by Mr. Ryan:—

Our march proved a long one, although we made

little progress in advance, as our route was circuitous, and finally obstructed by an immense lagoon, overgrown with toolies, or bulrushes, and along the borders of which we were compelled to proceed up to our knees in mud and water, and sometimes even higher. We came to the end of the marsh at last, but found ourselves so fatigued that further advance was impossible; we therefore selected a fitting spot, and made the usual preparations for passing the night there.

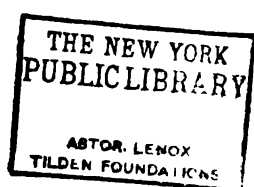
Although excessively wearied, I was unable to compose myself to sleep, and lay half-sleeping, half-waking, watching the glimmer of the fire. Suddenly—about half-past one—I heard a low sound among the bushes, at a little distance off; and, listening more attentively, at last plainly distinguished footsteps. We had adopted the precaution of sleeping a short distance from the fire; so that our movements were not easily discernible. I crept stealthily towards Halliday, having first grasped my pistols, which I always kept ready for use under my head, and with some difficulty succeeded in arousing him, desiring him to keep perfectly quiet, but on the alert. We were in such a position, at this time, as to command a view of our horses and property, which had been left under the care of a sentinel, Drew, who had fallen fast asleep, his head resting on one of the animals which had stretched itself on the ground by his side. We watched a few minutes, and then beheld two Indians stalk cautiously out from amongst the bushes, and advance towards our fire, evidently to ascertain if any of us were stirring. The inspection proving satisfactory, as it seemed, one of them approached the sleeping sentinel, and cast a lasso around

my horse's neck, whilst the other laid his hands on one of the saddles and a pack. I took steady aim at the horse-stealer, and, discharging my pistol as he was on the point of leading the animal away, perceived that the ball took effect in the man's right shoulder, for he dropped the end of the lasso, and, carrying his hand to the wound, leaped up, and disappeared in the bush, his companion instantly following his example. The report of the weapon brought our comrades about us in a minute, in a state of great alarm, and all equally eager to ascertain the extent of the danger. The story was soon told, and our sentinel got severely rebuked, for there was little doubt but the Indians, tempted by the carelessness of our sentinel, intended to take advantage of it by stealing as much as they could carry off. Having adopted additional precautions in the event of a second surprise, we lay down again.

But our troubles were not over, for several times we were obliged to get up and run after our horses, which, being tied up to the low bushes by leathern ropes, were set free by the *cayotes*—a species of animal something between a fox and a dog—that devour leather with avidity, and are ever on the watch to procure it. We lost several of these ropes, which are frequently converted into temporary bridles by passing them from the neck around the nose in an ingenious manner, completely obviating the use of head-stalls or bit. They are often of the handsomest description, and chiefly made of leather, which the *cayotes* nibble away in a very short time, ten minutes at most sufficing for them to entirely demolish the most solid of them. It may readily be imagined, therefore, that, between watching



GOLD WASHING IN THE MINES OF CALIFORNIA.



for *cayotes* and thieving Indians, our repose that night was not of the soundest kind, and that, when morning came, we were none of us much refreshed.

Mr. Ryan soon afterwards parted company with all of his friends but Halliday, with whom he journeyed towards the Stanislaus mine. When near the river Stanislaus the two adventurers joined a larger party headed by a Spaniard named Don Emanuel. We will let Mr. Ryan tell how things went at the "diggings" of Stanislaus.

The mine was a deep ravine, embosomed amidst lofty hills, surmounted by and covered with pine, and having, in the bottom itself, abundance of rock, mud, and sand. Halliday and I encamped at the very lowest part of the ravine, at a little distance from Don Emanuel's party; a steep rock which towered above our heads affording us shelter, and a huge, flat stone beneath our feet promising a fair substitute for a dry bed. Here then we stretched our *macheers* and blankets, and arranged our saddles and bags, so as to make ourselves as comfortable and warm as possible, although, in spite of our precautions and contrivances, and of a tolerably good fire, our encampment was bitterly cold, and we lay exposed to a heavy dew. We had given up our horses into the charge of the Indians, and I saw to their being safely placed in the *cavallard*, whilst Halliday went to chop wood; a task I was too weak to perform. I cannot say we slept; we might more correctly be said to have had a long and most uncomfortable doze, and when morning broke, we were shivering with cold, and shook the dew in a shower from our clothes. I consulted with my companion, and urged upon him

the prudence of our setting to work to construct ourselves a sort of log cabin ; otherwise I felt certain, from the experience of the past night, our sojourn at the mines would be likely to prove fatal to one or both of us. He was, however, far too eager to try his fortune at digging to listen to my proposal, at which he even smiled, probably at the bare idea of weather, privation, or toil, being able to affect his powerful frame. I saw him presently depart up the ravine, shouldering a pick, and glancing now and then at his knife, whilst I proceeded in search of materials for constructing a temporary place of shelter.

As my strength was unequal to the task of felling timber, I endeavoured to procure four poles, intending to sink them into the ground, and to stretch on the top of them a bed-tick I had reserved for the purpose. The contrivance was a sorry one at the best, but shelter was indispensable ; and great was my disappointment — though I procured the timber after a painful search — to find that the rocks presented an insuperable obstacle to my employing it as I intended. My efforts to sink the poles proved utterly futile, and I was at last compelled to renounce the attempt in despair. I then packed up our goods into as close a compass as possible ; and, having requested one of the Spaniards in Don Emanuel's party to keep watch over them, departed to explore the ravine.

Within a few paces of our encampment there was a large area of ground, probably half a mile square, the surface of which consisted of dark soil and slate, and was indented with innumerable holes of every possible dimension, from six inches to as many feet or more,

wide and deep. In all of these lay abundance of water, of which large quantities are to be found a little beneath the surface, the ravine being supplied with it in great abundance by the rains that pour down from the hills during the wet season. To the extreme right of our camp, the ground assumed a more rocky character; and, from the vast deposit of stagnant water, did not seem to offer many attractions to the miner. Yet there was scarcely a spot in any of these places where the crow-bar, the pick, or the jack-knife, had not been busy: evidence that the whole locality must have been extremely rich in the precious metal, or it would not have been so thoroughly worked.

In crossing the ravine, I was obliged to leap from one mound of earth to another, to avoid plunging ankle-deep in mud and water. It was wholly deserted in this part, though formerly so much frequented; and, with the exception of a few traders, who, having taken up their station here when times were good, had not yet made arrangements for removing to a more productive place, not a soul was to be seen.

I walked on until I reached the trading post of Mr. Anderson, formerly our interpreter in the Lower Country, whom I felt delighted to meet with again. His shed was situated in one of the dampest parts of the mine, and consisted of a few upright poles, traversed by cross-pieces, and covered in with raw hides and leaves, but yet much exposed at the sides to the wind and the weather. He had a few barrels of flour and biscuit, which he retailed at two dollars a pound; for he made no difference between the price of the raw and the prepared material. The flour would go fur-

ther, it was true ; but then the biscuit required no cooking on the part of the miner, whose time was literally money, and whose interest therefore it was to economize it in every possible manner. He also sold unprepared coffee and sugar at six Yankee shillings a pound ; dried beef at one dollar and a half ; and pork, which was regarded as a great delicacy here, at two dollars for the same weight. The various articles of which his stock-in-trade consisted he had brought all the way from Monterey at considerable labour and expense ; but, by the exercise of extraordinary tact, perseverance, and industry, he had succeeded in establishing a flourishing business.

I discovered, however, that he possessed another resource—by which his gains were marvellously increased—in the services of seven or eight Indians, whom he kept constantly at work, in the rear of his shed, digging gold, and whose labour he remunerated with provisions, and occasional presents of articles of trifling value to him, but highly esteemed by the Indians. They were watched by an American overseer, who was employed by him, to assist him in the general business, particularly in slaughtering ; for, as beef was scarce, he used to send his man in quest of cows and oxen ; which he killed, cut up, salted and dried, in his shed, and watching the most favourable moment for the operation—namely, when meat could not be procured at the “diggings”—never failed to realize his own price for it.

Proceeding higher up the ravine, I observed a large tent erected on the slope of a hill, within a few yards of the bottom, where the gold is usually found. It was

surrounded by a trench, the clay from which, as it was dug up, had apparently been thrown out against the canvass, forming a kind of embankment, rendering it at once water and weather-proof. I ventured into it, encountering on my way an immense piece of raw beef, suspended from the ridge-pole. Upon some stones in front, enclosing a small fire, stood a fryingpan, filled with rich-looking beef collops, that set my mouth watering, and severely tested my honesty; for, although acorns are all very well in their way, and serve to stay the cravings of the stomach for a while, I did not find my appetite any the less sharp, notwithstanding the quantity I had eaten. But I resisted the temptation, and penetrated further into the tent. At one side of it lay a crow-bar and an old saddle that had seen rough service; yet not a soul appeared, and my eyes were again ogling the collops, whilst an inward voice whispered how imprudent it was to leave them frizzling there, when, all at once, a little man, in a "hickory shirt," with his face all bedaubed with pot-black and grease, darted out from some dark corner, flourishing in one hand a long bowie-knife, and in the other three by no means delicate slices of fat pork, which he at once dropped into the fryingpan, stooping down on one knee, and becoming immediately absorbed in watching the interesting culinary process then going on in it.

I enjoyed now a fair opportunity of examining his features, and felt much gratified to recognize in him one of my former companions, the smartest man of his corps, and whom I had last seen at Monterey.

"Good morning, Firmore," said I; "I wish you joy of your occupation."

He started up from his knees, and looked at me awhile in perfect amazement; then rushing upon me with such earnestness as nearly to throw me down, he shook me by the hand until I thought he would work my arm out of its socket.

"What, you!" he exclaimed. "Well, well. Who ever would have thought to see you here! How did you come, and where did you start from? You are looking all the worse for wear."

"I can't say you look quite as dapper, Firmore," replied I, "as you did the day we went ashore at Val-paraiso. But I suppose you have no cause to complain, for you appear to weather it well."

"Oh, I don't know that!" he responded: "I have had but indifferent luck. For several days after I got here, I did not make any thing; but since then I have, by the hardest work, averaged about seven dollars a day. When you consider the price of provisions, the hardness of the labour, and the wear and tear of body, mind, and *clothes*"—here he exhibited his rags—"you will admit that this is but poor remuneration. However, I live in hopes of getting a streak of luck yet. I am now cooking for our party. There are ten of us, and amongst the rest are Van Anken and Hughes. Van has been immensely fortunate. Every place he touches turns to gold under his fingers. Sometimes, after exhausting one place, he tries another which has been abandoned, and I have known him pick out of it seven and eight ounces a day, for days together. One thing is, he never tires. He is, as you know, a stout though a small-made man, with a constitution as tough as old iron. He laughs at fever and ague, and goes

to sleep by the side of them as though they were first-rate bedfellows. It's astonishing the number of men who have lost a fortune through these two complaints; when they're touched, good-bye. If their "diggin" were ever so rich, they're obliged to desert it; and, once deserted, why not even their own brother would respect it. Hughes, now, has been every bit as unlucky. He has had the poorest chance of all, and I don't think he has dug more than five ounces ever since he came here."

"I should have thought him likelier to succeed than any other," I observed; "for he is a large and a strong-looking man."

"Ah! it's more luck than any thing else," replied he. "But, luck or no luck, no man can pick up gold, even here, without the very hardest labour, and that's a fact. Some think that it's only to come here, squat down any where, and pick away. But they soon find out their mistake. I never knew what hard work was until I came here. Talk of digging on the canal; why, that's easy, comfortable employment, compared to digging here for gold. Any where else, you may hope to go to some sort of a home at night, and go to something like a tolerable bed, where you may lie down snug and warm, and sleep out your weariness. But here, why every hour you sleep, you are losing; and that notion keeps you from snoozing even when it's too dark to work. However, I've made up my mind to stick to it till I've made enough to go back to the 'States' independent; or, at any rate, a little more so than when I came out. Ah! here are our boys."

I looked out and beheld the party coming down the

ravine, with crow-bars over their shoulders and wash bowls under their arms. Van appeared glad to meet with me again; and, I must say, that, notwithstanding the inordinate selfishness brought into action by the peculiar circumstances in which the miners were placed, the *esprit-de-corps* of the volunteers prevented and alleviated much suffering amongst individuals. They cordially invited me to breakfast, but, fearing so large a party was not over-abundantly supplied with provisions, I declined their offer with many thanks; and, bidding them good morning, proceeded a little further.

I came up next with a group of three Sonoreans, or inhabitants of Sonora, busily engaged on a small sandy flat—the only one I had observed—at the bottom of the ravine. There was no water near, although I noticed several holes which had evidently been sunk in quest of it. These men were actively pursuing a process that is termed “dry-washing.” One was shovelling up the sand into a large cloth, stretched out upon the ground, and which, when it was tolerably well covered, he took up by the corners, and shook until the pebbles and larger particles of stone and dirt came to the surface. These he brushed away carefully with his hand, repeating the process of shaking and clearing until the residue was sufficiently fine for the next operation. This was performed by the other men, who, depositing the sand in large bowls hewn out of a solid block of wood, which they held in their hands, dexterously cast the contents up before them, about four feet into the air, catching the sand again very cleverly, and blowing at it as it descended. This process being repeated, the sand gradually disappeared; and from

two to three ounces of pure gold remained at the bottom of the bowl. Easy as the operation appeared to me to be, I learned, upon inquiry, that to perform it successfully required the nicest management, the greatest perseverance, and especially robust lungs. The men I saw had lighted upon a productive sand; but very often, indeed, those who adopt this mode of gold-washing toil long at barren soil before they discover the uselessness of labouring thus arduously.

I noticed, that although the largest proportion of the gold obtained in this manner presented the appearance of a fine powder, it was interspersed, here and there, with large scales of the precious deposit, and with a few solid lumps. The metal was of a dingy hue, and, at a cursory view, might easily have been mistaken for particles of yellow clay, or laminæ of stone of the same colour. The Sonoreans placed the product of their labour in buckskin bags, which were hung around their necks, and carefully concealed inside of their shirts. They work in this fashion at the mines in their own country; but I doubt if any other than a native constitution could very long bear up against the peculiar labour of "dry-washing" in such a climate and under such difficult circumstances. I felt half tempted to try the process myself, for the surface of this sandy bed was literally sparkling with innumerable particles of the finest gold, triturated to a polish by the running of the waters—as I conjectured: but I soon discovered how fruitless my efforts would be. Had I possessed any chemical agents at hand, however, I might soon have exhausted the bed of its precious contents, and should, doubtless, have realized an immense weight of the metal of the very purest quality.

Continuing my route up the ravine, I met a man named Corrigan, galloping along with two fine horses, one of which he was leading. He stopped as soon as he recognized me, and we were soon engaged in a very interesting conversation respecting the doings at the "diggings." The substance of his information was, that he had made a great deal of money at the mines by digging, but infinitely more by speculation. He thought of buying a *ranche*, marrying, and settling down. He was then going to seek for pasture for his horses; and, bidding me a hasty good by, galloped off, and soon disappeared.

As I advanced, the ground became drier and more sandy, rock and slate of various kinds abounding; some quite soft and friable, yielding readily to the pickaxe or the crow-bar; and, in other places, so hard as to resist the utmost strength of the miners. Several of the diggers were perseveringly exploring the localities where the rotten sorts of slate were found in the largest quantities, and I saw them pick out a good deal of gold with their jack-knives. Their principal aim was to discover what they termed "a pocket," which is nothing more than a crevice between the blocks of slate, into which a deposit of gold has been washed by the heavy rains from the higher districts, and which, soon accumulating, swell into rapid torrents, which rush down these ravines with extraordinary swiftness and force, sweeping every thing before them.

There did not appear to be many mining parties at the Stanislaus at this particular period, for the encampments were generally from two to five miles apart, the space between them increasing the higher you advanced

towards the mountains, to the foot of which the ravine extended—altogether, a distance of many miles. The lower part of the mine, I concluded from this fact, to be by far the richer, simply from the circumstance I have mentioned: richer, comparatively, because here the deposits of gold are more easily found and extracted; not richer, in reality, as the metal must exist in immense quantities in the upper regions, from which it is washed down by the rains and floods into the lower districts. The virgin deposit would, doubtless, be difficult to come at; but, if sought after at all, that it is to be sought in the mountains and high lands, I feel persuaded.

I turned back, after prosecuting my excursion until the ravine became almost too rocky to allow me to proceed, and until I saw that the "diggings" diminished materially in number. On clambering the hills at the side, I beheld abundance of pines, oak, cedar, and palm; but no grass, nor vegetation of any other kind, save prickly shrubs, with here and there a patch of extremely dry moss. On my way back, I passed several tents and huts erected by the miners, all of the very poorest and most wretched description.

I found Van Anken's party at dinner, in front of their tent. Van showed me a leathern bag, containing several pounds' weight of very pure gold, and which was carelessly tossed about from one to the other for examination. It was the produce of his morning's work, he having fortunately struck upon a large pocket.

On inquiring whether, as there existed such strong temptation, robberies were not very frequent, 'I was

informed, that, although thefts had occurred, yet, generally speaking, the miners dwelt in no distrust of one another, and left thousands of dollars' worth in gold-dust in their tents whilst they were absent digging. They all felt, intuitively, that honesty was literally the best policy, and a determination to punish robbery seemed to have been come to by all as a measure essential to the security and welfare of the mining community, independent of any question of principle.

Gambling and drinking were carried on, I found, to a most demoralizing extent. Brandy and champagne, whenever they were brought to the "diggings," realized enormous prices, varying from sixteen to twenty dollars a bottle; and some of the men would, after accumulating some hundred dollars, squander the whole in purchasing these beverages. Believing the supply of gold to be inexhaustible, they persisted in this reckless course, and discovered only when it became too late to redeem their error, that even here gold cannot always be procured. They went on until the *placers* failed to yield, and were then reduced to great extremities.

The miners were by no means averse to lending "dust" to those who required it, notwithstanding that the lenders often experienced some difficulty in getting back the advance. One of Van's party, for instance, lent another six ounces of gold, which not being returned at the stipulated period, nor for some time afterwards, he dunned his debtor at every meal, until the latter, who had quietly submitted to the importunity, begged him to "just wait ten minutes, and time it." He shouldered his pickaxe, as he said this, and going out of the shed, returned within the time, bring-



SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ing back more than sufficient to liquidate the debt. This little incident created much amusement.

Mr. Ryan was not very successful in his search for gold. Sickness was a great drawback to him. At length, when his supply of provisions was nearly exhausted and his prospects very gloomy, he embraced an opportunity to leave the mines and proceed to Stockton, the depot of the southern portion of the gold region. From that place, he proceeded to Sacramento, and thence to San Francisco, at the rapid growth of which he was naturally amazed. His description of this new city and account of his own adventures in it may be quoted as particularly interesting:—

On landing, I had to clamber up a steep hill, on the top of which, and opposite to where I stood, was a large wooden house, two stories high, and scarcely half finished. In the rear of this, rose another and a steeper hill, whose slopes were covered with a multiplicity of tents. To my right, ran a sort of steep, or precipice, defended by sundry pieces of cannon, which commanded the entrance to the harbour. I next came to the "Point," and, crossing it, found myself within the town.

The first objects that attracted my notice were several canvass houses, measuring from ten to forty feet square, some being grog-shops, others eating establishments, and the larger set apart as ware-houses, or places of storage. The proprietors of the latter were making enormous sums by the accommodation their tents afforded to the hundreds of travellers who were arriving every day from different parts, and who, being extremely embarrassed as to what they should do with

their luggage, were heartily glad to find any safe place to store it in, and content to pay for the convenience. As I passed another half-completed wooden structure, I thought I would venture upon an inquiry, just by way of ascertaining whether I had any chance of procuring employment as a house-painter. I was offered thirty-six dollars a-week; an offer I did not immediately accept, notwithstanding the favourable reception I met with.

The spectacle which the beach presented from a convenient opening, whence I could comprise the whole at a glance, was singularly interesting and curious. A crowd of individuals, in motley garb, and of every variety of race, might be seen pressing eagerly upward towards the town, jostling and pushing one another, in their anxiety to be first, yet looking eagerly about them, as if to familiarize themselves at once with the country of their adoption. Here were dandies from the United States and from France, picking their steps mincingly, as they strove to keep pace with the sturdy fellows who carried their luggage; their beaver hats, fashionable frock-coats, irreproachable and well-strapped pantaloons, exciting the derisive remarks of the spectators, the majority of them "old Californians," whose rough labour at the "diggings" had taught them to estimate such *niaiserie*s at their proper value. By their side stalked the stately and dignified Spaniard, covered with his broad-brimmed, low-crowned *sombrero*, and gracefully enveloped in his ample *serapa*, set off by a bright scarlet sash. He turns neither to the right nor to the left, nor heeds the crowd about him, but keeps on the even tenour of his way—though even he

has occasionally to jump for it—presenting, in his demeanour and costume, a striking contrast to the more bustling activity of the Yankees, who are elbowing every one, in their anxiety to go a-head. A lot of shopboys, too, mere lads, as spruce and neatly attired as though they had just stepped out of some fashionable emporium, mingle with the rest, and, as they enter the town, strike up the popular parody—

“Oh, California! That’s the land for me!
I’m bound for the Sacramento, with
The wash-bowl on my knee.”

I walked on until I came up to a group of men, who, like myself, were looking on the busy scene before us with no small degree of interest. I recognised amongst them two of the volunteers, with whom I forthwith claimed acquaintance. The whole party had come from the mines, as was easily to be seen from their appearance, which was something the worse for wear, their countenances being weather-beaten and bronzed by exposure; whilst their attire, consisting of buckskin coats, leather leggings, and broad-brimmed hats, denoted the sort of labour in which they had been recently engaged. I learned from them, in the course of a subsequent conversation, that they had all of them been successful at the “diggings.” One of the number had made, or “picked,” two thousand dollars, and the rest, from that to nine thousand dollars each, within the space of a few months. With this, however, they were far from satisfied, most of them being determined to realize a large fortune before they quitted the coun-

try; for not one of them seemed to have the remotest intention of settling.

An individual of this number, nevertheless, was compelled to remain longer than he anticipated; for, having returned to the mines, and there procured as much gold as satisfied him, he was robbed of the whole, on his way back to San Francisco. He thereupon coolly went back to the "diggings," and recommenced his labours; with what success I know not; but he remained there during the whole period of my sojourn in the country.

The party had come down from the mines to make purchases, and to enjoy a little recreation. They were admirable specimens of their class—hardy in appearance, and rough in demeanour; but shrewd, withal, and toil-enduring. For the moment, their conversation turned upon the prospects of the newly-landed emigrants—for I should have stated that there were one or two arrivals in the harbour—and they were unsparing of their remarks upon such of the new-comers as by their dress, or any physical peculiarity, offered a fair target for their witticisms, which were not less pointed than coarse.

With regard to the town towards which all were pressing, they expressed a unanimous opinion. It was the most wonderful place in the world—for its size—and promised, if it continued to progress in importance and extent as rapidly as it had done of late, to eclipse some of its rivals of more ancient date; inasmuch as civilization was imported to it full-grown, backed by all the energy and enterprise which gold

could inspire, or the possession of it in almost unlimited quantities develop.

I passed my first night in San Francisco stretched upon a form, in a tavern, where the boisterous mirth of a rude crowd of revellers effectually prevented me from dreaming of any thing else but drums and cymbals clattering in most execrable confusion and discord. Once I thought I was drowning; for I experienced the peculiar roaring sensation of deafness incidental to immersing one's head in the water; but, on awakening, I found that one of the company, being waggishly inclined, had poured some of the liquor he was drinking into my ear. I thought it a very poor joke, but laughed at it as though I very much relished it; and, altering my position, dozed off again, and remained in a dog's sleep until the morning





ROUGHING IT IN CANADA.



RS. MOODIE, sister to Miss Strickland who wrote the *Lives of the Queens of England*, has recently given the world a lively relation of her life in the wildest part of Canada,* whither she accompanied her husband as an emigrant and settler. Brought up among the refinements of civilized society, this lady submitted with admirable

* The work is entitled *Roughing it in the Bush*, and has just been published by George P. Putnam, New York.



THE LOG CABIN.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

grace to all the labour and privation of a settler in the backwoods. Mr. Moodie was a half-pay officer in the British army, and sought a settlement in Canada, with a view to the interests of his children. At first they lived in a village; but a large grant of lands in the backwoods tempted Mr. Moodie to become a pioneer. He was induced to sell out his half pay, was cheated out of the money which it brought, and of his other available means, and he was obliged to live in a log hut, and to depend upon his labour on his wild farm for the support of himself and his family. An appointment of sheriff from the Canadian government finally afforded him a handsome support, and enabled him to leave his log cabin, and reside in comparative ease and comfort in one of the large towns.

The following account of one of the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, will afford the reader a specimen of the perils attendant upon "roughing it in the bush."

Still, with all these misfortunes, Providence watched over us in a signal manner. We were never left entirely without food. Like the widow's cruise of oil, our means, though small, were never suffered to cease entirely. We had been for some days without meat, when Moodie came running in for his gun. A great she-bear was in the wheat-field at the edge of the wood, very busily employed in helping to harvest the crop. There was but one bullet, and a charge or two of buck-shot, in the house; but Moodie started to the wood with the single bullet in his gun, followed by a little terrier dog that belonged to John E——. Old Jenny was busy at the wash-tub, but the moment she saw her master running up the clearing, and knew the cause,

she left her work, and snatching up the carving-knife, ran after him, that in case the bear should have the best of the fight, she would be there to help "the master." Finding her shoes incommode her, she flung them off, in order to run faster. A few minutes after, came the report of the gun, and I heard Moodie halloo to E——, who was cutting stakes for a fence in the wood. I hardly thought it possible that he could have killed the bear, but I ran to the door to listen. The children were all excitement, which the sight of the black monster, borne down the clearing upon two poles, increased to the wildest demonstrations of joy. Moodie and John were carrying the prize, and old Jenny, brandishing her carving-knife, followed in the rear.

The rest of the evening was spent in skinning and cutting up and salting the ugly creature, whose flesh filled a barrel with excellent meat, in flavour resembling beef, while the short grain and juicy nature of the flesh gave to it the tenderness of mutton. This was quite a Godsend, and lasted us until we were able to kill two large, fat hogs, in the fall.

A few nights after, Moodie and I encountered the mate of Mrs. Bruin, while returning from a visit to Emilia, in the very depth of the wood.

We had been invited to meet our friend's father and mother, who had come up on a short visit to the woods; and the evening passed away so pleasantly that it was near midnight before the little party of friends separated. The moon was down. The wood through which we had to return, was very dark; the ground being low and swampy, and the trees thick and tall. There was, in particular, one very ugly spot, where a small creek

crossed the road. This creek could only be passed by foot-passengers scrambling over a fallen tree, which, in a dark night, was not very easy to find. I begged a torch of Mr. M——; but no torch could be found. Emilia laughed at my fears; still, knowing what a coward I was in the bush of a night, she found about an inch of candle, which was all that remained from the evening's entertainment. This she put into an old lantern.

"It will not last you long; but it will carry you over the creek."

This was something gained, and off we set. It was so dark in the bush, that our dim candle looked like a solitary red spark in the intense surrounding darkness, and scarcely served to show us the path. We went chatting along, talking over the news of the evening, Hector running on before us, when I saw a pair of eyes glare upon us from the edge of the swamp, with the green, bright light emitted by the eyes of a cat.

"Did you see those terrible eyes, Moodie?" and I clung, trembling, to his arm.

"What eyes?" said he, feigning ignorance. "It's too dark to see any thing. The light is nearly gone, and, if you don't quicken your pace, and cross the tree before it goes out, you will, perhaps, get your feet wet by falling into the creek."

"Good heavens! I saw them again; and do just look at the dog."

Hector stopped suddenly, and, stretching himself along the ground, his nose resting between his fore-paws began to whine and tremble. Presently he ran back to us, and crept under our feet. The cracking of

branches, and the heavy tread of some large animal sounded close beside us.

Moodie turned the open lantern in the direction from whence the sounds came, and shouted as loud as he could, at the same time endeavouring to urge forward the fear-stricken dog, whose cowardice was only equalled by my own.

Just at that critical moment the wick of the candle flickered a moment in the socket, and expired. We were left in perfect darkness, alone with the bear—for such we supposed the animal to be.

My heart beat audibly; a cold perspiration was streaming down my face, but I neither shrieked nor attempted to run. I don't know how Moodie got me over the creek. One of my feet slipped into the water, but, expecting as I did every moment, to be devoured by master Bruin, that was a thing of no consequence. My husband was laughing at my fears, and every now and then he turned towards our companion, who continued following us at no great distance, and gave him an encouraging shout. Glad enough was I when I saw the gleam of the light from our little cabin window shine out among the trees; and the moment I got within the clearing, I ran, without stopping, until I was safely within the house. John was sitting up for us, nursing Donald. He listened with great interest to our adventure with the bear, and thought that Bruin was very good to let us escape without one affectionate hug.

"Perhaps it would have been otherwise had he known, Moodie, that you had not only killed his good

lady, but were dining sumptuously off her carcass every day."

The bear was determined to have something in return for the loss of his wife. Several nights after this, our slumbers were disturbed about midnight, by an awful yell, and old Jenny shook violently at our chamber door.

"Masther, masther, dear!—Get up wid you this moment, or the bear will desthroy the cattle intirely."

Half asleep, Moodie sprang from his bed, seized his gun, and ran out. I threw my large cloak round me, struck a light, and followed him to the door. The moment the latter was unclosed, some calves that we were rearing rushed into the kitchen, closely followed by the larger beasts, who came bellowing headlong down the hill, pursued by the bear.

It was a laughable scene as shown by that paltry tallow-candle. Moodie, in his night shirt, taking aim at something in the darkness, surrounded by the terrified animals; old Jenny, with a large knife in her hand, holding on to the white skirts of her master's garment, making outcry loud enough to frighten away all the wild beasts in the bush—herself almost in a state of nudity.

"Och, maisther, dear! don't timpt the ill-conditioned crathur wid charging too near; think of the wife and the childher. Let me come at the rampaging baste, an' I'll stick the knife into the heart of him."

Moodie fired. The bear retreated up the clearing, with a low growl. Moodie and Jenny pursued him some way, but it was too dark to discern any object at a distance. I, for my part, stood at the open door,

laughing until the tears ran down my cheeks, at the glaring eyes of the oxen, their ears erect, and their tails carried gracefully on a level with their backs, as they stared at me and the light in blank astonishment. The noise of the gun had just roused John E—— from his slumbers. He was no less amused than myself, until he saw that a fine yearling heifer was bleeding, and found, upon examination, that the poor animal, having been in the claws of the bear, was dangerously, if not mortally hurt.

"I hope," he cried, "that the brute has not touched my foal!" I pointed to the black face of the filly peeping over the back of an elderly cow.

"You see, John, that Bruin preferred veal; there's your 'horsey,' as Dunbar calls her, safe and laughing at you."

Moodie and Jenny now returned from the pursuit of the bear. E—— fastened all the cattle into the back yard, close to the house. By daylight he and Moodie had started in chase of Bruin, whom they tracked by his blood some way into the bush; but here he entirely escaped their search.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



INDIANS FISHING.



THE INDIANS OF CANADA.



THE following account of the Indians of Canada, who occasionally visited Mr. Moodie's residence in the bush, is extremely interesting. It is a true and graphic delineation of their real character.

It was not long before we received visits from the Indians, a people whose beauty, talents, and good qualities have been somewhat overrated, and invested with a poetical interest which they scarcely deserve. Their honesty and love of truth are the finest traits in characters otherwise dark and unlovely. But these are

two God-like attributes, and from them spring all that is generous and ennobling about them.

There never was a people more sensible of kindness, or more grateful for any little act of benevolence exercised towards them. We met them with confidence; our dealings with them were conducted with the strictest integrity; and they became attached to our persons, and in no single instance ever destroyed the good opinion we entertained of them.

The tribes that occupy the shores of all these inland waters, back of the great lakes, belong to the Chippewa or Missasagua Indians, perhaps the least attractive of all these wild people, both with regard to their physical and mental endowments. The men of this tribe are generally small of stature, with very coarse and repulsive features. The forehead is low and retreating, the observing faculties large, the intellectual ones scarcely developed: the ears large, and standing off from the face; the eyes looking towards the temples, keen, snake-like, and far apart; the cheek-bones prominent; the nose long and flat, the nostrils very round; the jaw-bone projecting, massy, and brutal; the mouth expressing ferocity and sullen determination; the teeth large, even, and dazzlingly white. The mouth of the female differs widely in expression from that of the male; the lips are fuller, the jaw less projecting, and the smile is simple and agreeable. The women are a merry, light-hearted set, and their constant laugh and incessant prattle form a strange contrast to the iron taciturnity of their grim lords.

Now I am upon the subject, I will recapitulate a few

traits and sketches of these people, as they came under my own immediate observation.

A dry cedar swamp, not far from the house, by the lake shore, had been their usual place of encampment for many years. The whole block of land was almost entirely covered with maple-trees, and had originally been an Indian sugar-bush. Although the favourite spot had now passed into the hands of strangers, they still frequented the place, to make canoes and baskets, to fish and shoot, and occasionally to follow their old occupation. Scarcely a week passed away without my being visited by the dark strangers; and as my husband never allowed them to eat with the servants, but brought them to his own table, they soon grew friendly and communicative, and would point to every object that attracted their attention, asking a thousand questions as to its use, the material of which it was made, and if we were inclined to exchange it for their commodities? With a large map of Canada, they were infinitely delighted. In a moment they recognised every bay and headland in Ontario, and almost screamed with delight when, following the course of the Trent with their fingers, they came to their own lake.

How eagerly each pointed out the spot to his fellows; how intently their black heads were bent down, and their dark eyes fixed upon the map! What strange, uncouth exclamations of surprise burst from their lips as they rapidly repeated the Indian names for every lake and river on this wonderful piece of paper!

The old chief, Peter Nogan, begged hard for the coveted treasure. He would give "Canoe, venison, duck, fish for it, and more, by and by."

I felt sorry that I was unable to gratify his wishes ; but the map had cost upwards of six dollars, and was daily consulted by my husband, in reference to the names and situations of localities in the neighborhood.

I had in my possession a curious Japanese sword, which had been given to me by an uncle of Tom Wilson's—a strange gift to a young lady ; but it was on account of its curiosity, and had no reference to my warlike propensities. This sword was broad, and three-sided in the blade, and in shape resembled a moving snake. The hilt was formed of a hideous carved image of one of their war-gods ; and a more villainous-looking wretch was never conceived by the most distorted imagination. He was represented in a sitting attitude, the eagle's claws that formed his hands, resting upon his knees ; his legs terminated in lion's paws ; and his face was a strange compound of beast and bird—the upper part of his person being covered with feathers, the lower with long, shaggy hair. The case of this awful weapon was made of wood, and, in spite of its serpentine form, fitted it exactly. No trace of a joint could be found in this scabbard, which was of hard wood, and highly polished.

One of my Indian friends found this sword lying upon the book-shelf, and he hurried to communicate the important discovery to his companions. Moodie was absent, and they brought it to me to demand an explanation of the figure that formed the hilt. I told them that it was a weapon that belonged to a very fierce people who lived in the East, far over the Great Salt Lake ; that they were not Christians, as we were, but said their prayers to images made of silver, and gold,

and ivory, and wood, and that this was one of them ; that before they went into battle they said their prayers to that hideous thing which they had made with their own hands. The Indians were highly amused by this relation, and passed the sword from one to the other, exclaiming, "A god!—Owgh!—a god!"

But, in spite of these outward demonstrations of contempt, I was sorry to perceive that this circumstance gave the weapon a great value in their eyes, and they regarded it with a sort of mysterious awe.

For several days they continued to visit the house, bringing along with them some fresh companion to look at Mrs. Moodie's *god*!—until, vexed and annoyed by the delight they manifested at the sight of the eagle-beaked monster, I refused to gratify their curiosity, by not producing him again.

The manufacture of the sheath, which had caused me much perplexity, was explained by old Peter in a minute. "'Tis burnt out," he said. "Instrument made like sword—heat red-hot—burnt through—polished outside."

Had I demanded a whole fleet of canoes for my Japanese sword, I am certain they would have agreed to the bargain. The Indian possesses great taste, which is displayed in the carving of his paddles, in the shape of his canoes, in the elegance and symmetry of his bows, in the cut of his leggings and moccasins, the sheath of his hunting-knife, and in all the little ornaments in which he delights. It is almost impossible for a settler to imitate to perfection an Indian's cherry-wood paddle. My husband made very creditable attempts, but still there was something wanting—the

elegance of the Indian finish was not there. If you show them a good print, they invariably point out the most natural and the best-executed figure in the group. They are particularly delighted with pictures, examine them long and carefully, and seem to feel an artist-like pleasure in observing the effect produced by light and shade.

I had been showing John Nogan, the eldest son of old Peter, some beautiful coloured engravings of celebrated females; and, to my astonishment, he pounced upon the best, and grunted out his admiration in the most approved Indian fashion. After having looked for a long time at all the pictures very attentively, he took his dog Sancho upon his knee, and showed him the pictures, with as much gravity as if the animal really could have shared in his pleasure. The vanity of these grave men is highly amusing. They seem perfectly unconscious of it themselves; and it is exhibited in the most childlike manner.

Peter and his son, John, were taking tea with us, when we were joined by my brother, Mr. S——. The latter was giving us an account of the marriage of Peter Jones, the celebrated Indian preacher.

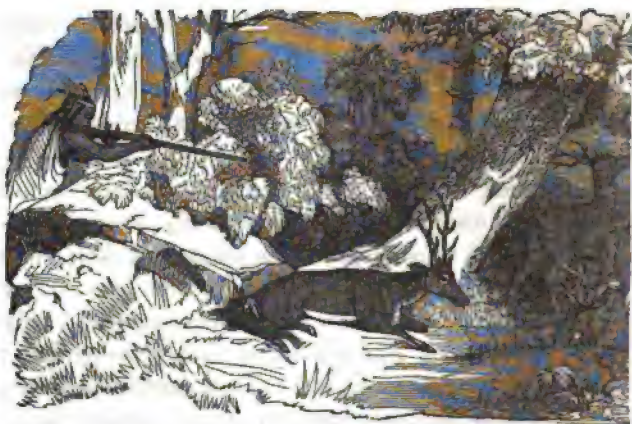
"I cannot think," he said, "how any lady of property and education could marry such a man as Jones. Why, he's as ugly as Peter here."

This was said, not with any idea of insulting the red-skin on the score of his beauty, of which he possessed not the smallest particle, but in total forgetfulness that our guest understood English. Never shall I forget the red flash of that fierce, dark eye as it glared upon my unconscious brother. I would not have received such a fiery glance for all the wealth

that Peter Jones obtained with his Saxon bride. John Nogan was highly amused by his father's indignation. He hid his face behind the chief; and though he kept perfectly still his whole frame was convulsed with suppressed laughter.

A plainer human being than poor Peter could scarcely be imagined; yet he certainly deemed himself handsome. I am inclined to think that their ideas of personal beauty differ very widely from ours. Tom Nogan, the chief's brother, had a very large, fat, ugly squaw for his wife. She was a mountain of tawny flesh; and, but for the innocent, good-natured expression which, like a bright sunbeam penetrating a swarthy cloud, spread all around a kindly glow, she might have been termed hideous.

This woman they considered very handsome, calling her "a fine squaw—clever squaw—a much good woman;" though in what her superiority consisted, I never could discover, often as I visited the wigwam. She was very dirty, and appeared quite indifferent to the claims of common decency (in the disposal of the few filthy rags that covered her.) She was, however, very expert in all Indian craft. No Jew could drive a better bargain than Mrs. Tom; and her urchins, of whom she was the happy mother of five or six, were as cunning and avaricious as herself. One day she visited me, bringing along with her a very pretty covered basket for sale. I asked her what she wanted for it, but could obtain from her no satisfactory answer. I showed her a small piece of silver. She shook her head. I tempted her with pork and flour, but she required neither. I had just given up the idea of dealing with



INDIAN HUNTING DEER.

her, in despair, when she suddenly seized upon me, and, lifting up my gown, pointed exultingly to my quilted petticoat, clapping her hands, and laughing immoderately.

Another time she led me all over the house, to show me what she wanted in exchange for *basket*. My patience was well nigh exhausted in following her from place to place in her attempt to discover the coveted article, when, hanging upon a peg in my chamber, she espied a pair of trowsers belonging to my husband's logging-suit. The riddle was solved. With a joyful cry she pointed to them, exclaiming "Take basket.—Give them!" It was with no small difficulty that I rescued the indispensables from her grasp.

From this woman I learned a story of Indian coolness and courage which made a deep impression on my mind. One of their squaws, a near relation of her own, had accompanied her husband on a hunt

ing expedition into the forest. He had been very successful, and having killed more deer than they could well carry home, he went to the house of a white man to dispose of some of it, leaving the squaw to take care of the rest until his return. She sat carelessly upon the log with his hunting-knife in her hand, when she heard the breaking of branches near her, and, turning round, beheld a great bear only a few paces from her.

It was too late to retreat; and seeing that the animal was very hungry, and determined to come to close quarters, she rose, and placed her back against a small tree, holding her knife close to her breast, and in a straight line with the bear. The shaggy monster came on. She remained motionless, her eyes steadily fixed upon her enemy, and as his huge arms closed around her, she slowly drove the knife into his heart. The bear uttered a hideous cry, and sank dead at her feet. When the Indian returned, he found the courageous woman taking the skin from the carcass of the formidable brute.

The wolf they hold in great contempt, and scarcely deign to consider him as an enemy. Peter Nogan assured me that he was never near enough to one in his life to shoot it; that, except in large companies, and when greatly pressed by hunger, they rarely attack men. They hold the lynx, or wolverine, in much dread, as they often spring from trees upon their prey, fastening upon the throat with their sharp teeth and claws, from which a person in the dark could scarcely free himself without first receiving a dangerous wound. The cry of this animal is very terrifying, resembling the shrieks of a human creature in mortal agony.

One extremely cold wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papouse^e die," she said, mournfully clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moodie's squaw save papouse—poor Indian woman much glad."

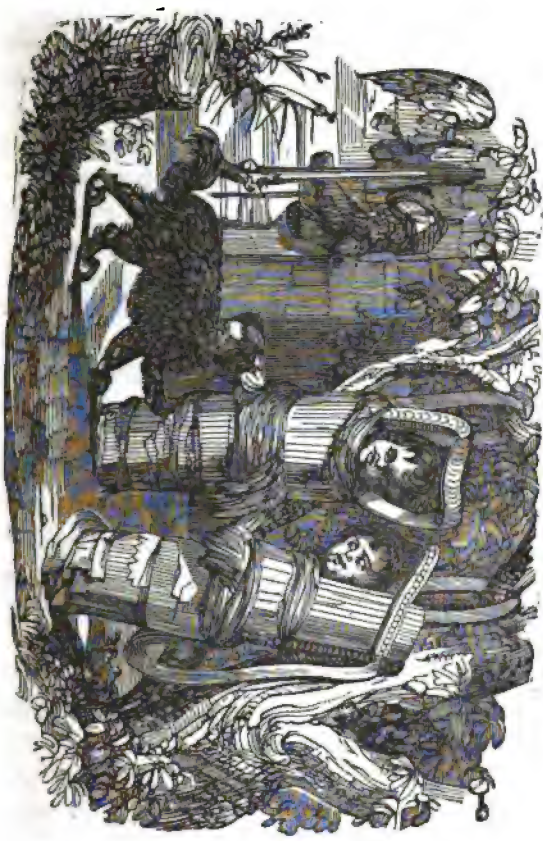
Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him ! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers.) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake* upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

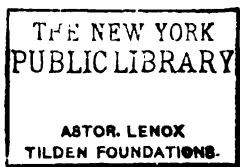
"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care ; in a few hours he will be with Him.

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his

* Mud Lake, or Lake *Shemong*, in Indian.



INDIAN PAPOOSE.



frail existence. I gave him a tea-spoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

‘Papouse die,’ murmured the poor woman; “alone—alone! No papouse; the mother all alone.”

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too much distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman’s love must have been for that dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat’s squaw some days after, that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home.

They never forget any little act of kindness. One cold night, late in the fall, my hospitality was demanded by six squaws, and puzzled I was how to accommodate them all. I at last determined to give them the use of the parlour floor during the night. Among these women there was one very old, whose hair was as white as snow. She was the only grey-haired Indian I ever saw, and on that account I regarded her with peculiar interest. I knew that she was the wife of a chief, by the scarlet embroidered leggings, which only the wives and daughters of chiefs

are allowed to wear. The old squaw had a very pleasing countenance, but I tried in vain to draw her into conversation. She evidently did not understand me; and the Muskrat squaw, and Betty Cow, were laughing at my attempts to draw her out. I administered supper to them with my own hands, and after I had satisfied their wants, (which is no very easy task, for they have great appetites,) I told our servant to bring in several spare mattresses and blankets for their use. "Now mind, Jenny, and give the old squaw the best bed," I said; "the others are young and can put up with a little inconvenience."

"The old Indian glanced at me with her keen, bright eye; but I had no idea that she comprehended what I said. Some weeks after this, as I was sweeping over my parlour floor, a slight tap drew me to the door. On opening it I perceived the old squaw, who immediately slipped into my hand a set of beautifully-embroidered bark trays, fitting one within the other, and exhibiting the very best sample of the porcupine-quill work. While I stood wondering what this might mean, the good old creature fell upon my neck, and kissing me, exclaimed, "You remember old squaw—make her comfortable! Old squaw no forget you. Keep them for her sake," and before I could detain her she ran down the hill with a swiftness which seemed to bid defiance to years. I never saw this interesting Indian again, and I concluded that she died during the winter, for she must have been of a great age.

Late one very dark, stormy night, three Indians begged to be allowed to sleep by the kitchen stove. The maid was frightened out of her wits at the sight

of these strangers, who were Mohawks from the Indian woods upon the Bay of Quinte, and they brought along with them a horse and cutter. The night was so stormy, that, after consulting our man—Jacob Faithful, as we usually called him—I consented to grant their petition, although they were quite strangers, and taller and fiercer-looking than our friends the Missasaguas.

“I was putting my children to bed, when the girl came rushing in, out of breath. “The Lord preserve us, madam, if one of these wild men has not pulled off his trowsers, and is a-sitting mending them behind the stove! and what shall I do?”

“Do?—why, stay with me, and leave the poor fellow to finish his work.”

The simple girl had never once thought of this plan of pacifying her outraged sense of propriety.

Their sense of hearing is so acute that they can distinguish sounds at an incredible distance, which cannot be detected by a European at all. I myself witnessed a singular exemplification of this fact. It was mid-winter; the Indians had pitched their tent, or wigwam, as usual, in our swamp. All the males were absent on a hunting expedition up the country, and had left two women behind to take care of the camp and its contents, Mrs. Tom Nogan and her children, and Susan Moore, a young girl of fifteen, and the only truly beautiful squaw I ever saw. There was something interesting about this girl's history, as well as her appearance. Her father had been drowned during a sudden hurricane, which swamped his canoe on Stony Lake; and the mother, who witnessed the accident from the shore,

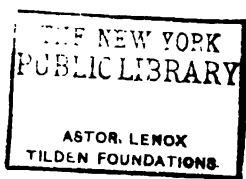
and was near her confinement with this child, boldly swam out to his assistance. She reached the spot where he sank, and even succeeded in recovering the body; but it was too late; the man was dead.

The soul of an Indian that has been drowned is reckoned accursed, and he is never permitted to join his tribe on the happy hunting-grounds, but his spirit haunts the lake or river in which he lost his life. His body is buried on some lonely island, which the Indians never pass without leaving a small portion of food, tobacco, or ammunition, to supply his wants; but he is never interred with the rest of his people. His children are considered unlucky, and few willingly unite themselves to the females of the family, lest a portion of the father's curse should be visited on them.

The orphan Indian girl generally kept aloof from the rest, and seemed so lonely and companionless, that she soon attracted my attention and sympathy, and a hearty feeling of good-will sprang up between us. Her features were small and regular, her face oval, and her large, dark, loving eyes were full of tenderness and sensibility, but as bright and shy as those of the deer. A rich vermilion glow burnt upon her olive cheek and lips, and set off the dazzling whiteness of her even and pearly teeth. She was small of stature, with delicate little hands and feet, and her figure was elastic and graceful. She was a beautiful child of nature, and her Indian name signified "the voice of angry waters." Poor girl, she had been a child of grief and tears from her birth! Her mother was a Mohawk, from whom she, in all probability, derived her superior person!



INDIAN WIGWAMS.



attractions; for they are very far before the Missasaguas in this respect.

My friend and neighbour, Emilia S——, the wife of a naval officer, who lived about a mile distant from me, through the bush, had come to spend the day with me; and hearing that the Indians were in the swamp, and the men away, we determined to take a few trifles to the camp, in the way of presents, and spend an hour in chatting with the squaws.

What a beautiful moonlight night it was, as light as day!—the great forest sleeping tranquilly beneath the cloudless heavens—not a sound to disturb the deep repose of nature but the whispering of the breeze, which, during the most profound calm, creeps through the lofty pine tops. We bounded down the steep bank to the lake shore. Life is a blessing, a precious boon indeed, in such an hour, and we felt happy in the mere consciousness of existence—the glorious privilege of pouring out the silent adoration of the heart to the Great Father in his universal temple.

On entering the wigwam, which stood within a few yards of the clearing, in the middle of a thick group of cedars, we found Mrs. Tom alone with her elvish children, seated before the great fire that burned in the centre of the camp; she was busy boiling some bark in an iron spider. The little boys, in red flannel shirts, which were their only covering, were tormenting a puppy, which seemed to take their pinching and pommelling in good part, for it neither attempted to bark nor to bite, but like the eels in the story, submitted to the infliction because it was used to it. Mrs. Tom greeted us with a grin of pleasure, and motioned us to

sit down upon a buffalo skin, which, with a courtesy so natural to the Indians, she had placed near her for our accommodation.

"You are all alone," said I, glancing round the camp.

"Ye'es; Indian away hunting—Upper Lakes. Come home with much deer."

"And Susan, where is she?"

"By and by," (meaning that she was coming).
"Gone to fetch water—ice thick—chop with axe—take long time."

As she ceased speaking, the old blanket that formed the door of the tent was withdrawn, and the girl, bearing two pails of water, stood in the open space, in the white moonlight. The glow of the fire streamed upon her dark, floating locks, danced in the black, glistening eye, and gave a deeper blush to the olive cheek! She would have made a beautiful picture; Sir Joshua Reynolds would have rejoiced in such a model—so simply graceful and unaffected, the very *beau idéal* of savage life and unadorned nature. A smile of recognition passed between us. She put down her burden beside Mrs. Tom, and noiselessly glided to her seat.

We had scarcely exchanged a few words with our favourite, when the old squaw, placing her hand against her ear, exclaimed, "Whist! whist!"

"What is it?" cried Emilia and I, starting to our feet. "Is there any danger?"

"A deer—a deer—in bush!" whispered the squaw, seizing a rifle that stood in a corner. "I hear sticks crack—a great way off. Stay here!"

A great way off the animal must have been, for though Emilia and I listened at the open door, an advantage which the squaw did not enjoy, we could not hear the least sound: all seemed still as death. The squaw whistled to an old hound, and went out.

"Did you hear any thing, Susan?"

She smiled, and nodded.

"Listen; the dog has found the track."

The next moment the discharge of a rifle, and the deep baying of the dog, woke up the sleeping echoes of the woods; and the girl started off to help the old squaw to bring in the game that she had shot.

The Indians are great imitators, and possess a nice tact in adopting the customs and manners of those with whom they associate. An Indian is Nature's gentleman—never familiar, coarse, or vulgar. If he take a meal with you, he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, which he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself, or demand more food, but waits patiently until you perceive what he requires. I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all the Indians with whom I have had any dealings.

There was one old Indian, who belonged to a distant settlement, and only visited our lakes occasionally on hunting parties. He was a strange, eccentric, merry old fellow, with a skin like red mahogany, and a wiry, sinewy frame, that looked as if it could bid defiance to every change of temperature. Old Snow-storm, for such was his significant name, was rather too fond of



OLD SNOW-STORM AND THE WHISKEY-BOTTLE.

the whiskey-bottle, and when he had taken a drop too much, he became an unmanageable wild beast. He had a great fancy for my husband, and never visited the other Indians without extending the same favour to us. Once upon a time, he broke the nipple of his gun; and Moodie repaired the injury for him by fixing a new one in its place, which little kindness quite won the heart of the old man, and he never came to see us

without bringing an offering of fish, ducks, partridges, or venison, to show his gratitude.

One warm September day, he made his appearance bare-headed, as usual, and carrying in his hand a great checked bundle.

"Fond of grapes?" said he, putting the said bundle into my hands. "Fine grapes—brought them from island, for my friend's squaw and papouses."

Glad of the donation, which I considered quite a prize, I hastened into the kitchen to untie the grapes and put them into a dish. But imagine my disappointment, when I found them wrapped up in a soiled shirt, only recently taken from the back of the owner. I called Moodie, and begged him to return Snow-Storm his garment, and to thank him for the grapes.

The mischievous creature was highly diverted with the circumstance, and laughed immoderately.

"Snow-Storm," said he, "Mrs. Moodie and the children are obliged to you for your kindness in bringing them the grapes; but how came you to tie them up in a dirty shirt?"

"Dirty!" cried the old man, astonished that we should object to the fruit on that score. "It ought to be clean; it has been washed often enough. Owgh! You see, Moodie," he continued, "I have no hat—never wear hat—want no shade to my eyes—love the sun—see all around me—up and down—much better widout hat. Could not put grapes in hat—blanket-coat too large, crush fruit, juice run out. I had noting but my shirt, so I takes off shirt, and brings grape safe over the water on my back. Papouse no care for dirty shirt; their *lee-tle bellies have no eyes.*"

In spite of this eloquent harangue, I could not bring myself to use the grapes, ripe and tempting as they looked, or give them to the children. Mr. W—— and his wife happening to step in at that moment, fell into such an ecstasy at the sight of the grapes, that, as they were perfectly unacquainted with the circumstance of the shirt, I very *generously* gratified their wishes by presenting them with the contents of the large dish; and they never ate a bit less sweet for the novel mode in which they were conveyed to me!

The Indians, under their quiet exterior, possess a deal of humour. They have significant names for every thing, and a nickname for every one, and some of the latter are laughably appropriate. A fat, pompous, ostentatious, settler in our neighbourhood they called *Muckakee*, "the bull-frog." Another, rather a fine young man, but with a very red face, they named *Segoskee*, "the rising sun." Mr. Wood, who had a farm above ours, was a remarkably slender young man, and to him they gave the appellation of *Metiz*, "thin stick." A woman, that occasionally worked for me, had a disagreeable squint; she was known in Indian by the name of *Sachabo*, "cross-eye." A gentleman with a very large nose was *Choojas*, "big, or ugly nose." My little Addie, who was a fair, lovely creature, they viewed with great approbation, and called *Anoonk*, "a star;" while the rosy Katie was *Nogesisgook*, "the northern lights." As to me, I was *Nonocosique*, a "humming-bird;" a ridiculous name for a tall woman, but it had reference to the delight I took in painting birds. My friend, Emilia, was "blue cloud;" my little Donald, "frozen face;" young C——, "the red-

headed woodpecker," from the colour of his hair; my brother, *Chippewa*, and "the bald-headed eagle." He was an especial favourite among them.

The Indians are often made a prey of, and cheated by the unprincipled settlers, who think it no crime to overreach a red skin. One anecdote will fully illustrate this fact. A young squaw, who was near becoming a mother, stopped at a Smith-town settler's house to rest herself. The woman of the house, who was Irish, was peeling for dinner some large white turnips, which her husband had grown in their garden. The Indian had never seen a turnip before, and the appearance of the firm, white, juicy root gave her such a keen craving to taste it that she very earnestly begged for a small piece to eat. She had purchased at Peterborough a large stone-china bowl, of a very handsome pattern, (or, perhaps, got it at the store in exchange for a *basket*,) the worth of which might be half-a-dollar. If the poor squaw longed for the turnip, the value of which could scarcely reach a copper, the covetous European had fixed as long a glance upon the china bowl, and she was determined to gratify her avaricious desire and obtain it on the most easy terms. She told the squaw, with some disdain, that her man did not grow turnips to give away to "Injuns," but she would sell her one. The squaw offered her four coppers, all the change she had about her. This the woman refused with contempt. She then proffered a basket; but that was not sufficient; nothing would satisfy her but the bowl. The Indian demurred; but opposition had only increased her craving for the turnip in a ten-fold degree; and, after a short mental struggle, in

which the animal propensity overcame the warning of prudence, the squaw gave up the bowl, and received in return *one turnip!* The daughter of this woman told me this anecdote of her mother as a very clever thing. What ideas some people have of moral justice!

I have said before that the Indian never forgets a kindness. We had a thousand proofs of this, when, overtaken by misfortune, and withering beneath the iron grasp of poverty, we could scarcely obtain bread for ourselves and our little ones; then it was that the truth of the Eastern proverb was brought home to our hearts, and the goodness of God fully manifested towards us, "Cast thy bread upon the water, and thou shalt find it after many days." During better times we had treated these poor savages with kindness and liberality, and when dearer friends looked coldly upon us they never forsook us. For many a good meal I have been indebted to them, when I had nothing to give in return, when the pantry was empty, and "the hearth-stone growing cold," as they term the want of provisions to cook at it. And their delicacy in conferring these favours was not the least admirable part of their conduct. John Nogan, who was much attached to us, would bring a fine bunch of ducks, and drop them at my feet "for the papouse," or leave a large muskinonge on the sill of the door, or place a quarter of venison just within it, and slip away without saying a word, thinking that receiving a present from a poor Indian might hurt our feelings, and he would spare us the mortification of returning thanks.

When an Indian loses one of his children, he must keep a strict fast for three days, abstaining from food



HANDSOME JACK AND MR. YOUNG.

of any kind. A hunter, of the name of Young, told me a curious story of their rigid observance of this strange rite.

"They had a chief," he said, "a few years ago, whom they called 'Handsome Jack'—whether in derision, I cannot tell, for he was one of the ugliest Indians I ever saw. The scarlet fever got into the camp—a terrible disease in this country, and doubly terrible to those poor creatures who don't know how to treat it. His eldest daughter died. The chief had fasted two days when I met him in the bush. I did not know what had happened, but I opened my wallet, for I was on a hunting expedition, and offered him some bread and dried venison. He looked at me reproachfully.

"Do white men eat bread the first night their papouse is laid in the earth?"

"I then knew the cause of his depression, and left him."

On the night of the second day of his fast another child died of the fever. He had now to accomplish three more days without tasting food. It was too much even for an Indian. On the evening of the fourth, he was so pressed by ravenous hunger, that he stole into the woods, caught a bull-frog, and devoured it alive. He imagined himself alone, but one of his people, suspecting his intention, had followed him, unperceived, to the bush. The act he had just committed was a hideous crime in their eyes, and in a few minutes the camp was in an uproar. The chief fled for protection to Young's house. When the hunter demanded the cause of his alarm, he gave for answer, "There are plenty of flies at my house. To avoid their stings I came to you."

It required all the eloquence of Mr. Young, who

enjoyed much popularity among them, to reconcile the rebellious tribe to their chief.

They are very skilful in their treatment of wounds, and many diseases. Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of their plants and herbs is very great. They make excellent poultices from the bark of the bass and the slippery-elm. They use several native plants in their dyeing of baskets and porcupine quills. The inner bark of the swamp-alder, simply boiled in water, makes a beautiful red. From the root of the black briony they obtain a fine salve for sores, and extract a rich yellow dye. The inner bark of the root of the sumach, roasted, and reduced to powder, is a good remedy for the ague; a tea-spoonful given between the hot and cold fit. They scrape the fine white powder from the large fungus that grows upon the bark of the pine into whiskey, and take it for violent pains in the stomach. The taste of this powder strongly reminded me of quinine.

I have read much of the excellence of Indian cookery, but I never could bring myself to taste any thing prepared in their dirty wigwams. I remember being highly amused in watching the preparation of a mess, which might have been called Indian hotch-potch. It consisted of a strange mixture of fish, flesh, and fowl, all boiled together in the same vessel. Ducks, partridges, muskinonge, venison, and muskrats, formed a part of this delectable compound. These were literally smothered in onions, potatoes, and turnips, which they had procured from me. They very hospitably offered me a dishful of the odious mixture, which the odour of the muskrats rendered every thing but savoury; but I

declined, simply stating that I was not hungry. My little boy tasted it, but quickly left the camp to conceal the effect it produced upon him.

Their method of broiling fish, however, is excellent. They take a fish, just fresh out of the water, cut out the entrails, and, without removing the scales, wash it clean, dry it in a cloth, or in grease, and cover it all over with clear hot ashes. When the flesh will part from the bone, they draw it out of the ashes, strip off the skin, and it is fit for the table of the most fastidious epicure.

The deplorable want of chastity that exists among the Indian women of this tribe seems to have been more the result of their intercourse with the settlers in the country than from any previous disposition to this vice. The jealousy of their husbands has often been exercised in a terrible manner against the offending squaws; but this has not happened of late years. The men wink at these derelictions in their wives, and share with them the price of their shame.

The mixture of European blood adds greatly to the physical beauty of the half-race, but produces a sad falling off from the original integrity of the Indian character. The half-caste is generally a lying, vicious rogue, possessing the worst qualities of both parents in an eminent degree. We have many of these half-Indians in the penitentiary, for crimes of the blackest dye.

The skill of the Indian in procuring his game, either by land or water, has been too well described by better writers than I could ever hope to be, to need any illustration from my pen, and I will close this long chapter



INDIAN CHIEFS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

with a droll anecdote which is told of a gentleman in this neighbourhood.

The early loss of his hair obliged Mr. — to procure the substitute of a wig. This was such a good imitation of nature, that none but his intimate friends and neighbours were aware of the fact. It happened that he had had some quarrel with an Indian, which had to be settled in one of the petty courts. The case was decided in favour of Mr. —, which so aggrieved the savage, who considered himself the injured party, that he sprang upon him with a furious yell, tomahawk in hand, with the intention of depriving him of his scalp. He twisted his hand in the locks which adorned the cranium of his adversary, when—horror of horrors!—the treacherous wig came off in his hand, “Owgh! owgh!” exclaimed the affrighted savage, flinging it from him, and rushing from the court as if he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. His sudden exit was followed by peals of laughter from the crowd, while Mr. — coolly picked up his wig, and dryly remarked that it had saved his head.



ENCOUNTER WITH THE BANDITTI AND SMUGGLERS OF ANDALUSIA.



ORD PORCHESTER, in his Notes to the Poem of the Moor, gives the following account of a meeting with the famous banditti of Andalusia :

Hearing that a caravan was but a mile in advance, we galloped forward and joined it as it entered the forest. We soon afterwards heard a cry of robbers, and were shown three men in the wood, leaning on their guns, whom our companions recognised as forming members of the great banditti, whose numbers, I suspect, had been much exaggerated. Protected by the caravan, I felt some curiosity to see the highwayman of Andalusia ; who, like the *legitimate* smuggler, was distinguished by a particular dress, was mounted on the high-necked horse of the country, and had some redeeming points in his character ; he was seldom known to commit murder, or inflict any personal outrage, except in cases of continued resistance ; and affected, in the full exercise of his vocation, a lofty courtesy of manner, and a contempt for sordid details : but these men were not mounted, and were not remarkable for any peculiarity of appearance.

We crossed the Xenil, and arrived with the caravan, as night set in, at the Posada of Benamegi, where we collected, as usual, round the great fire. As we retired to our apartment, we offered our companions some wine, which they received with haughty reluctance, and were not satisfied till we had pledged them in their cup and broken their bread; but they afterwards came to our room, shook hands warmly with us, and entreated us to join their party on the next morning. On the following day, Pusey and myself left Benamegi at an early hour. The mountains of Ruti and Priego rose magnificently before us, and rested in the bright beams of the morning: we passed along some very craggy paths, and arrived about the middle of the day at Lucena. We found the inn crowded with smugglers, who conversed freely with us, and sold their goods without any affectation of concealment: their dress was handsome and their manner civil, which was not invariably the case at that period. Before the revolution, the Spanish smugglers formed a distinct class, that retained, with much originality of character, certain defined principles, and an established code of honour, upon which they professed to act. By this code, all robbery except the plunder of the revenue was highly censured, unless it took place under very peculiar circumstances. In traversing the country, they discharged their daily reckonings with exactness, and often with generosity; and, in spite of their illicit occupations, showed the most incorruptible fidelity towards persons who placed themselves under their protection or relied on their honour. Such principles were recognised, if not acted upon, by every individual who

became a member of the fraternity ; and continued, more or less, in force, while the number remained limited ; but when the change that was operated in the commercial policy of Spain had given a violent stimulus to the illicit trade, a new class of smugglers suddenly arose, unformed by previous habits, and solely created by the demand for foreign merchandise ; which, in consequence of the new regulations, could no longer be supplied by the regular channels. This new class had no restraining points of pride, and becoming alternately smuggler and robber, they plundered the revenue, and oppressed the people ; but a marked distinction existed in the public mind, and a bitter feud prevailed between the old and the new race.



MEETING AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTHERN OCEAN.



THE following account of a meeting with a gigantic iceberg in the Arctic sea, is given by the author of "Two years before the Mast :"

At twelve o'clock we went below ; and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. " Where away, cook ?" asked the first man who was up. " On the larboard bow." And there lay floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and one of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light ; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give

any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and, really, the sublimity of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a high crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long regular heaving of the stupendous mass as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight. . . . No pencil has ever yet given any thing like the true effect

of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge uncouth masses stuck in the sea ; while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg ; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.



addition to the coachman and ourselves,) we had not the least apprehension, he very reluctantly allowed us to proceed on our way to the town, where we arrived without the slightest accident,—although, at a turning in the road, as we came full upon it, we could not forbear detaining the carriage eight or ten minutes, to gaze once more upon the old patriarch, Elborooz, shining in the clear moonlight, his whole appearance being rendered, if possible, more majestic and imposing at this time than by day.

The principal of the five mountains from which the town of Piatigorsk takes its name, is the “Maschouka,” about five and twenty or thirty yards up the ascent of which is the mouth of a gouffre, or cavern, possessed of a reputation by no means the most favourable with the whole of the neighbouring population, whether Russian, Circassian, Cossack, or Tartar, it being known by the ominous cognomen of the “Sheitan Munzilee,” a word in the latter language signifying the Devil’s abode. Several of my Russian friends had long thought of the possibility of exploring it; and it was at length proposed by Captain V—— to the Count de L——, a nobleman of illustrious family, an officer of chasseurs, and myself to make the attempt. Accordingly, having devoted some days for the purpose of more minutely surveying the gouffre, and making the requisite arrangements on the 27th July, the latter being completed, we resolved to undertake the adventure, and accompanied by the Prince de G——, and several other friends, proceeded to the spot.

The entrance of the cavern formed a circumference of about fifty feet, while its perpendicular descent, we were

afterwards led to believe, varying from three hundred to three hundred and twenty, and occasionally narrowing and increasing in width, offered no impediment in its course downwards to the bottom, which we could observe formed a sheet of water apparently covering the whole. Having constructed a platform on the edge, surmounted with two thick poles and a traverse beam, a strong coil of rope was rove through a pulley in the centre of the latter to the end of which was attached a stick, which, placed between the legs, would form a support in the descent.

In some measure to ascertain the depth of the water, we disengaged a heavy fragment of rock, and let it fall—a heavy, sullen plunge succeeded, evidently betokening the water to be of some depth. We now commenced our preparations, and having cast lots to decide who should commence, it fell upon Count de L—. To guard against the possibility of meeting any troublesome occupants, who might be disposed to resent this sudden and unexpected invasion of their subterranean abode, each took the precaution of being provided with pistols, and the formidable Circassian kummur,* or short sword.

* The Circassians carry two swords, the one, a long, straight sabre, being much the same description of blade as that carried in our regiments of light cavalry, and is chiefly used when on horseback; the other in length, make, and breadth closely resembling the old Roman sword, which, indeed, many antiquaries suppose to be altogether the same. The last is slung in their girdle toward the left side, and in their close conflicts with the Russian infantry, is the weapon most particularly dreaded, from the dexterity with which it is wielded, one single stroke sufficing in general to sever the limb it encounters, while from the stab it inflicts recovery is almost utterly hopeless.

All being ready, a small but strong raft, with a couple of paddles, was lowered down, and the Count taking a pistol from his belt to be held in readiness, quickly followed; it was a nervous spectacle, but after some minutes of suspense, we had the satisfaction of seeing the gallant nobleman reach the platform in safety.

It was now my turn,—I had commenced the descent, and was about a third of the way down, when an incident occurred which had well nigh left me the task of adorning instead of telling a tale, and which arose from one of the three Russian soldiers who had charge of the rope venturing to look over the ledge, when, terrified at the fancied peril of my situation, or rendered giddy by gazing from the height, he fell back upon his companions, to whom he appeared to communicate his own terrors, when they all at once let slip the rope, which spun through the block with tremendous velocity. I shouted at the utmost pitch of my voice, but fortunately my friend V—— perceived the danger, and springing forward, seized hold of the cord, and by his voice and example brought the men to their senses. I was thus fortunately enabled to reach the bottom in safety.

It required but two minutes, as soon as we could distinctly discern what was around us, to perceive that our adventure scarce repaid the risk we had encountered, and was here terminated; as, on being joined by V——, and having ferried round the entire circumference, no further signs of any outlet appeared visible, the sides being a mass of solid rock, while the only inhabitants were a myriad of bats, and some half a



CIRCASSIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

dosen owls, the latter of whom seemed to view our unexpected intrusion with an air of offended dignity and indignation. The water was as bright and clear as crystal, and seemed so equally impregnated with sulphur and salt, that neither of us could determine which of these minerals seemed most to predominate.

After passing about a quarter of an hour in our subterranean abode, we made the signal to be drawn up; and thus terminated our adventure, the news of which, I know not why, but, in all probability, from the exaggerated description of the dangers attending it, caused a considerable sensation among all classes at the time; so much so, that on its reaching the ears of the commander-in-chief, the considerate and highly distinguished General Grabbè, to guard against any other person attempting it a second time, he sent peremptory orders for all our apparatus for effecting it to be destroyed, and forbidding any similar construction for such a purpose in future.

A party of ten or twelve of us were out enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and carried away by the ardour of the sport, we felt but little disposed to listen to the remonstrances of one or two of the more prudent among our number, who more than once reminded us we had got far beyond the Russian line, and were full ten or twelve versts in the enemy's country. On we went, however, scampering through the rich valleys, and up and down the various hills, till after several hours, our horses being pretty well jaded, and ourselves rendered extremely hungry, we halted for some time at a small grove, on the brow of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the superb scenery in our front, which, occa-

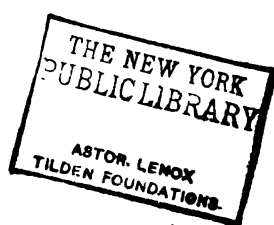
sionally broken in upon by knots of trees, and rising, undulating mounds, seemed one continued carpet of green verdure.

In the course of half an hour some of the party were again mounted, others were engaged in tightening their girths, while some had not even yet finished the more important duties in which their masticatory organs were still employed, when two or three of the former, who had ridden half-way down, and were gazing on the scene before them, all at once wheeled their horses round, and with considerable dismay painted in their countenances, and calling out, *au grand galop, les montagnards*, darted down the opposite side of the hill, in which they were quickly followed by all the rest, with the exception of L——i and myself, the delay on my part being occasioned, in the first place, by my very imperfectly understanding what had been the cause of this sudden confusion; and again, being at the same moment occupied in arranging the saddle girths, while the attention of my companion was more seriously bent upon a large sandwich, and a pint bottle of Champagne, in the diligent discussion of which he was employed at the time.

Our delay seemed to cause considerable impatience, and not a few execrations on the part of our companions, who of course, could not leave us behind, and one of them, a short, stout, corpulent, elderly gentleman, immediately rode back, and darting an angry glance at me, bitterly reproached my companion for his hair-brained folly, in thus hazarding the lives of the whole party by his dilatory supineness. We, however, soon mounted, and on rejoining the party, and inquiring



▲ COSSACK.



into the cause of this sudden confusion, were at once informed, that about three or four hundred yards immediately in our front, twelve or fifteen men were observed stealthily gliding from one cluster of underwood to another.

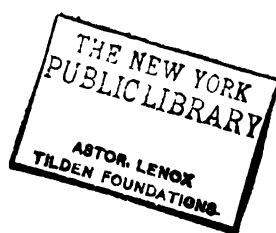
All were now turned for instant flight, when, raising my voice, I pointed out the consequences of such an ill-advised measure, since, if the persons who had been seen possessed any hostile intention, they would soon overtake us, their horses being much fresher than ours, and their numbers, in all probability, ten times as numerous; that from the greater part of us wearing the costume of the country, it was impossible at that distance, for them to ascertain whether we were a party of Cossacks of the Line, or a detachment from their own body, but that the slightest signs of flight on our part, would at once determine our real character, and give the signal for an immediate pursuit. I further suggested, that our best course of proceeding would be to descend to the valley at the foot of the hill, which, by an even, though circuitous course, led direct to the town and post of Kislavosk, and which would sometimes expose us to, but more generally exclude us from the view of our opponents, between whom and ourselves, by moving along at a slow trot, we should then place some distance, without blowing our horses, should they feel inclined to pursue; till, having fairly got a good start, and successive hills having wholly closed all sight of us from those in our rear, we could then ply whip and spur, and try who could soonest verify the old proverb of, "devil take the hindmost."

This advice, which was warmly seconded by L——i

and several others, was finally agreed to, and we commenced our retreat, not without sundry misgivings, and frequent turnings of the head over the shoulder from the whole party; when, having gained our vantage ground without any pursuit or molestation, off we started flying like the wind, keeping, as the old saying has it, "one spur in, and the other never out;" the whole bringing most forcibly to my remembrance an exactly similar scene that had occurred once in life to me before, in which a part of the force I belonged to, having succeeded in getting into an ambuscade, those possessed of swift horses, strong arms, and good luck, succeeded in clearing their way through, the survivors merely leaving three-fourths of their original number behind them.

Better fortune, however, attended us this time, as we reached Kislavosk without the slightest danger, except what resulted from the various mountain streams which crossed us in our flight, and which, in some places of great depth, and running with extreme violence, were not passed without some hazard, though so admirably trained were our gallant chargers, that no other inconvenience was the result, than an occasional cold bath to our lower extremities, reaching, however, at times up to the breast.





and at the close, drawing himself up, made some remark in Kurdish to the crowd who had gathered about the entrance. The meaning of course I could not understand, but the tone and expression of face which accompanied it, showed that it was of a bold character. The bonyouroultou, however, had its desired effect. The Bey added in Turkish that I must be provided for, and looking round upon the crowd who thronged the entrance, added, "We must assign him to some one who is able to show him proper attention;" and then, as his eye fell on the Armenian to whom I had brought the letter, "M——, will you receive him as a guest?" My Armenian, laying his hand upon his heart, professed himself all zeal to comply with the wishes of the Bey, and turning to me with an equivocal smile of welcome, requested me to follow him. I did so, with a secret feeling of vexation at being thus unceremoniously thrust upon his reluctant hospitality, but I endeavoured to console myself with the thought that I was an instrument of justice to punish him for his parsimony. When we had arrived at his house, he conducted me to a balcony looking out upon a garden, and shaded with magnificent fruit trees. Here carpets and cushions were spread for us, and we were invited to repose. The motive for forgetfulness being now removed, my host's memory suddenly revived, and I delivered him the letter which I had brought for him. Though an Armenian, he could not read it himself, but, with the aid of his son, contrived to make out a lame interpretation, which gratified him so much that he afterwards showed the letter to all his friends.

"In the evening another Armenian, the banker of

the Bey, came in to make our acquaintance. He welcomed us to Bitlis with the warmest cordiality, lavished upon us compliments in overwhelming profusion, made the most unbounded offer of his services, and concluded by insisting upon our being his guests on the morrow. I hardly knew to what to attribute this profuse kindness, and I was very grateful to meet with so warm a friend, and began to feel quite at home. The next morning he called again, but, alas, how changed! There was no welcome, no compliment, and the invitation for the day seemed entirely forgotten. The melancholy truth at last came out, that our new friend had come to us the evening before from the midst of his nightly potations, and it was under their influence that he had made all the fair speeches which the soberness of the morning had dissipated.



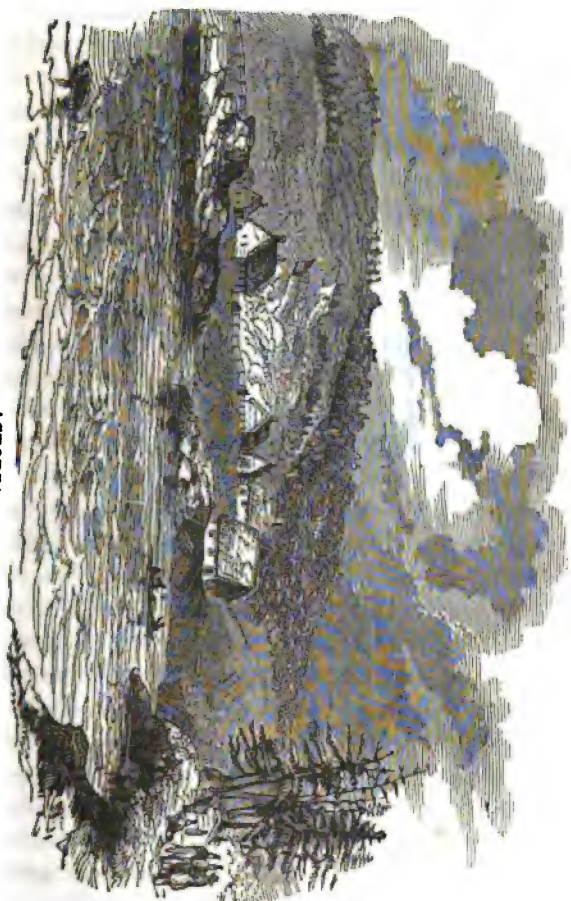
A GEORGIAN WOMAN.

ADVENTURES IN OREGON.



OREGON is rapidly rising in wealth, and population. Astoria is now only one among many settlements in that region. The vast resources of the territory are being gradually developed, and people are attracted from all quarters to settle within its limits. Every branch of industry may have extensive cultivation there. The territory abounds in fertile valleys, and numerous mines have been discovered. Upon the extensive coast, are many fine harbours, upon which cities with extensive commerce will, no doubt be founded. Among the recent adventurers in this region, was the Rev. Gustavus Hines, a zealous missionary, who made many interesting observations upon the character of the territory and its inhabitants, and met with some singular adventures. As an illustration of the nature of his career in the wilderness, we quote his account of a tour in the valley of the Umpqua :

We prepared to continue our exploring tour farther into the interior, and up the valley of the Umpqua river. Through the assistance of Mr. Goinea, we procured an Indian guide of the Umpqua tribe, whom the



ASTORIA.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

French had designated by the name of "We-We," and who well understood the jargon of the country, and could officiate as our interpreter. The forenoon of Friday was spent in finding our horses, and preparing our pack. All being ready, betwixt twelve and one o'clock we started, with our guide in advance. Passing over a number of high hills, and fording the Umpqua three times, where the bottom was very rocky and the water up to our horses' backs, we encamped at night on the bank of a small rivulet, under the shelter of a grove of fir. We had travelled about twenty miles. The country traversed that day, though mountainous, is tolerably well adapted to grazing purposes, the land on the hills, and in many of the valleys, being covered with a spontaneous growth of the most nutritious grass. The timber grows less and less abundant as we proceed up the river; some of the fir trees, however, are most magnificent. We measured one with our lasso as high as we could reach, and found it to be thirty-six feet in circumference. We judged it to be three hundred feet high. In the lowest valleys next the streams, grows a kind of timber, the like of which I have never seen in any other country. It appears to be of the laurel family, and is so strongly scented, that the air in the groves where it is found, is strongly impregnated with its aromatic odours. The elk abound in this country, and afford a fruitful source whence the Indians derive a subsistence. No Indians appeared during the first day.

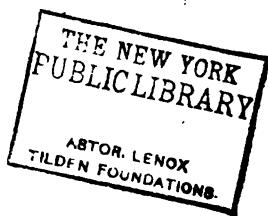
Saturday, 29th. Continued our toilsome way over mountains, and through valleys similar to those already described, and at noon arrived at the head quarters of

that portion of the Indians of this valley, distinguished by the name of the river. Here the head chief of the Umpquas has fixed a temporary abode, and here one of those circumstances recently transpired, which, though of common occurrence in heathen countries, where the vicious propensities of depraved human nature are permitted to revel uncontrolled, are sufficient to freeze the heart's blood, even to contemplate at a distance. It is as follows: A report came to the ears of the chief of the Umpquas, that his wife had been guilty of infidelity towards her husband. This so enraged him, that, without knowing whether the report was true or false, he seized his musket, and went directly to the lodge where his wife was sitting, and deliberately shot her through the heart.

Soon after our arrival on the side of the river opposite to the village, this chief, with the few men that were with him, came over to see us. He delivered a long speech, which was interpreted to us by "We-We," in making which, one of his first objects seemed to be to justify the murder of his wife, and then to express his gratitude that Christian teachers had come among them. While he was haranguing us, my attention was caught away from his speech by a terrible burst of heathen passions, which took place on the other side of the river, among the lodges. In the absence of the men, the women had a regular fight, scratching and biting one another, and tearing each other's hair, and squalling most frightfully. So tremendous was the explosion that even the chief paused in the midst of his address, and significantly remarked, "*our women are hias masicha*;" (very bad.) Such were the indications



INDIAN HUNTING THE ELK.



here, that we came to the conclusion that the sooner we were out of the place the better it would be for us, and so soon as we had taken a little refreshment from our scanty stores, we told our guide that we were ready to proceed; but he positively refused to go any farther that day, saying that it would be using his people very ill, and that the chief would be very angry with us, if we did not stop and sleep with them one night. The contention became quite warm, and we began to consider ourselves in rather critical circumstances. If abandoned by our guide, it was extremely doubtful whether we could find our way back to the fort, or forward to the great valley of the Umpqua. The whole country was rough and mountainous, and there was no visible trail but a small portion of the way.

But with all these difficulties, we showed that we were fixed in our resolutions to leave this suspicious horde of savages before darkness could favour them in the execution of any treacherous designs which they might entertain towards us. Discovering that we were ready to mount our horses, We-We became more pliable, and said that he would proceed with us, on condition that we would pay him an extra shirt, we having at first given him a shirt and a pair of pantaloons. Mr. Lee said he would give him no more, but, to get rid of the difficulty, I told We-We that if he would go, I would give him the additional shirt so soon as we should reach the great valley. Turning to his people, We-We addressed them a few words in the Umpqua language, and then told us he was ready to go. Accordingly, we left this group of wretched beings about three o'clock, P. M., and galloped swiftly over a little

plain towards a high mountain. Three hours' hard labour in ascending and descending, brought us to the foot of the mountain on the opposite side, and passing through a dense thicket, we found ourselves again on the bank of the river. We-We brought out a well known Indian "whoop," and was answered by another Indian, just below us, on the river. Immediately four Indians came in sight, with a canoe, and We-We told us that we had better unpack our horses, and put all our things in a canoe to be taken up the river, a few miles beyond a place where the pass was very rocky, narrow, and dangerous. But the strange conduct of the Indians we had left, had excited our suspicions; and supposing that those in the canoe were some of the same party whom We-We had, perhaps, caused to come up the river for no good purpose, we resolved to keep what we had under our own eye as long as we could. We told the guide that we should keep our things on our horses' backs. We-We hung his head, and told us we would be sorry for it before we got through. We proceeded, but found it as We-We had forewarned us. Our trail lay along a frightful precipice which towered far above us, and extended far below us, and in some places was so narrow and broken that a miss-step would have precipitated us headlong on the rocks below, or into the rushing waters of the Umpqua. In one instance my own horse fell from ten to fifteen feet down the rocks, but at length succeeded in gaining the trail without receiving much injury.

But we were not destined to make the pass, without considerable difficulty. In passing the last dangerous

point, "old Pomp," our pack horse, lost his footing, and rolling down a rocky steep of some thirty feet, went backwards into the Umpqua river. We had fastened around his neck a long lasso, and the end of it remaining on shore, we succeeded, by drawing it around a tree, in raising and keeping his head above the water until We-We had relieved him of his pack. While We-We was at work among the rocks, where the water was up to his neck, trying to relieve the horse of his burden, he told us that we might have saved ourselves that difficulty, if we had trusted to the honesty of an Indian; and we ourselves began to suspect that our fears had been quite groundless. It required our utmost efforts to keep the horse from drowning; but after we had relieved him of his load, he managed himself a little better, and finding a place which was not quite so steep as the one where he entered the river, we succeeded, at that point, in getting him on the rocky shore. All our bedding, provisions, &c., were thoroughly soaked; but gathering up what was not spoiled, and putting some on the horses, and carrying some on our own shoulders, we started on, being informed by the guide, that it was not far to a fine prairie. Night began to set in, and as we left the scene of our disaster, we entered a dense forest of fir, and the gloom continued to thicken around us until we were enveloped in total darkness. We were leading our animals by the bridle, and feeling our way among the trees, in the midst of darkness, so dense that it was impossible to see a white horse, though within a foot of one's nose, when we became so entangled among the logs, ravines, and brush, that we found it was im-

possible to go either forwards or backwards, to the right or to the left, and colloquising a little through the darkness, we came to the conclusion to tie our horses to the trees, and make the best of the night we could. Having a few matches in my pocket, and the leaves and limbs under my feet being perfectly dry, I soon had the forest illuminated, and then was disclosed to our view a most horrible place. We sought for a spot on which to sleep, but could find none level and large enough to stretch ourselves upon. We must either bend over the top of a knoll, or double up in a ravine, or remain in a sitting or standing posture. We preferred the second, so wrapping ourselves in our wet blankets and rolling into a hollow, we *tried* to compose ourselves to sleep; but the cracking of limbs by the tramp of our horses, the howling of wolves, and the screech of an owl, frequently disturbed our repose. The morning sun, however, enabled us so to adjust our rather disarranged affairs that we could, quite comfortably, prosecute our journey. Next day was Sabbath, but we could not remain where we were, and we proceeded on a few miles, and came to a band of about thirty of the Umpquas, with whom we tarried for several hours. They behaved themselves quite orderly, and were anxious to render us all the assistance in their power. We preached the gospel to them as well as we were able, and they said they wanted very much to have a missionary come among them. Not desiring to sleep in the vicinity of their lodge, we made signs of wishing to leave, and the old men came around us, of whom there were several, and patting us on the shoulders, seemed to express great attachment. But

we concluded that their love was not so ardent as to render it desirable, on our part, to stop with them over night, and, as our provision was growing scarce, we decided to set our faces towards the Wallamette valley. Gathering up the wreck of our pack, we again mounted, and travelling about twelve miles, encamped on the bank of a beautiful rivulet which is one of the tributaries of the Umpqua. We travelled during the whole day the distance of twenty-five miles, over as fine a country as can be found in any part of the world. An agreeable variety of hills, plains, and groves of pine, fir, and oak, constituted scenery of the most picturesque beauty, and the eye was never weary in gazing upon the ever varying picture. In addition to this, the soil is good, the grass abundant, and the country well watered; but as we proceeded up the valley of the Umpqua, the timber became scarce. A few pines on the hills, with a few scattering oak, are the principal kinds. Though the country is now destitute of inhabitants, except the wild beasts, and a few savages as wild as they, yet the day is not far distant, when it will be teeming with a civilized and Christian people.

The Indians inhabiting the Umpqua valley, from the Pacific ocean one hundred miles into the interior, are very few. All that we could find, or get any satisfactory evidence as now in existence, did not exceed three hundred and seventy-five souls. These live in several different clans, and speak two distinct languages. They would be favourable towards the establishment of a mission in their country, but seem to think that the greatest benefit it would confer on them, would be to enable them to sell their beaver and deer

skins for a higher price. Temporal good is the sole object they would have in view. The most of them residing as they do on the coast, are almost inaccessible, and the establishment and support of a mission among them, would be attended with immense expense. The best information we could obtain, from the Indians and others, led us to the conclusion that the time doubtless has been when the Indians of this valley were vastly more numerous than at present. The Umpqua tribe, but a few years ago numbering several hundred, by disease and their family wars has been reduced to less than seventy-five souls. Under the impression that the doom of extinction is suspended over this wretched race, and that the hand of Providence is removing them to give place to a people more worthy of this beautiful and fertile country, we arrived at the place of our encampment, and found ourselves again on the great California trail.

Having fulfilled his engagement in bringing us around to this trail, our guide left us to return to his people.

Monday, September 1st. We quickened our pace through a country well adapted to agricultural purposes, and abounding in every variety of scenery ; and at noon, having travelled twenty-five miles, we stopped for dinner on Elk river, at the place where, on going out, we left the California trail. In the afternoon, we again passed over the Elk mountain, and found that the fire was still raging with increasing violence. A vast quantity of the large fir and cedar timber, had been burned down, and in some places the trail was so blockaded with fallen trees, that it was almost impos-

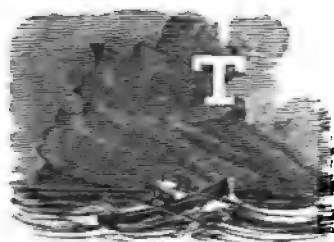
sible to proceed; while now and then we passed a giant cedar, or a mammoth fir, through whose trunk the fire had made a passage, and was still flaming like an oven. Every few moments these majestic spars would come "cracking, crashing, and thundering" to the ground; but while the fire was thus robbing the mountain of its glory, we pushed on over its desolated ridges, and at sun-down arrived on a little prairie at its base, where we made our encampment. Several times during the night we were awakened by the crash of the falling timber, on the mountain, which sometimes produced a noise similar to that of distant thunder.

Tuesday, 2d. Homeward bound, at noon we arrived at the Wallamette valley, where, according to engagement, we met the Callapooah chief. He had collected about sixty of his people, and said that he had about forty more. We remained with them four hours, and endeavoured to preach to them "Jesus and the resurrection." Many of them were sick, and they appeared wretched beyond description. Our bowels of compassion yearned over them, but it was not in our power to help them. Commending them to God, at four, P. M., we pursued our way; but finding no water, we did not camp till eleven o'clock at night. We were then obliged to strip our horses on the open prairie, and turn them loose without water, and lay ourselves down upon our blankets with our lips parched with thirst. Next morning, however, we found ourselves, like Hagar in the desert, within a short distance of good water. Here I roasted a duck for our breakfast, which the Callapooah chief had given us, and which we ate with neither bread nor

sauce ; but a cup of coffee, that "*sine qua non*" for prairie travelling, washed it down, and on the strength of it, we travelled forty miles, during the day, over a country of surpassing loveliness, on account of its enchanting scenery and amazing fertility. Surely, thought I, infinite skill has here been employed, in fitting up a country which requires nothing more than a population under the influence of the religion of Christ, to render it a perfect paradise. The last night we encamped within fifteen miles of our families and friends, and the next day, Thursday, the 4th, we arrived at home in safety, but found our families all prostrate with the ague and fever. Having been constantly in healthy exercise in our absence, we returned in the enjoyment of good health, and were consequently able to render ourselves useful in taking care of the sick.



TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



THE dangers which travellers are often compelled to encounter while journeying upon land shrink into trifles when compared with those attending voyages upon the sea. There, all the

precautions of man are most liable to be unavailing. The largest vessel is but a chip upon the mighty ocean when it is lashed to fury in a storm.

The loss of the barque Francis Spaight at the Cape of Good Hope was one of many such fearful events. The vessel had just arrived in Table Bay, when on the morning of the 7th of January, 1848, a tremendous storm arose. She parted her anchors, and in attempting to beat out, grounded, broadside at the beach. The surf made a complete breach over the vessel, carrying away the bulwark, long boat, main hatch, and part of the deck, with one of the crew.

The inhabitants of Cape Town, anxious for the fate of the vessel, hurried to the beach. At first they attempted to send a rope from the land to the wreck,

Geneva, where there is so magnificent a view of that mountain and its fellows. As Mademoiselle d'Angeville is not rich, it took her several years to save the sum requisite for the enterprise, and then she said to herself, "I will now accomplish it."

In the first days of September, she proceeded from Geneva to Chamouni. There, at the "Union," she immediately made known her intention. Every one and the guides themselves, joined in remonstrating with and dissuading her. Regardless of all representations, she persisted in her purpose. The-guides, therefore, were at length forced to relinquish their opposition, and to enter into negotiation with the adventurous lady. She engaged Joseph Coutet, who had been already seven times on Mont Blanc as chief of the guides, hired five others and two porters; so that the party consisted altogether of nine persons.

The 8d of September, as a serene sky and a cool air announced a fine day, the necessary implements and provisions were collected, and preparations made for starting. Over thick trowsers the lady put on a woman's gown of coarse woolen stuff, and over that a goatskin cloak, such as is commonly worn by the girls at the *chalets* on the Alps in the vicinity, a fur hood coming far over the face, and upon it a large straw hat, without green veil or green spectacles. She had besides, stout shoes, and the indispensable Alpine stick, mounted with chamois' horn.

Without difficulty or inconvenience, the spirited traveller passed the Torrent de Mimont, the Pierre de l'Echelle, the splendid glacier of Bossons, and the obelisk-like rocks of the Grands Mulets, where she col-

lected plants, and wrote short notes as memorials of the spot to her friends and relations. Here a glorious night awaited her. Flooded by the light of a full moon, the vast fields of snow above, and the sparkling glaciers below her, produced a surprising effect, which was heightened by the avalanches that descended, crashing and thundering from the Dent du Midi past the foot of the rock below.

The magnificence of the scene allowed her not a moment's sleep, though she felt quite well. She observed in the moonlight, how Munier, one of her porters, had composed himself to sleep on a narrow ridge of rock, in such a manner that either leg hung down over a tremendous abyss, into which he must have fallen on the slightest movement. She stepped softly to him and awakened him: he eyed her at first in amazement, and then, smiling, quieted her with the assurance that he should be very glad if he could always find so good a bed in his mountain excursions.

About three o'clock the party pursued their route. The guides had previously made a hearty breakfast; but Mademoiselle d'Angeville, having no appetite, contented herself with five dried plums and snow, and she took nothing but this frugal meal between Chamouni and the summit of Mont Blanc, for it was not till she reached that point that she felt any inclination for eating. While the guides were breakfasting, she changed her dress in the tent, putting on thick, warm, man's apparel, instead of the woman's gown, which was an obstruction to her.

Continuing her journey, Mademoiselle d'Angeville crossed the Tacconnaz glacier, the Petites Montees, the

Petit Plateau, the Grandes Montess, and the Grand Plateau, with an ease that filled all her guides with astonishment, and occasioned the repeated remark that they had seldom seen a man walk, climb, and leap over abysses, with such firmness, safety, and resolution. Owing to her experience in climbing mountains, she found no difficulty in the ascent of Mont Blanc as far as Mur de la Côte; and she is surprised at all preceding travellers, who have described it as so formidable, and represented it as being attended with such terrific circumstances, which she considers the more incomprehensible, inasmuch as the traveller is always held by a strong rope tied round the body, or steps upon poles held in form of a bridge between two of the guides, so that real danger is quite out of the question.

It was not till she had passed the Petits Mulets that Mademoiselle d'Angeville began to be fatigued, and her weariness increased the nearer she came to the Mur de la Côte. This is the last but likewise the most difficult acclivity, on account of its slope of from eighty to eighty-two degrees, that you have to climb before you reach the top of Mont Blanc. It is true that all the guides had begun to flag excepting the chief, who always went on before her, and with his little axe had cut broad steps in the frozen snow. Had there been a telescope in Geneva that would enable the observer to distinguish persons at the distance of fourteen leagues, one might have watched Mademoiselle d'Angeville climbing the sharp eastern border of the Calotte, and seen how her motions gradually became slower, and indicated more and more exhaustion, and how she sat down every fifty paces to rest and to take

breath. The otherwise lively and courageous traveller was now seized with an increasing despondency, accompanied by a painful oppression of the chest, and a feeling as if molten lead was circulating in her veins. She assured me herself, that she had mustered and exerted all the energies of her mind, that she might not lose all courage for proceeding further. This state she calls an *agony*. Several times she sank down in spite of herself, and in one of these moments—incapable of uttering a word—she heard her conductor say, “*Jamais je ne menerai plus de femme sur le Mont Blanc.*”

To facilitate her progress, Coulet pulled by a rope fastened round her waist; and, but for this assistance, she would probably not have had strength to reach the summit. When she afterwards rallied him on his ungallant expression, he replied that her situation, owing to the extreme tension of the nerves and muscles at that height, was such as to threaten death; that her face was quite distorted, like that of a person who has expired in convulsions; and that he was every moment afraid lest he should see her drop down dead. Fortunately, with his assistance, her strength just sufficed to reach the top, after inexpressible exertions, on Tuesday, the 4th of September, at fifty-five minutes past twelve o'clock.

The moment the air of the summit entered her lungs, she felt cured and invigorated—just the reverse of all the male ascenders of Mont Blanc, who were always weak and relaxed on the top. Not only did her bodily ailments forsake her, but she felt as it were incorporeal, all spirit, and all gaiety. The female who the day before had been so concerned about her modesty

was here transformed into a thoroughly natural and joyous creature: for, when the chief guide remarked that he had a right to a kiss on that spot, she made no resistance, but laughingly presented her cheek for the salute.

After the salute, Coutet, who had before been very grave, grew extremely gallant, and said to Mademoiselle d'Angeville, "Il faut qu'en revanche Mademoiselle monte plus haut que la cime du Mont Blanc, et qui n'est encore arrivé à personne."

At a signal from him, all the other guides lent a hand, and fairly lifted the lady upwards of four feet above the surface of the snow. After this supplementary ascent, the provisions were unpacked, especially as the lady had recovered her appetite where all other travellers lose theirs. She ate with great relish, and, as a loyal Frenchwoman, drank a glass of champagne to the health of the Count de Paris. Immediately afterwards she fell to work upon her correspondence, and wrote four or five short letters to her relatives and friends in Geneva and its environs, as Napoleon formerly dated decrees from the Kremlin. In this there was to be sure something of affectation. The short time that she passed here she might have employed to better purpose than in writing letters; for now she had but a very brief interval for examining the prospect in all its parts. It was not till she had finished her correspondence that she directed her attention to the view, favoured by a perfectly clear and serene sky, such as few have met with on Mont Blanc.

Here then stood Mademoiselle d'Angeville, upon a lofty island, amidst an ocean of immense mountain

waves. Overlooking the mighty chains of the Catin, Grajan, Pennine, and Lepontine Alps, and the Alps of Glarus, Uri, Unterwalden, and Berne, which lay at her feet, like huge dragons, with scales, horns, and teeth, she must have been amply compensated for what she did not see, for the view which other travellers profess to have obtained of Milan, the Mediterranean, Venice, and the Adriatic Sea. She declared that she could not discover the slightest trace of any of these objects, notwithstanding the sharpness of her sight, and the serenity of the atmosphere, since at this distance, even with a good telescope, the whole scene is blended into an undefined mass, of an ash-gray. On this point, however, we shall not insist. With rapid and practised hand she made several sketches, and was only prevented from taking more by a cold of 8° Reaumur. What other travellers relate concerning great debility, sleepiness, disposition to vomit, bleeding at the nose, pain in the eyes, faintness of sounds, &c. she did not find confirmed by her own experience. In short, Mont Blanc appeared to her in many respects totally different from what it had done to preceding travellers.

After a stay of fifty minutes she commenced her descent, which was performed without accident, and of course more rapidly than the ascent. That meteorological influence on feminine delicacy to which we have alluded, still continued to prevail in all its force, for Mademoiselle d'Angeville made no scruple to glide down over the mirror-like surface of the snow in the same manner as male travellers, that is to say seated, the guide sitting between her legs, of which he took

fast hold. Within half an hour after they had left the top it was enveloped in a dense fog, which did not clear away for above a week.

It is a remarkable circumstance that two other successful attempts to ascend Mont Blanc were made at the same time with Mademoiselle d'Angeville's. M. Stoppe, of Posen, with six guides, and M. Eisenkrämer, the landlord of the Union, at Chamouni, with his guides and porters, started shortly after her, passed the night not far from the lady, on the Grands Mulets, and reached the summit of the mountain very soon after her. Thus there were for a moment twenty-four persons at once on the top of Mont Blanc. Stoppe and Eisenkrämer congratulated the lady on her successful ascent, but stayed on the summit a much shorter time than she did, and saw scarcely any thing, for they left it again in five minutes, as though they had come merely for the sake of saying that they had been there.

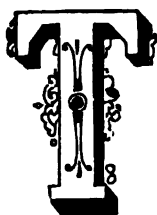
In a few hours Mademoiselle d'Angeville had passed the places which it had cost such labour to ascend, and reached the station of the Grands Mulets. The days were too short, and the lady too much fatigued, for her to think of returning the same day to Chamouni, as Eisenkrämer did, after resting a while on the rock. She again passed the night there, made several sketches in the morning, and arrived about noon at Chamouni, where she was received with great rejoicing, with songs, and the firing of guns, both by natives and foreigners. She dined at the *table d'hôte* of the Union. On the following day she gave the guides their usual treat, which had a peculiar interest. At the head of the

table sat Marie de Mont Blanc, no longer handsome and blooming, but lively and full of spirits, and who even drank so freely at the dessert that her tongue became very loud. Mademoiselle d'Angeville, the other female ascender of Mont Blanc, was seated at the lower end of the table, and did the honours in the genuine French style.



MONT BLANC.

LOSS OF THE VRYHEID.

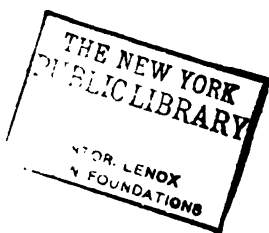


THE ship Vryheid, of whose wreck we are about to give an account, was in a very decayed state when she was purchased from the British East India Company, by some Dutch merchants, who repaired her in a tolerable manner, and sold her to the Dutch government. The vessel was equipped to carry troops and stores to Batavia. On the morning of November 1, 1802, she set sail from the Texel, a port on the coast of Holland, with a fair wind. Early on the following day, a gale arose in an adverse direction. The captain of the Vryheid immediately had the top-gallant masts and yards struck, to make her ride more easily; but, as the day advanced, the force of the gale increased, and the crew strove in vain to manage the ship. There were a number of women and children, passengers on board, and as the ship was driven on by the furious blast, their state was truly heart-rending.

About the middle of the afternoon, the mainmast fell overboard, sweeping several of the crew into the sea, and severely injuring four or five more. The vessel was then so near the coast of Kent, England, that ob-



LOSS OF THE VRYHEID.



jects could be discerned on land, but the tremendous waves prevented the approach of aid. At length, the ship was brought to anchor in Hythe Bay, and for a few moments, hope cheered the breasts of those on board. Soon after, however, she was found to have sprung a leak, and while all hands were busy at the pumps, the storm came on with renewed fury. All that night the gale continued, and those on board the Vryheid were kept in a horrible state of suspense. About six o'clock the following morning, the ship parted from one of her largest anchors, and drifted on towards Dimchurch-wall, about three miles to the west of Hythe. The crew continued to fire guns, and hoist signals of distress. At daybreak, a pilot boat put off from Dover, and nearing the Vryheid, advised the captain to put back to Deal or Hythe, and wait for calmer weather. But the captain would not act on this recommendation; he thought the pilot boat exaggerated the danger, hoped the wind would abate as the day opened, and that he should avoid the demands of the Dover pilot or the Down fees, by not casting anchor there. No sooner had the pilot boat departed, than the commodore at Deal despatched two boats to endeavour to board the ship. The captain stubbornly refused to take any notice of them, and ordered the crew to let the vessel drive before the wind. This they did, till the ship ran so close in shore, that the captain himself saw the imminent danger, and twice attempted to put her about, but in vain. On the first of the projecting jetties of Dimchurchyard wall, the vessel struck. No pen can describe the horrors of the scene that ensued. The ship continued to beat on the

piles, the sea breaking over her with such violence that the pumps could no longer be worked. The foremast soon went over the side, carrying twelve seamen with it among the boiling waves. The rudder was unshipped, the tiller tore up the gun deck, and the water rushed in at the port-holes. At this dreadful moment, most of the passengers and crew joined in solemn prayer to the Almighty. The morning witnessed the complete destruction of the wreck. Numerous efforts were made to reach the shore by means of the boats, rafts and hogsheads. But out of 472 persons who, a few days before had sailed from Holland, only 18 escaped. These were well treated by the inhabitants of the coast. It was generally believed at the time that the vessel could have been saved, if the captain had not shut his ears against those who were competent to advise. The stubbornness of the commander has frequently proved fatal under such circumstances.





MANDAN BURYING-PLACE.

ADVENTURES UPON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

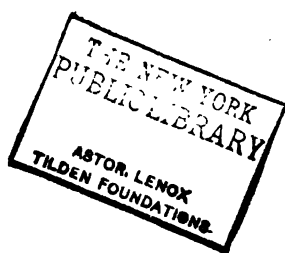


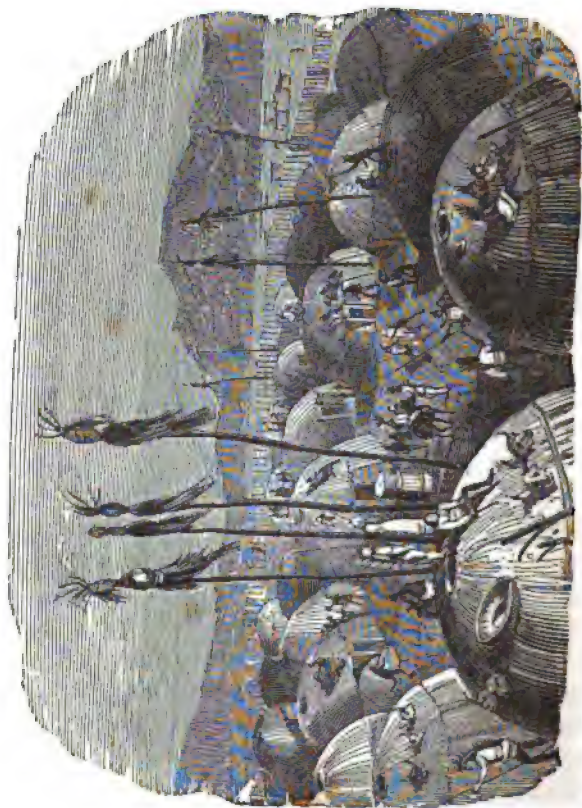
H E Missouri is a branch of that volume of waters, which, under the name of Mississippi, pours into the Gulf of Mexico. Its main stream and several important tributaries, flow for several hundreds of miles through tracts of prairie land chiefly inhabited by the Crow, Blackfeet, Assinaboins, and other tribes of Indians. In spite of numerous treaties between these tribes and the whites, a hostile feeling prevails, and the danger of travelling through the region is thereby much increased.

In 1837, a young man visited the most advanced post of the Upper Missouri, upon some business concerning the collection of peltries. After the conclusion of his service, an account of his adventures was anonymously published. From this, we make a few extracts, illustrating the mode of life and the perils to be met with in the wilds of the "far west:"

Our young friend proceeded to his place of duty by way of the Ohio, St. Louis, and Council Bluffs. Here he had to commence with his associates, a long land journey upon horseback. The horses which were to carry them, came with their baggage, from St. Louis, to the opposite side of the Missouri, there a quarter of a mile broad. "We had neither a canoe nor a boat to bring over the baggage; but this was a small matter in the Indian country. Two skins were soon fixed by some squaws, while we commenced and made a frame, which we covered and made a canoe of in less than an hour. Although it was pretty large, and could easily carry six men, a boy of fourteen might have carried it a whole day, without being fatigued. All the men and horses were got safely across. The party numbered thirty-one. When they stopped for the night, each man rolled himself in his blanket, took his saddle for a pillow, and lay down to rest beside a fire, unless the weather was rainy, in which case they raised a tent.

"Our road lay through a pretty prairie, intersected here and there with small streams. Many of those being very difficult to cross, owing to their soft muddy bottoms, all hands had to cut weeds and branches to throw upon the banks, to prevent the pack-horses from miring. There was one in particular so bad, that we





MANDAN VILLAGE.

had to bridge it completely; one of the men had led my horse over, I was following, but keeping too near the side, my foot slipped, and down I went nearly over the head, to the great amusement of the company. I never minded, but mounted my horse and rode on till we camped at mid-day, when I got dry. The Canadian clerk laughed at me more than any of them, but I was destined soon to have ample revenge. We had to cross a creek a few days afterwards, and one of the men having waded through and found it passable, Mr. Canadian was to go first; he was turning his horse close upon the edge of the stream, below where we should have crossed, when the horse stepped back, and, finding his hind feet fast, reared and kicked, until making a terrible effort to extricate himself, he reared full back, and pitched Bruigiere right into the middle of the river. He went fairly over head and ears, and as soon as he could extricate himself, made for the side with all speed: when we found that he was not hurt, we laughed so heartily at him that he was inclined to get sulky; but it was of no use, as it made us laugh the more."

In nineteen days, they arrived at Fort St. Pierre, obtaining provisions as they went along from friendly Indians. They were now approaching the Mandan village, a conspicuous seat of Indian population, at the point where the Missouri changes its course from the east to the south. Here we have a striking anecdote illustrative of one class of the perils to which savage life is exposed. "We were in great fear that the fort at the Mandan village had been destroyed by the Indians, as an express that had been sent there was

fifteen days beyond the time of returning. Mr. Campbell wished Mr. Mitchell to stay a few days, or failing that, to go out into the prairie and avoid the village altogether; as if the Riccaras had taken the Mandan post, they would be waiting for us, and we would have no chance with them, they with their allies mustering one thousand warriors. Mr. Mitchell, however, thought he would run the risk, so we crossed the river, as there were few Indians on the other side; from here we had to keep a very sharp look-out. My turn for guard came every five nights: but they never attempted to steal our horses. As we came near the Mandan post, we had to conceal our fires as much as possible, and look more strictly after the horses. At last we arrived within about fifteen miles, and encamped in a hollow. All was anxiety and speculation about the state of affairs at the post. We started early in the morning, every gun being ready for action, and reached within four miles pretty early in the day.—Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Christie, and one of the men, went under cover of the wood on the river to reconnoitre. We remained behind all ready in case of alarm. Mr. Mitchell was astonished at seeing no Indians near the village; he fired his gun, and one of the men at the fort having heard him, came across and took him over. There was a melancholy tale to unfold—eight hundred and eighty-eight had died of the small-pox, which was brought up with the steam-boat belonging to our company in the spring, and nothing was heard but the wild wail of the poor Indians that were left. The Mandans were all dead except thirty-two, and that small number have been turned out of their village by the

Riccaras in a state of absolute starvation. We pushed away from this place for the Yellowstone. We found Riccaras and Gros-Ventres all along the river, and at every place nothing but death and devastation. When we reached the Yellowstone, small-pox had ceased in the fort, but whole bands were dying out. Here, [Fort Mackenzie in the Rocky Mountains,] and over the mountains, about nine out of twelve are dying, and almost every Indian who comes to the fort to trade, is either ill with the disease or getting better. There have been nineteen deaths in this fort, but only three of them white men, who had never been inoculated."

The party spent in all eighty-seven days in the journey from St. Louis to Fort Mackenzie, during which time our young friend slept only sixteen nights under a roof. He describes his mode of life as healthy, the chief viands being buffalo stakes, eaten twice a day.

A subsequent letter is dated from Fort Mackenzie, 7th April, 1839. "When I last wrote, the boats were about to start with the peltries for the Yellowstone, leaving a mixed garrison in our fort of only nine. It was not long till we got into a very pretty scrape with a party of Crow Indians, who are a set of rascals, rushing upon us suddenly for the purpose of carrying off our horses. I happened to be near where they were feeding at the time; I unluckily was unarmed; but I will copy the account of the affray from my journal.—Tuesday, May 22.—About twelve o'clock I went out to the horses; they were quite close to the fort: on my way I saw one of the horse guards coming

down behind the fort, where he had been reconnoitering; he reported that he had seen no signs of Indians being near. I remained about fifteen minutes with him, and then went back towards the fort. I had scarcely left him when one of the men called to me that the Gros-Ventres Indians were on the hill, a party of whom had been at war with the Assinaboins, and of whom two had arrived the previous night. In this he was wrong, for they were not Gros-Ventres but Crow Indians. From the way in which the Indians approached the horses, I suspected they designed no good; I ran back to assist the guard in gathering them, and drove them towards the fort. The Indians came upon us at full gallop, mostly all naked, and commenced firing as soon as they were within shot. The guard, however, kept them off till we got the horses close to the river bank, which put it out of the power of the rascals to surround us. I pushed them on as well as I could, but they were so frightened by the Indians galloping backwards and forwards, that I could scarcely get them to move. During all this time they kept up a smart fire, which was returned by one of the guards, whilst the other retained his fire, and whenever an Indian attempted to rush among the horses he presented his gun, which had the effect of sending him to the right about. I had no arms whatever, otherwise I might have knocked some of them over. It was any thing but pleasant to hear the balls whistling about one's ears, and not be able to return the compliment. I always expected they would fire from the fort with grape shot. In this, however, I was disappointed, although one of the men had the

cannon primed, and the match lighted. This was, to all appearance, our only chance of escaping with our lives ; but the clerk who had charge would not allow the man to fire, though the Indians were loading and firing as fast as they possibly could. One fellow with a red shirt fired three shots at me ; the two first were far too high, but the third time he took better aim, I dodged, and the bullet whistled close to my ear. After this they scampered off. I then ran into the fort for my rifle, in case they should return we could get the horses in. I had just time to run up to the north bastion, and put on my powder-horn and ball-pouch, when, looking out at one of the ports to my inexpressible grief, I saw the horses gallop down past the fort. They had made a run, and none of the men, who by this time were outside, attempted to stop them, or to assist the guard in doing so. The Indians then seized the opportunity, and carried them all off : we fired two rounds of grape, and blazed away with our muskets, but to no purpose, for they soon got out of our reach. What made the affair so annoying was, that three of us had risked our lives, and had succeeded in bringing the horses to the gate, whilst those inside had rendered us no assistance whatever. I had a good buffalo runner, which cost me upwards of seventy dollars : he went with the rest. The horses belonging to the company were all fine animals, the trash having been sold off in the Spring. The party of Indians consisted of about sixty men, all well mounted and armed."

The meetings with the Indians for trading purposes, which generally take place after the arrival of a boat at the fort with goods, are thus described :—"Each

chief heads his band of warriors ; the flag is hoisted, and a cannon fired, on the arrival of the different chiefs, who generally bring presents of beaver-robcs or horses for the chief of the fort. In return for these, they are presented with dresses, &c. After smoking and haranguing in favour of the whites for a while, they get a very large kettle of liquor before leaving the fort. So soon, however, as they get outside, the row commences ; men, women, and children, yelling and singing like a pack of fiends—tumbling about in every direction, in every variety of nudity, for very few of them can boast of a complete dress, especially in summer time. A few of the greatest men are admitted into the fort to sell their peltries. Among these is the great chief of the Blackfeet ; he won't trade with any but me. When he enters the gate, none of his band dare follow him, he has them all so well under command. His *medicine* is a weasel, with five or six bells attached to the nose, and slung across his shoulder with a piece of old *rund* ; these he must ring before he smokes, or, as is often the case, one of his band rings them behind his back when he takes his pipe. He is a fine old fellow ; and I should think from his appearance, he is at least about six feet four or five inches high. He affects the dress of a white man, and delights in a pair of pantaloons, hat, &c. I had almost forgot to mention another remarkable personage, who is second to none in this country ; his name is Le Reynard. He is one of those fellows that will make himself heard, and wants to be thought a chief ; but he is so hard up, poor fellow, that they do not look upon him as such. When the Blood Indians came on ceremony, he, of course, was



BLACKFOOT CHIEF.

the principal man, or at least pretended to be so, because, I suppose, he thought himself more like a white man than any of the others. He formed the order of march to the fort. His dress consisted of a pair of old duck trousers, an old vest, and a piece of old calico for a neckerchief, but not a rag in the shape of a shirt or hat had he. His appearance was too much for me: I laughed till I set mostly all the others off, and it was with great difficulty we composed ourselves, and were able to receive them with the dignity becoming such great men."



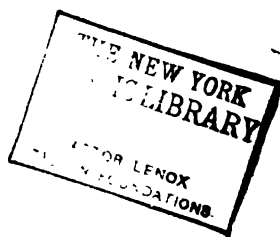
WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMBOAT.



HE name of Grace Darling has attained a wide celebrity ; but we doubt whether the fearful scene in which that heroic girl acted so conspicuous a part, is so generally known. It was at early dawn, one September morning, 1838, that the Darling family at the Longstone light-house, on one of the Farne isles, discovered the wreck of a steam vessel on the rocks. It was the Forfarshire, on her passage from Hull to Dundee. She left the former place with 63 persons on board. She had entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the previous evening, in a heavy gale and in a leaky condition. The fires could not be kept burning. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging. Soon after, the engineer reported that the engines would not work. The vessel then became unmanageable. The appearance of breakers and the Farne lights, showed to all their imminent danger. The captain tried to run the vessel between the islands and the main land, but she would not obey the helm. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, she struck with her bows foremost, on a jagged rock, which

WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE STEAMBOAT





pierced her timbers. Soon after the first shock, a tremendous wave lifted the steamboat from the rock, and let her fall again with such violence as fairly to break her in two pieces. The after part, containing many passengers was instantly carried away, and all upon it perished; the forepart remained fixed upon the rock. The survivors, only nine in number—five of the crew and four passengers, remained in this dreadful situation until day-break, when they were seen by the family at the light house.

Grace Darling was then about 22 years of age. Filled with pity for the condition of those on the wreck, she urged her father to launch the boat. She took one oar and her father took the other. She had never rowed before; but by the most determined exertions amid the furious sea, she succeeded in aiding the boat to the rock, and in taking off the survivors of the wreck. All were landed safely at the light-house.

Grace needed no reward but the approval of her own brave heart. But the news of her heroic deed spread afar, and strangers came to visit her at the lonely light-house. They showered gifts upon her, and seven hundred pounds were raised by public subscription and presented to her. Her death took place about three years after the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer.

THE CROCODILE BATTERY.



LATE English traveller relates the following stirring adventures and singular exploit :

In the summer of 1846, when every body in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a small stream in one of the northwestern provinces of

India. Here I first became acquainted with the Muger, or Indian Crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. I always felt more or less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrained from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles



THE CROCODILE BATTERY

were in this stage of development when, one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning, *mososaurians*, *hylæosaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I had associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed towards him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see! so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened,

what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother, when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half-a-dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a Mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favourite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across

the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and had got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make rapid progress towards me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succour her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterwards assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbour, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom), with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The *syce*, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run—as is the custom in the East—alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Toward evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at

once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill"—

"I am in no humour for jesting. Your syce is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten!—by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nulla about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled around his waist, and which was used in pulling water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nulla. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran toward it, with a sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to soothe and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags (stumps of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me—

“The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the Muggers?”

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighbourhood of the nulla. He had on several occasions carried off goats, sheep, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not

being enough of water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

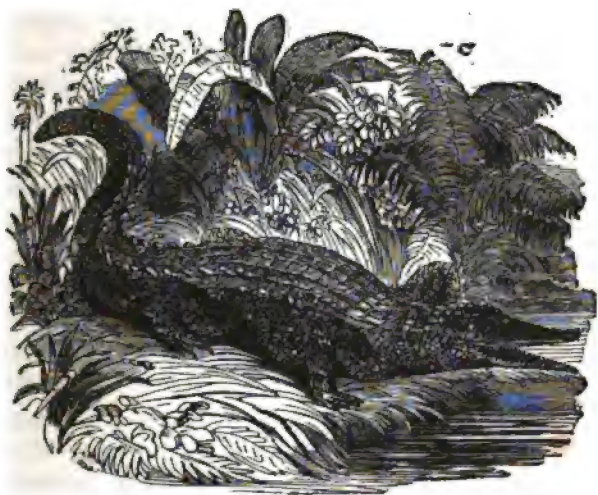
Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with

his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided, took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

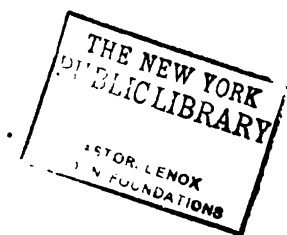
These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across, from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and, as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that, if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across, in a zig-zag direction, down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from the reel, when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual, he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the

wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them, and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell—I groaned with disappointment—presently, my brother came along with them, and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but, with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Every thing being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the ends of the wires. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Every thing being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and



SIDHOO'S MUGGER.



then burst out too a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped about a week afterward, when we received the mortifying announcement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection, that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whiskey. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall laid down, having manufactured an

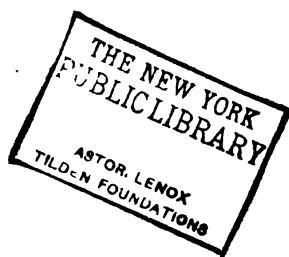
impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive, and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem—a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank, on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labour, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more

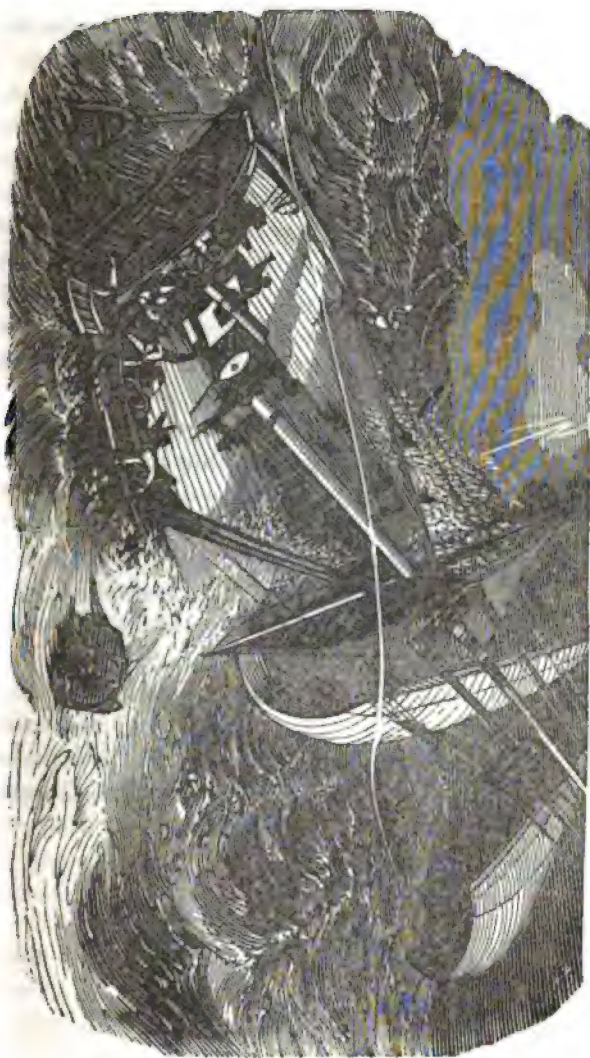
shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for, as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving—so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires; in another instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock, then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank, but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighbourhood again.



LOSS OF THE CATARAQUE.



ADVENTURE AND EXPLOIT OF TWO GUIDES.



CHRISTOPHER CAR-
SON and Alexander Go-
dey accompanied Colonel
Fremont in his exploring
expedition, across the
plains and mountains to
the Pacific, acting as
guides and hunters. They
were distinguished for
their daring, skill, and

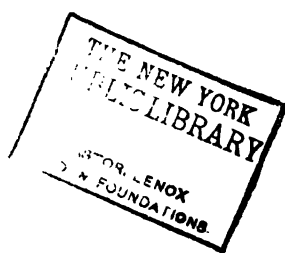
hardihood, and on every occasion displayed their in-
domitable character.

One of their exploits is thus recorded by Col. Fre-
mont, in his very interesting "Narrative:—"

In the afternoon we were surprised by the sudden
appearance in the camp of two Mexicans—a man and
a boy. The name of the man was *Andreas Fuentes* ;
and that of the boy (a handsome lad, 11 years old,)
Pablo Hernandez. They belonged to a party consist-
ing of six persons, the remaining four being the wife
of Fuentes, and the father and mother of Pablo, and
Santiago Giacome, a resident of New Mexico. With a
cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out
from Puebla de los Angeles, near the coast, under the
guidance of Giacome, in advance of the great caravan,



KIT CARSON.



in order to travel more at leisure and obtain better grass. Having advanced as far into the desert as was considered consistent with their safety, they halted at the *Archilette*, one of the customary camping grounds, about 80 miles from our encampment, where there is a spring of good water, with sufficient grass; and concluded to await there the arrival of the great Caravan. Several Indians were soon discovered lurking about the camp, who, in a day or two after, came in, and, after behaving in a very friendly manner, took their leave, without awakening any suspicions. Their deportment begat a security which proved fatal. In a few days afterwards, suddenly a party of about one hundred Indians appeared in sight, advancing towards the camp. It was too late, or they seemed not to have presence of mind to take proper measures of safety; and the Indians charged down into their camp, shouting as they advanced, and discharging flights of arrows. Pablo and Fuentes were on horse guard at the time, and mounted according to the custom of the country. One of the principal objects of the Indians was to get possession of the horses, and part of them immediately surrounded the band; but, in obedience to the shouts of Giacomo, Fuentes drove the animals over and through the assailants, in spite of their arrows; and, abandoning the rest to their fate, carried them off at speed across the plain. Knowing that they would be pursued by the Indians, without making any halt except to shift their saddles to other horses, they drove them on for about sixty miles, and this morning left them at a watering place on the trail called *Agua de Tomaso*. Without giving themselves any time for rest, they hur-

ried on, hoping to meet the Spanish Caravan, when they discovered my camp. I received them kindly, taking them into my own mess, and promised them such aid as circumstances might put it in my power to give.

April 25.—We left the river abruptly, and, turning to the north, regained in a few miles the main trail (which had left the river sooner than ourselves,) and continued our way across a lower ridge of the mountain, through a miserable tract of sand and gravel. We crossed at intervals the broad beds of dry gullies, where in the season of rains and melting snows there would be brooks or rivulets; and at one of these where there was no indication of water, were several freshly-dug holes, in which there was water at the depth of two feet. These holes had been dug by the wolves, whose keen sense of smell had scented the water under the dry sand. They were nice little wells, narrow, and dug straight down, and we got pleasant water out of them.

Beyond the first ridge, our road bore a little to the east of north, towards a gap in a higher line of mountains; and, after travelling about twenty-five miles, we arrived at the *Agua de Tomaso*—the spring where the horses had been left; but, as we expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced us that they had been driven off by the Indians. Caron and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well-mounted, the three set off on the trail. At this stopping place there were a few bushes and very little grass. Its water was a pool; but near by was a spring, which had been dug out by Indians or

travellers. Its water was cool—a great refreshment to us under a burning sun.

In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit.

In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognised by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and, immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians; giving the war-shout they instantly charged

into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply.

The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion.

Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians living in mountains, and only coming in the plains to rob and murder make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a considerable party.

They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about 100 miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an *American*, born in the Boonslick county of Missouri, the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life.

DESTRUCTION OF AN EAST INDIAMAN BY FIRE.



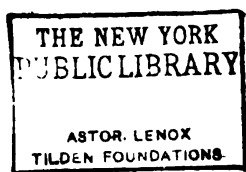
WHAT more terrible can be imagined than a ship laden with human beings on fire while at sea? The alternative is to be burned or drowned. On every side death stares the unfortunate wretches in the face, and even their earnest prayers to heaven avail them not.

The burning of the large East Indiaman, the Kent, in the Bay of Biscay, although not so great a disaster as many others in the annals of the ocean, had many fearful features. The ship had 641 persons on board at the time of the accident. The fire was first discovered in the hold during a storm. An officer on duty finding that a spirit cask had broken loose, was trying to secure it, when a lurch of the ship caused him to drop his lantern, and in his eagerness to save it, he let go the cask, which suddenly stove in, and the spirits communicating with the flame, the whole place was soon in a blaze. Hopes of subduing the fire were at first entertained, but heavy volumes of smoke and a pitchy smell told that it had reached the cable-room.

The captain then ordered the decks to be scuttled, to admit water. This was done, several seamen being

DESTRUCTION OF AN EAST INDIAMAN BY FIRE.





suffocated by the smoke while executing the order. But now danger appeared in another shape. The sea rushed in so furiously that the ship was becoming water-logged, and fears were entertained that she would go down. Between six and seven hundred human beings were on deck by this time. Many were on their knees, praying for the aid of heaven. Some shrieked; others fainted; while some old, stout-hearted sailors seated themselves directly over the powder magazine, expecting an explosion every moment, and thinking thus to put a speedier end to their torture. In this time of general despair, the fourth mate thought to send to the foremast, hoping that a friendly sail might be in sight. The man at the fore top looked round him. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The fire was rapidly gaining upon the ship, and the sea was dashing and foaming on every side. Suddenly the sailor shouted, "A sail, on the lee-bow!" Three loud cheers burst from those on the deck, for they now considered themselves safe.

Signals of distress were hoisted, and the minute guns were fired continuously. The vessel in sight proved to be a brig. For about a quarter of an hour, the crew of the Kent doubted whether their signals were perceived; but after a period of dreadful suspense, they saw the British colours hoisted, and the brig making towards them. The crew of the Kent then got the boats ready. The first was filled with women-passengers and officers' wives—and was lowered into a sea so tempestuous as to leave small hope of their reaching the brig; but they succeeded in getting safely aboard. After the first trip it was found impossible for the

boats to come alongside of the Kent, and the women and children suffered dreadfully in being lowered over the stern into them by means of ropes. At length when all had been removed from the burning vessel, but a few, who were so overcome by fear as to refuse to make the attempt to reach the brig, the captain quitted his ill-fated vessel. The flames which had spread along her upper deck, now mounted rapidly to the masts and rigging, lighting up the heavens to a great distance. One by one her stately masts fell over her sides. By half-past one in the morning, the fire reached the powder magazine; the expected explosion occurred, and the burning fragments of the vessel were thrown high in the air, and strewed in every direction.

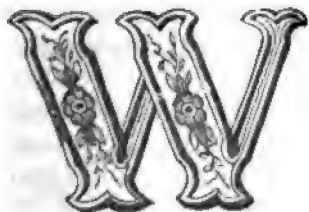
The brig was named the Cambria, was commanded by Captain Cook, and was bound to Vera Cruz. She made all speed for the nearest port, which was Portsmouth, and arrived there safely on the 3d of March, 1825. Fourteen of the poor creatures left on the Kent, were rescued by another ship, the Caroline, on her passage from Alexandria to Liverpool. Thus were hundreds of people saved from a dreadful death by the providential approach of a friendly vessel. The energy and devotion of the captain of the Kent cannot receive too much praise.





TYROLER.

ADVENTURES IN THE TYROL.



WEALTHY Englishmen and Frenchmen who have leisure, frequently visit the wild region of the Tyrol, and engage in its hardy and invigorating sports. Of these, chamois hunting is the most common as well as the most famous. This

is attended with the greatest dangers, but these are its charms in the estimation of the daring and resolute. A recent English tourist has given to the public a thrilling account of a hunting adventure in which he was the chief actor. We quote :—

We were advancing along the base of the lowest tier of cliff, which had a sort of step of snow running along it about half-way up for some half-a-mile, bounded at one end by an immense mass of scree and precipices, and at the other by a sudden turn of the rock, when Joseph suddenly dashing off his hat and throwing himself prostrate behind a stone, dragged me down beside him with a vicelike grasp, that left its mark on my arm for many a day after. Utterly taken aback at the suddenness of my prostration, I lay beside him, wondering at the change that had come over his face ; he was as white as marble, his moustache worked with intense excitement, and his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets as he glared at the cliff. Following his line of sight, I glanced upwards, and my eye was instantly arrested by something—it moved—again—and again ! With shaking hand I directed the telescope to the point, and there, at the end of it, hopping fearlessly on the shivered mountain side, scratching its ear with its hind foot, and nibbling daintily the scattered bits of gemsenkraut that sprung up between the stones, stood fearless and free—a chamois !

After watching him with intense interest for some moments, we drew back, scarcely daring to breathe, and, sheltering ourselves behind a large stone, held a council of war. It was evidently impossible to approach him from where we were ; we could not have

moved ten steps towards him without the certainty of being discovered; our only chance was to get above him, and so cut him off from the higher ranges. Crawling backwards, we managed to place a low range of rock between ourselves and the cliffs, and then making a wide sweep, we reached their base at some distance from where the chamois was feeding.

After examining the precipice for some time, we found that the only mode of access to its summit, here some three or four hundred feet above us, was by a sort of ravine, what would be called in the Swiss Alps a *cheminée*, a species of fracture in the strata, the broken edges of which would give us some foot and hand hold: at its upper termination we could see the end of a small glacier, slightly overhanging the cliff, from which a small stream leapt from ledge to ledge, only alive in the last hour or two of sun-warmth, giving promises, which certainly were faithfully fulfilled, of additional slipperiness and discomfort. But we had no choice; we had already spent nearly an hour in our cautious circuit. Our scramble, wherever it took place, would cost us nearly another before we got above our expected prey, and if we hesitated much longer, he might take a fancy to march off altogether in search of the rest of the herd. So up we went, dragging ourselves and each other up the wet slippery rocks, getting a shivering "swish" of ice-cold water in our faces every now and then, till we got about half-way up, when, just as we were resting for a moment to take breath, we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a splintering crash just above our heads, and had the pleasure of seeing the fragments of some half-a-ton of

ice, which had fallen from the glacier above, fly out from the shelf of rock under which we were resting, and spin down the rugged path we had just ascended.

Thinking that this was quite near enough to be pleasant, and "calculating" that by every doctrine of chances the same thing would not happen twice in the same half hour, we scrambled up as fast as we could before the next instalment became due, and at last reached safely the top of the precipice.

We certainly had not much to boast of as far as walking went, when we got there, for the snow and rocks were tumbled about in a very wild manner. If we slipped off a rock, we tumbled waist-deep into the soft, melting snow-drifts, and when we tumbled on the snow, there was always some lurking rock ready to remind us of his presence by a hearty thump; however, as we were fairly above the chamois, our excitement carried us on. I do not think that Joseph swore once; we found afterwards indeed, to our cost, that in one of his involuntary summersets, he had broken *the* bottle, and narrowly escaped being bayoneted by the fragments; however, we did not know it then, and so scrambled on in contented ignorance, until we reached the spot on the cliffs to our right, which we had marked as being above our prey. Here, however, we found that it was impossible to get near enough to the edge to look over, as the fresh-fallen snow threatened to part company from the rock, and carry us with it, on the slightest indiscretion on our part. Crouching down in the snow, we listened for some hint of our friend's whereabouts, and had not waited more than a minute when the faint clatter of a stone far below convinced



CHAMOIS HUNTING.

us that he was on the move : keeping low, we wallowed along till we came to where the crest of the cliff, showing a little above the snow, gave us a tolerable shelter ; carefully crawling to the edge, we peeped over, and saw, as we expected, that the gems had shifted his quarters, and as luck would have it, was standing on the snow-bed half way up the cliff, immediately below us.

Trembling, partly with excitement, and partly from the under-waistcoat of half-melted snow we had unconsciously assumed in our serpentine wriggings, we lay and watched the graceful animal below us. He evidently had a presentiment that there was something "no canny" about the mountain-side ; some eddy had perhaps reached his delicate nostrils, laden with the taint of an intruder. With his head high in the air, and his ears pointed forwards, he stood examining—as wiser brutes than he sometimes do—every point of the compass but

the right. One foot was advanced; one moment more and he would have gone; when crack! close to my ear just as I was screwing up my nerves for a long shot, went Joseph's heavy rifle. With a sinking heart, I saw the brute take a tremendous bound, all four hoofs together, and then, like a rifle ball, glancing over the bosom of a calm lake, bound after bound carried him away and away over the snow field, and round the corner to our right, before I had recovered my senses sufficiently to take a desperate snap at him.

What we said, or felt, or how we got over the face of that cliff, I know not. A dim recollection of falling stones and dust showering round us—pieces of treacherous rock giving way in our hands and under our feet, bruising slides, and one desperate jump over the chasm between the cliff and the snow—and there we were both, standing pale and breathless, straining our eyes for some scarcely expected trace of blood to give us hope.

Not a drop tinged the unsullied snow at the place where he had made his first mad bound, nor at the second, nor at the third; but a few paces further on, one ruby-tinged hole showed where the hot blood had sunk through the melting snow.

Too excited to feel any uprising of envy, hatred, or malice against my more fortunate companion, I raced along the white incline, leaving him behind reloading his rifle—which was always a sort of solemn rite with him—and following, without difficulty, the deep indentations of the animal's hoofs, I came to where the cliffs receded into a sort of small bay, with its patch of snow on the same plane with the one I was on, but sepa-

rated from it by a rugged promontory of cliff and broken rock. Cautiously I scrambled round the point, removing many a stone that seemed inclined to fall and give the alarm to the watchful chamois, and peeping cautiously round the last mass of rock that separated me from the snow patch, I saw the poor brute, standing not more than sixty yards from me, his hoofs drawn close together under him, ready for a desperate rush at the cliff at the first sound that reached him; his neck stretched out, and his muzzle nearly touching the snow, straining every sense to catch some inkling of the whereabouts of the mischief he felt was near him.

With my face glowing as if it had been freshly blistered, a dryness and lumping in my throat, as if I had just escaped from an unsuccessful display of Mr. Calcraft's professional powers, and my heart thud-thudding against my ribs at such a rate that I really thought the gems must hear it in the stillness, I raised my carbine. Once, at the neck just behind the ear, I saw the brown hide clear at the end of the barrel, but I dared not risk such a chance; and so, stringing my nerves, I shifted my aim to just behind the shoulder—one touch of the cold trigger, and as the thin gases streamed off, rejoicing at their liberation, I saw the chamois shrink convulsively when the ball struck him, and then fall heavily on the snow, shot right through the heart. With a who-whoop! that might have been heard half way to Innspruck, I rushed up to him;—one sweep of the knife—the red blood bubbled on to the snow that shrunk and wasted before its hot touch, as if it felt itself polluted, and there lay stretched out

in all its beauty before me the first gems I ever killed—just as Joseph came up, panting, yelling, and jodling, and rejoicing at my success, without a shade of envy in his honest heart.

Now I believe, in all propriety, we ought to have been melancholy, and moralized over the slain. That rich, soft black eye, filming over with the frothy breath of death, and that last convulsive kick of the hind legs, ought perhaps to have made us feel that we had done rather a brutal and selfish thing; but they did not. This is a truthful narrative, and I must confess that our only feeling was one of unmixed rejoicing.

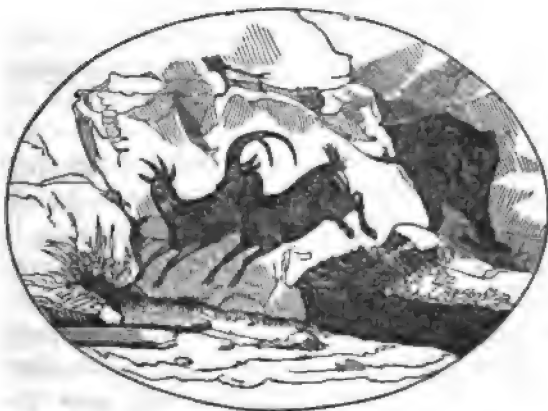
I have occasionally moralized over a trout, flopping about amongst the daisies and buttercups, and dying that horrible suffocation death of my causing; but it was never, if I remember right, the *first* trout I had killed that day. My feelings always get finer as my pannier gets fuller, particularly if it be a warm afternoon, and I have *lunched*.

But as for the unfortunate gems, we rejoiced over him exceedingly; we shook hands over him; we sat beside him and on him; we examined him carefully, minutely, scientifically, from stem to stern. I firmly believed that I could pick him out at this moment from the thousand ghosts that attend the silver-horned Gemsen König, if I had but the good luck to fall in with his majesty and his charmed suite.

Joseph's ball had struck him high up on the neck, but had not inflicted any thing like a severe wound. Had we fired on him from below, he would have scaled the cliffs in a moment, and been no more seen, at least by us; but as he knew that the mischief was above

him, he dared not ascend—to descend was impossible ; and so, getting to a certain extent pounded, he gave me the rare chance of a second shot.

Long we sat and gazed at the chamois ; and the wild scene before us—never shall I forget it!—shut in on three sides by steep and frowning cliffs, in front the precipice, and far, far down, the wild, rocky valleys, divided by shivered ridges, rising higher and higher till they mounted up into the calm, pure snow-range, set in the frame of the jutting promontories on each side of us—looking the brighter and the “holier” from the comparative shade in which we were. Not a sound but the occasional faint “swish” of the waterfall that drained from the snow-bed—not a living thing *now* but our two selves standing side by side on the snow. We had killed the third, and there he lay stiffening between us.





SPANISH COSTUME

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT SLIDELL IN SPAIN.



LIEUTENANT SLIDELL, of the United States Navy, published about twenty-one years since, his first book, entitled, "*A Year in Spain.*" It was pronounced by the British and American Reviews, the most lively, readable, and truthful book of travels which had ap-

peared for a long time. Its description of characters and adventures in Spain, are perfectly graphic, and many of them were of the most thrilling interest.

Of the latter description, we will now give a specimen :—

The author takes his seat about two in the morning in the cabriolet or front part of a diligence from Tarragona, and gives many amusing particulars concerning his fellow-travellers, who, one after another, all surrender themselves to slumber. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those near him, the Lieutenant catches the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into his corner, soon loses entirely the realities of existence 'in that mysterious state which providence has provided as a cure for every ill.' In short, he is indulged with a dream, which transports him into the midst of his own family circle beyond the Atlantic; but from this comfortable and sentimental nap he is soon aroused by the sudden stopping of the diligence, and a loud clamour all about him.

"There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows. By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive-trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore-wheel of the

diligence stood a man, dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta : his red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead ; and his striped manta, instead of being rolled around him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side the scene was somewhat different. Pepe (the postilion) being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road-side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose ! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

“ I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers ; if any were armed ; whether there was any money in the diligence ; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La Bolsa !* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed : he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma*

usted, caballero, pero no me quita usted la Vida!
"Take it, cavalier; but do not take away my life!"
The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap, collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad*. He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgen del Pilar*, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until growing furious in his task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows at first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks; then declined into low and inarticulate moans; until a deep drawn and agonized gasp for breath, and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

"It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians;

who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps. I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

“Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the sagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his

trembling fingers ; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance ; but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life ; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity, than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

“ Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him ; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my boot : but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had con-

tinued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife, returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

"In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings, and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone ; whilst our mangled guides, by groans and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation.

"Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust, and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver

buttons and his sash of silk were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men."

The wounded men were at length placed in a cart, and sent back slowly to Amposta, the mayoral showing some signs of returning sensibility, but the unfortunate Pepe evidently in his last agony. The diligence proceeded on its route, and stopped to breakfast at Vinaroz.

The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some

fish that were frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

This picture of a mother's affliction mingled with her habitual household cares is singularly touching, and, being drawn from fact, shows us the truth to nature of one of Scott's scenes in the 'Antiquary,' where a similar conflict takes place in the mind of the poor fisherman's wife who had lost her son—an exquisite touch, rthy of the great master that struck it off, and, indeed, only to be effected by a master hand.

We may as well add here the catastrophe of this tragical tale. From information received by the Lieutenant, after his arrival in Madrid, it appears that poor Pepe breathed his last about eight hours after the attack, and long before his widowed mother could arrive to close the eyes of her child. The mayoral lingered for about a week, and then shared the fate of Pepe. The three robbers were detected and taken into custody; two of them were townsmen, and all three acquaintances of Pepe, whom they had doubtless murdered to prevent discovery. We ourselves passed over the scene of the robbery between two and three years after the event: there were two crosses to mark the bloody spot. The mayoral and the zagal of our diligence, the successors of those who had been murdered, pointed to the crosses with the *sang froid* with which Spaniards, from long habitude, contemplate mementos of the kind. The mayoral showed the very

place where his predecessor had been beaten to death. On our expressing horror at the detail he readily concurred, though he appeared more indignant at the manner in which the crime had been committed than at the crime itself. 'It is the ugliest thing (*lo mas feo*) that has been done in this neighbourhood for a long time past. Look you, sir, to shoot a man with a blun derbuss, or to stab him with a knife, is quite another kind of business; but to beat his brains out with a stone is to treat him, not like a Christian, but a dog!' It was evident that a frequent occurrence of such scenes had rendered the mayoral a critic in the art of murder.

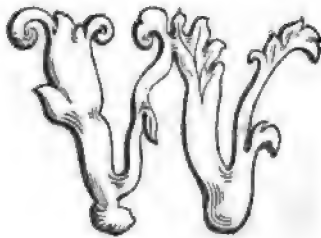
After his dismal affair with the robbers, the Lieutenant pursued his journey to Madrid, meeting with no adventure of importance, though with a variety of pleasant incidents and characteristic personages, all which he describes with happy minuteness.





SPANISH PRIEST AND PEASANTS

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT SLIDELL WITH ROBBERS IN SPAIN.



WE have given a tragical adventure with robbers during the Lieutenant's journey to Madrid. We now present, as a *pendant*, a comic account of another robbery, which took place on his route to Cordova.

Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation

was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I. — O for Don Quixote to protect us! — In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

Our four guards were flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps, or cotton handkerchiefs, on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carbine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this—such as I had frequently before seen on canvass, in Wouverman's spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favoured as to witness in reality.

Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words, "*Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*" As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that *ajo* means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation, "To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!" Though this formula was uttered with great volubility, the present was doubtless the first attempt of the person from whom it proceeded: a youth scarce turned

of twenty, and evidently a novice—a mere Gil Blas—at the business. We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

We had not been long thus, before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. The first thing the captain did, when he rode among us, was to call to the conductor for his hat; after which, he bade him mount upon the diligence, and throw down whatever was there. He cautioned him at the same time to look around, and see if any thing was coming—adding, with a terrible voice, as he half lifted his carbine, “And have a care!”—“*Y cuidado!*” The conductor quietly obeyed, and the captain having told us to get up and not be alarmed, as no harm was intended, called to us to put our watches and

money into the conductor's hat, which he held out for the purpose, much in the ordinary way of making a collection, except that instead of coming to us, he sat very much at his ease upon his horse, and let us come to him. I threw my purse in, and as it had nine or ten silver dollars, it made a very good appearance, and fell with a heavy chink. Then, grasping the bunch of brass keys and buttons which hung from my fob, I drew out the huge watch which I had bought at Madrid, in contemplation of some such event, and whose case might upon emergency have served the purpose of a warming-pan. Having looked with a consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money, all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

“*Cunado!*” —“Brother-in-law!” said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, “take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us.” —“*Las llaves, senores!*” —“The keys, gentlemen!” “And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead: a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle.” The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our *cunado* dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and

with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted him with great composure. "Open it yourself, padre: you know the lock better than I do." The padre complied with becoming resignation, and the worthy trunk-inspector proceeded to take out an odd collection of loose breeches that were secured with a single button, robes of white flannel, and handkerchiefs filled with snuff. He had got to the bottom without finding aught that could be useful to any but a friar of Mercy, and there were none such in the fraternity, when, as a last hope, he pulled from one corner something square, that might have been a box of diamonds, but which proved to be only a breviary fastened with a clasp. The trunk of the Biscayan came next, and as it belonged to a sturdy trader from Bilboa, furnished much better picking. Last of all he came to mine; for I had delayed opening it, until he had called repeatedly for the key, in the hope that the arrival of succour might hurry the robbers away, or at least that this double sack would fill itself from the others, which was certainly very charitable. The countenance of our cunado brightened up when he saw the contents of my well-filled trunk; and not unlike Sancho of old, when he stumbled upon the portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a

very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Senor Cunado slipped it slyly into his side pocket, and though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

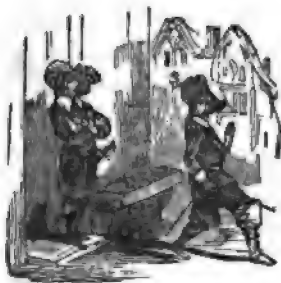
Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout, athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather-beaten face and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. He gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he was giving us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act. He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—" *Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*"—said he—"I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency."

In twenty minutes after the arrival of these unwelcome visitors, they had finished levying their contribution, and drew together to move off. The double sack of the inspectors was thrown over the back of one of the horses that had been taken from the diligence; for in this part of the country the leaders of the teams

were generally horses. The horse now loaded with such a singular burden was a spirited animal, and seemed to understand that all was not right; for he kicked away among the guns and sabres of the robbers, until one of them, thus roughly handled, drew his sword to kill him, and would have executed his purpose, had he not been restrained by Cacaruco. Before the robbers departed, the postilion told Cacaruco that he had nothing in the world but the two horses, and that if he lost them he was a ruined man: he begged him, at least, to leave him the poorer of the two. After a short parley, the request was granted, and then they moved off at a walk, talking and gesticulating, without once looking back. We kept sight of them for near half an hour, as they moved towards a ravine which lay at the foot of a neighbouring mountain.

We now commenced packing up the remnant of our wardrobes. It was a sorrowful scene. Here a box emptied of some valuable articles, and the shavings in which it had been packed driven in every direction by the wind; there another, which had been broken in by the butt of a musket, that had passed with little ceremony through the shade of an astral lamp; here shirts, and there waistcoats—and there a solitary pair of red flannel drawers; every where, however, sorrowful faces and plaintive lamentations. I tried to console myself, as I locked my trunk, with reflecting upon the trouble I had found the day before in shutting it down—how I had tugged, and grated my teeth, and jumped upon it; but this was poor consolation. My little portmanteau, yesterday so bloated and big, now looked lean and flabby. I put my foot upon it, and it sunk

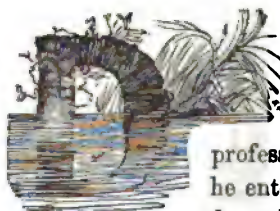
slowly under the pressure. I now looked round for the robbers. They were still seen in the distance, moving away at a walk, and followed by the horse, upon which was mounted that insatiate sack, which would have touched the ground on either side, had it not been crammed so full as to keep it from touching the horse's ribs. There was a singular association of ideas between the fatness of the bag and the leanness of my trunk; and as I still stood with one foot on my trunk and turning my thumbs about each other, I set up a faint whistle, as a baffled man is apt to do. By a singular coincidence I happened to hit upon that very waltz in the Freyschutz, where the music seems to accompany the waltzers, and gradually dies away as they disappear from the stage; and that at a moment too when the robbers, having crossed a slight elevation, were descending into the hollow beyond. The *apropos* seemed excellent; so I continued to whistle, winding up as the heads of the robbers bobbed up and down, and just blew the last note as they sank below the horizon.





AFRICAN FAMILY.

ADVENTURES OF LIEUT. COL. DENHAM IN AFRICA.



IXON DENHAM was born in London on the first of January, 1786, and was educated to be a solicitor. This profession proved uncongenial, and he entered the army. After serving through the peninsular war, and at the battle of Waterloo, and winning high honour for military talent and courage, Denham volunteered to succeed Mr. Ritchie, the African traveller. He arrived

at Tripoli, and on the fifth of March, 1822, proceeded to join Messrs. Oudney and Clapperton, at Memoon, whence he travelled to Sockna, being the first of his countrymen who had ever entered the town in an English dress.

From Sockna, he continued his course towards Mourzuk, crossing, on his way thither, an extensive desert, where he experienced great pain and peril from the effects of thirst and a tremendous sand storm which blew down his tent in the night, and nearly suffocated him before he was able to rise. On his arrival at Mourzuk, finding the sultan unwilling to furnish him with an escort to Bornou, he left his companions, and returned to Tripoli; charged the bashaw with duplicity; and, on his hesitating to appoint a time to convey him to the former place, set sail for Marseilles, with the intention of proceeding to England, and informing the government how he had been deceived. Upon this, says Major Denham, in his journal, 'The bashaw sent three despatches after me, by three different vessels, to Leghorn, Malta, and the port I had sailed to, which I received in quarantine, informing me that Bhoo-Khaloom was appointed with an escort to convey us to Bornou.' Accordingly, our traveller re embarked for the shores of Barbary, and re-entered Sockna on the 2nd, and Mourzuk on the 30th of October; and, in the latter end of the following month, set out on his way to Kouka, in Bornou.

Passing through Traghan, over a road of salt and sand, to Maefen, "an assemblage of date-huts, with but one house," he came up with Oudney and Clapperton, at Gatrone; whence he proceeded to Tegerhy,

where he remained some days in consequence of the illness of his two companions, and of the rest he himself required previous to crossing the adjoining desert, a journey of fifteen days. On the 13th of December, he set out for Kouka; meeting, daily, during the first fortnight of the way, an immense quantity of skeletons, and dead bodies, some of which he found "with their arms clasped round each other, just as they had expired." Alluding to these corpses in his journal, he relates, "Whilst I was dozing on my horse, about noon, I was suddenly awakened by a crashing under my feet, which startled me excessively. I found that my steed had, without any sensation of shame or alarm, stepped upon the perfect skeletons of two human beings, cracking their brittle bones under his feet, and, by one trip of his foot, separating a skull from the trunk, which rolled on like a ball before him. This event gave me a sensation which it took some time to remove." On the 8th of January, 1823, he arrived at Derkee, where he was compelled to sanction the sending of a marauding party to capture some camels, the chief part of those who had attended him having died on the road. Major Denham continued his journey, passing through Bilma, the capital of the Tilboos, Chukoema, Dibla, Kasama-foma, Beere-Kashifery, Lari, Woodie, Burwha, Geudewhat; and, after having been without animal food for fifteen days together, and narrowly escaping the jaws of alligators, hyænas, and elephants, in the course of his travels, he arrived at Kouka on the 17th of February. "This," says he, "was to us a momentous day, and it seemed to be equally so to our conductors. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that had presented them-

selves at the various stages of our journey, we were at last within a few short miles of our destination; were about to become acquainted with a people who had never seen, or scarcely heard of, an European; and to tread on ground, the knowledge and true situation of which had hitherto been wholly unknown."

On his presentation to the Sheikh of Bornou, he soon gained his confidence, and was promised, by him, all the assistance in his power to give him a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants. After passing about two months at Kouka, he joined a hostile expedition, sent out by the sheikh, against the Felatahs; in his way to attack whom, he passed some days at Mandara, the sultan of which country joined the Bornouse troops, who, together with himself, after burning two small towns, were put to flight and defeated by the Felatahs, at the siege of Musfeia. The situation of Major Denham, in his retreat from the pursuers, was dreadful in the extreme; both himself and his horse were badly wounded; and, after twice falling with the latter, and fighting singly against three or four assailants, he at length lay disarmed on the ground. "At that moment," he relates, "my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded; and, incapable of making the least resistance, was as speedily stripped. My pursuers then made several thrusts at me with their spears, that badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under my ribs, on the right side; indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession

of me. My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind; and, without a moment's hesitation, I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood: two of the Felatahs followed, and gained upon me; for the prickly under-wood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably; and the delight with which I saw a mountain-stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined. My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which overhung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water; when, under my hand, as the branch yielded to the weight of my body, a large liffa, the worst kind of serpent this country produces, rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived, for a moment, of all recollection—the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath; this shock, however, revived me; and, with three strokes of my arms, I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I climbed up, and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers."

After dangers and disasters almost as appalling as those just related, Major Denham returned to Kouka, where he arrived in the beginning of May, in a state of extreme wretchedness and despondency. In his way back, he relates, that the little food he could procure "was thrust out from under Barca Sana's (the sheikh's general) tent, and consisted generally of his

leavings: pride," he continues, "was sometimes nearly choking me, but hunger was the paramount feeling; I smothered the former, ate, and was thankful." "Thus," he observes, on terminating his account of it, "ended our most unsuccessful expedition; it had, however, injustice and oppression for its basis, and who can regret its failure?" He, however, shortly after his return to Kouka, accompanied, with Dr. Oudney, a second expedition, headed by the sheikh in person, against the Mungow; but that people making some concessions, he was not involved in any hostile encounter; and after visiting the Gambarou river, and collecting much curious information, (among other, that the monkies abounding in that part of the country, are called by the natives "the enchanted men,") he again returned to Kouka, where he remained till the termination of the rainy season in 1828.

In January, 1824, he obtained permission, and an escort, from the sheikh, to visit the Loggun nation, a country he had for eleven months previously been endeavouring to enter. On the 2nd of February, he embarked at Showy in a canoe, and proceeded down the river Shary to Joggabah, a once inhabited, but then desolate, island; approaching it by a wide piece of water, which he called, from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, Bellevue Reach. Passing from Lake Shary, "into that sea of fresh water, the Tchad," which he named Lake Waterloo, he veered round to the north-east branch of Joggabah, and continued in that direction till he arrived at the mouth of the Shary; where, after discerning with his telescope nothing but a waste of waters before him, he commenced his return



LAKE SONAR.

to Showy; on reaching which, he immediately set out for Loggun, by way of Gulphi, Willighi, Affadai, Alph, and Kussery; a route seldom traversed, and which he describes to be "a continued succession of marshes, swamps, and stagnant waters, abounding with useless and rank vegetation;" and where "flies, bees, and musquitos, with immense black toads, vie with each other in a display of their peace-destroying powers." On the 16th of February, he entered Kurnuk, the capital of Loggun, by a street "as wide as Pall Mall;" but was only allowed to remain a few days in the city, 'n consequence of the approach of the Begharmi, against whom the Sultan of Loggun would not undertake to protect him. While in the city, he was much annoyed by the curiosity of the women, who examined even the pockets of his trowsers; "to give them their due," he observes, "they are the cleverest and the

most immoral race I had met with in the black country."

After enduring many vicissitudes and dangers, and witnessing at Angala, the last moments of Mr. Tooke, who had accompanied him in his expedition to Loggun, Major Denham returned, on the 2nd of March, to Kouka, where he was attacked with a slight fever; and, shortly after, received intelligence of the death of Dr. Oudney, at Murnmur. Notwithstanding, however, the disheartening circumstances attending his former excursions, he, on his recovery, joined another expedition against the Begharmies, in the hope of making himself further acquainted with their country; but a temporary defeat of the Bornouse, whom he accompanied, rendering it unsafe for him to continue with them, he once more returned to Kouka.

Denham now returned to England, accompanied by Captain Clapperton. He was, soon afterwards, appointed director-general of Sierra Leone, to which country he proceeded. Denham died at Free Town, in Sierra Leone, on the 9th of June, 1828.



NATIVE OF BAMOU.



CHARLES V.

VISIT OF MR. FORD TO ST. YUSTE, THE LAST RESIDENCE OF CHARLES V.



R. RICHARD FORD, author of the *Hand Book for Spain*, has given in that work the following very entertaining account of his visit to the monastery of St. Yuste to which the great Emperor Charles V. retired (when he abdicated his throne in favour of his son Philip II.) and where he ended his days.

This celebrated convent, the final retreat of Charles V., lies on the south-west slope of the Sierra de Vera, distant seven leagues from Placentia, and about a seven hours' pleasant ride. Once at Placentia, whether Madrid or Salamanca be your point, you ought on no account to deny yourself this excursion:—

Cross the Xerte, and ascend the steep Calzones, thence through olives and vineyards to the Vera or valley, which is some nine leagues in extent ; after four leagues of *dehesas y matos* the road ascends to the left to *Pasaron*, a picturesque old town of Prout-like houses, toppling balconies hanging over a brawling-brook. Observe a palace of the Arcos family. The road next clambers up a steep hill, amid fruit-trees of every kind. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sunburnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandalled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume : how gay their short *sayas* of serges red, green and yellow ; how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the *pañuelo* on their heads : thus they tripped wantonly away under the long-leaved chesnuts. Now the beautiful *Vera* expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to Miravete : soon the Jeronomite convent appears to the left, nestling in woods about half way up the mountain, which shelters devotion from the wind. Below is the farm *Magdalena*, where in the worst case the night may be passed ; ascend to the monastery, keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn, empire-sick Charles retired to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on the site



QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF PHILIP II.

where a covey of fourteen Gothic bishops had been killed at one fell swoop by the Moors. Charles sent his son Philip (when on his way to England to marry our amiable Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before noted as a nest for his old age: he himself planned, when in Flanders, the additional buildings, which were erected by Antonio de Villa Castin, and they lie to the warm south-west of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1809, *dies carbone notanda*, two hundred of Soult's foragers clambered up and pillaged

and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened, roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of documents, written in 1620, by Fray Luis de S^a Maria. This the prior was consulting about some rights disputed by the Cuacos peasants, and seeing the enemy threw it into some bushes. That book he lent us to read ; now it no doubt is lost.

Here we met also Fray Alonzo Cavallero, an aged monk, who took the cowl October 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. The convent is entered by the walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and which even then was called *El nogal grande*. Passing to the *Botica*, all the few vases which escaped the French were carried off in 1820, by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in Garandilla. The granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, resisted the fire of the invaders, thus saving the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the Constitutionalists. A door to the right of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service : his bedroom, where he died, has a window through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the *Gloria* of Titian, which, in his will, he directed to be placed wherever his body was, and which was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II., however, sent a copy to S^a Yuste which was carried off to Texada by the patriots, in 1823 : when the monks returned, they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The *Coro Alto* was carved in a quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman. In a vault below the high altar is the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept sixteen years, until removed in 1574.

He built only four rooms—each, as usual, with large fireplaces, for he was a gouty and phlegmatic Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the west end is a pillared gallery, *La Plaza del Palacio* overhanging a private garden; and connected with it is a raised archway, *el Puente*, by which the Emperor went down. Below is the sun-dial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano. He was brought here by the Emperor, who was fond of mechanical experiments. The stone step by which he mounted his horse yet remains, and here he was seated when he felt the first approach of death, as an inscription records. He arrived there, Wednesday, February 3, 1557, at one in the afternoon, and died September 21 of the next year, of premature old age, and droppifg like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. He gave the convent nothing but the honour of his company; his majordomo, Luis de Quixada (who was afterwards killed by the Moriscos, near Granada,) having of course, like a true Spanish unjust steward, stripped the rooms of every thing portable. Philip II. came here again in 1570, and remained two days. He refused to sleep in the room where his father died. He, too, did little for the monks; and when they begged of him, replied, "You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest."

The larger pleasure-grounds lay on the other side. Nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled. A myrtle and box edge leads to *El cenador de Belem* (Bethalem.) This exquisite gem of a cinque cento summer-house remained perfect, until destroyed, like Abadia and Aranjuez, by Soult's anti-horticultural troops.



CHARLES AND TURBIANO SURPRISING THE MONKS WITH THEIR PUPPETS.

Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman. Although strictly attentive to his religious duties, he amused himself with his flowers, rides, mechanical experiments, and his young son, Don Juan of Austria. The ex-Emperor was sadly plagued by the villagers of *Cuacos*, who, then as always ill-conditioned, poached his trout in the Garganta, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at the future hero of Lepanto for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid, unsocial misanthropy, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest: he sedulously avoided all allusion to politics. Neither was he in his dotage, although enfeebled in health from gout; his ambition and passions were subdued, but not his relish for intellectual and innocent recreations. He brought with him his old servants, who knew his wants and ways, and whose faces he knew: he had his book, his ride, his hobby, experiments,* and his prayers; he had

* One of Charles' amusements was making collections of clocks and watches, and automaton images, and observing their different

friends, some to tell his sorrows to and divide them, others to impart his joys to and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy he was by constitution, and from the inherited taint of his mother; but the story of his having had the funeral service said over himself while alive is untrue: no record or tradition of the kind existed among the monks. Philip II., who feared his father might *repent* of his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept a spy here, who daily reported to Secretary Vasquez every minute circumstance. The original letters, once in the Salesas at Madrid, were incorporated by Thomas Gonzalez in a work on this *Retirada*, which unfortunately is not yet printed. The ruin commenced by the French was completed by the Liberals of Cuacos, who, July 4, 1821, came and stole every thing. They kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor's room a place for silk-worms. Recent sequestrians have again destroyed what the poor monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

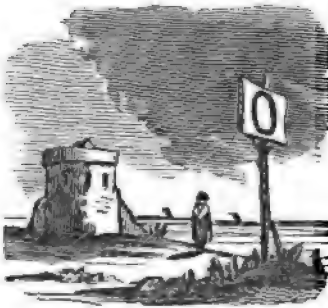
Never again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens with the good-natured garrulous brotherhood. At nightfall supper was laid for all the monks together at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove, where, "bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I mot'ons, and surprising the monks with these performances. In this he was assisted by an attendant named Turriano.

sat an honoured guest." As the windows were thrown wide open to admit the cool, thyme-scented breeze, the eye in the clear evening swept over the boundless valley, and the nightingales sang sweetly in the neglected orange-garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the black tank below us. How often had Charles looked out on a stilly eve, on this self-same and unchanged scene, where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hands all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed in the chamber where the Emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary, insignificant stranger. Long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted; and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sun-burnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent. When the service was concluded, all bowed a last farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace. The morning was grey and the mountain air keen; nor was it until the sun had risen high that the carol of the light-hearted maidens dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SUFFERINGS OF A PARTY ON FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY TO THE POLAR SEA.



IF all scenes of intense suffering undergone by travellers those described in the "Narrative of Franklin's journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the years 1819, 20, 21 and 22," are by far the severest we have ever read.

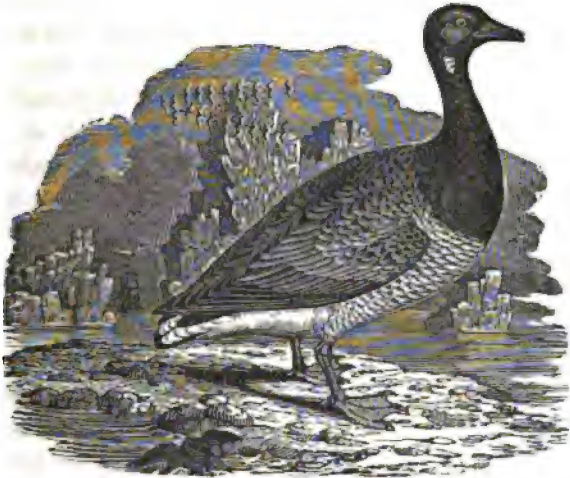
While Lieutenant Parry was exploring a passage

across the Polar Sea towards the Pacific, Lord Bathurst conceived it might not only be serviceable to this intrepid navigator, but desirable for the benefit of geographical and hydrographical science, to ascertain the actual position of the mouth of the Copper mine River and the trending of the shores of the Polar Sea to the eastward of it. With this view, Lieutenant (now Captain) Franklin was recommended by the Lords of the Admiralty as a proper person to be employed on such a service; they, at the same time, nominated Dr. Richardson, a naval surgeon, well skilled in natural history, Mr. Hood and Mr. Back, two admiralty midshipmen (subsequently promoted to the rank of Lieutenants), and two steady English seamen, to accompany him.

This little party embarked on board the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, *Prince of Wales*, the 23d of May, 1819; and reached Stromness the 3d of June, where four boatmen were engaged to assist their progress up the rivers of America:—after a narrow escape from being wrecked on the rocky shores of Resolution island beset with heavy ice, they arrived in safety at York factory on the shores of Hudson's Bay, on the 30th of August. Here they immediately commenced preparations for their long journey; and every possible assistance was afforded by the governor and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who furnished them with a boat, provisions, stores, and ammunition, sent forward circular letters to all their posts, directing the superintendents to supply all their wants, and communicated frankly such information for their guidance, as materially assisted them in their future proceedings.

The journey into the interior commenced at York Fort, where the party embarked on the 9th of September, 1819; and they arrived at Cumberland House on the 22d of October, the travelling distance by water being about six hundred and ninety miles. Late as the season was, Captain Franklin determined not to remain here, but to set out on a long and perilous expedition of several hundred miles to Fort Chebewan, near the western extremity of Athabasca lake; where, by his presence, he hoped to prevent delay in the necessary preparations for their ulterior proceedings. With this view, accompanied by Lieut. Back, on the 18th of January, 1820, he took leave of Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Hood, who were to bring up their baggage in the spring; and after a journey of 857 miles in the very depth of winter, the thermometer frequently at 40°, and sometimes more than 50° below zero, arrived safely, on the 26th of March, at the Fort.

As soon as the spring began to appear, Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood set out to join their companions who had preceded them to Fort Chebewan. It may readily be supposed, that the return of this season is, in such a dreary, chilling climate, hailed with universal joy. The symptoms of its approach are unequivocal. About the middle of April the flights of geese, ducks, and swans from the southward, indicate the breaking up of the frost; gentle showers begin to fall; the whole face of the country is deluged by the melted snow. In a few days the upper grounds are dry, and teem with the fragrant offspring of the new year. "There can scarcely be a higher gratification," says Captain Franklin, "than that which is enjoyed in this country, in witnessing the



WILD GOOSE.

rapid change which takes place in the course of a few days in the spring; scarcely does the snow disappear from the ground, before the trees are clothed with thick foliage, the shrubs open their leaves, and put forth their variegated flowers, and the whole prospect becomes animating." But it also brings its inconveniencies, the first, and most annoying of which, are the clouds of huge full-grown mosquitoes, which bursting forth at once, incessantly torment the traveller to a degree unknown even in the tropical regions of the globe.

The whole party, with their Indian hunters, having assembled at Chebeywan, set out on the 18th of July for the northward, in the hope that, before the season should expire, they might be enabled to fix their winter quarters at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and

to avail themselves of the earliest period of the following spring to explore the coast of the Polar Sea to the eastward. But so great and so numerous were the difficulties experienced from the scarcity of provisions, and from the impediments in the navigation of the numerous rivers and lakes, on account of the rapids of the one and the shallows of the other, together with the frequent portages, that their progress was exceedingly slow and tedious; and they did not arrive at the spot where it was found necessary to hut themselves for the winter, and which was distant from Chebeywan about 550 miles, before the 20th of August. With regard to the interruptions of the portages, they became more frequent, and the dragging of the boats more fatiguing, in proportion as they advanced to the northward; and thus the sufferings of the people from want of sufficient sustenance were greatly aggravated. It not unfrequently happened that in one day they had to load and unload the canoes, and to transport them and the baggage over five or six of these portages. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that men who, like the Canadian Voyagers, live, when at the Company's forts, entirely on animal food, the daily allowance of which is *eight pounds* to each man, should be disheartened, and exhibit symptoms of discontent and insubordination, when they found themselves reduced to one scanty meal a day of a few ounces of fish or deer's flesh; and, on some days, unable to procure any food at all. Their disobedience, however, was only transitory, and seems to have ceased with the occasion of it; and it is due to them to say that their general conduct throughout this perilous and fatiguing expedition was highly

praiseworthy. A fresh supply of food had invariably the effect of an immediate return of their usual good humour.

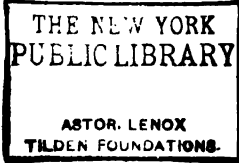
Captain Franklin, as we before observed, had been anxious to arrive at the mouth of the Copper-mine River during the present season; but the small pools being frozen over so early as the 25th of August, when the geese were observed to be passing to the southward, and other unequivocal symptoms of the approach of winter beginning to manifest themselves, he found it necessary to abandon the design. Indeed the chief of the hunters declared that the attempt would be rash and dangerous, and that, as he considered the lives of all who went on such a journey would be forfeited, he neither would go himself, nor permit his people to accompany them. They were, therefore, compelled to content themselves for this season with making an excursion to the head of the Copper-mine River, in Point Lake, about sixty miles to the northward, merely to satisfy themselves of its size and position.

In the meantime, the Canadians were busily engaged in constructing a house for their winter residence, to which they gave the name of Fort Enterprize. It was situated on a rising ground on the bank of a river, and near a lake, surrounded with numerous trees of considerable size, some of the pines being from thirty to forty feet high, and two feet in diameter at the base. The banks of the river (to which they gave the name of Winter River) were also well clothed with trees of this description, and enlivened with a profusion of luxuriant mosses, lichens and shrubby plants. The lat. of Fort Enterprize is $64^{\circ} 28'$, long. $118^{\circ} 6' W$.

The last station of the North-West Company is Fort Providence, in lat. $62^{\circ} 17'$, long. $114^{\circ} 9' W$.

All hands were now employed in laying in a stock of provisions for the winter, consisting principally of rein-deers' flesh frozen, or dried partially by the fire and sun, then bruised with stones and kneaded up with fat or suet into a paste, well known in North America by the name of *pemmican*. The rein-deer in this neighbourhood were fortunately abundant, being met with in herds from ten to a hundred; and Captain Franklin says that, in walking out one day, he estimated the numbers seen by him at not fewer than two thousand. Before these animals began to migrate to the southward in search of a milder climate and better sheltered pastures, the hunters were enabled to procure about one hundred and eighty, which were converted into dried meat: to this they added about a thousand white fish, from two to three pounds each, and occasionally others of the salmon tribe, trout, pike and red carp. But this stock of provision was barely sufficient for the winter's consumption of the party, including the multitude of Indians and their families who crowded to the rendezvous as soon as the winter had set in.

Nor was this the worst. The whole of their ammunition was expended, and their packages of blankets, tobacco, and other articles of indispensable necessity had not come up from the southward. Mr. Back, therefore, volunteered to return to Fort Providence and, if necessary, to Chebeywan, to obtain such supplies as were absolutely necessary, to enable them to proceed. He set out, accompanied by Mr. Wentzel, a clerk of the North-west Company, two Canadians, two Indians





AUGUSTUS, THE ESQUIMAUX INTERPRETER.

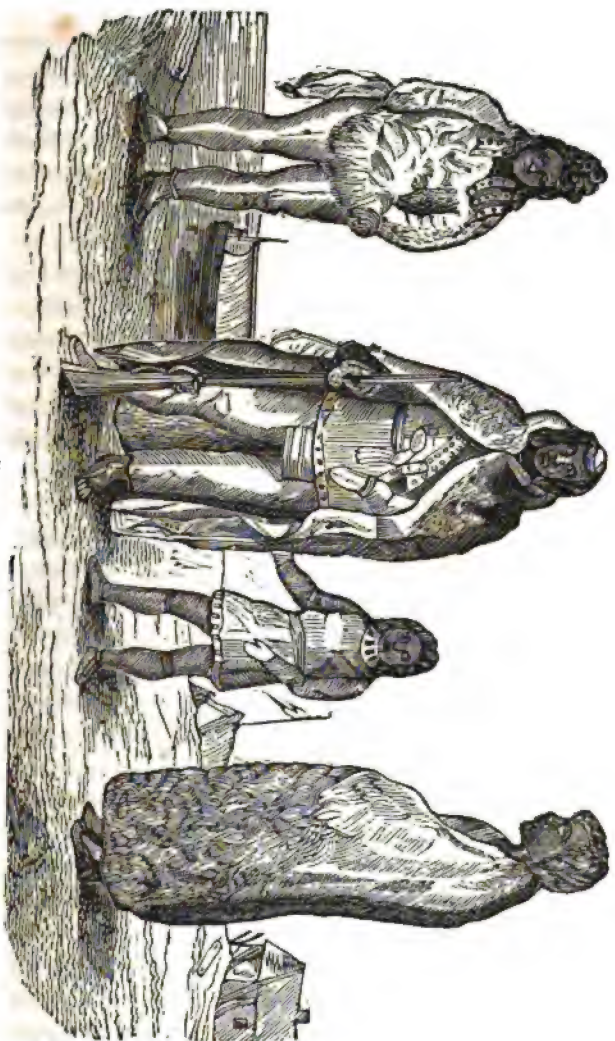
and their wives, on the 18th of October. This journey on foot, in the depth of winter, as far as Chebeywan and back to Fort-Enterprize, at which place Mr. Back arrived on the 17th of March, is among the many instances of extraordinary exertion and determined perseverance which this expedition afforded. He thus concludes his interesting Report:—"I had the pleasure of meeting my friends all in good health, after an absence of nearly five months, during which time I had travelled one thousand one hundred and four miles in snow-shoes, and no other covering at night, in the woods, than a blanket and deer-skin, with the thermometer frequently at -40° , and once at -57° ; and sometimes passing two or three days, without tasting food.' We may add that, without this extraordinary exertion of Mr. Back, the expedition would not have been able to leave Fort Enterprize.

The party that remained at this spot were not much better circumstanced than Mr. Back had been, at least with regard to the severity of the cold.

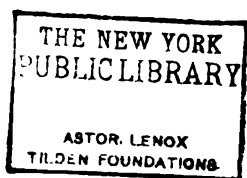
Mr. Back brought with him two Esquimaux interpreters whom he found at Fort Providence, where they had arrived from the neighbourhood of Chesterfield Inlet: their names were *Tattaneexuck* and *Hæootærock*—*Belly* and *Ear*—but they were commonly called Augustus and Junius—the former could speak a little English. Immediately on their arrival at Fort Enterprize, they set about building a snow house for their residence, which they maintained to be more warm and comfortable than the wooden one already erected. Captain Franklin's description of this singular fabric recalls to our recollection the many learned and laboured

discussions and speculations on the origin and invention of the arch, and inclines us to ask, Where did these poor people, the outcasts of society, separate from the civilized world, and confined to regions of eternal ice and snow; where did these miserable beings learn the principles and construction, not simply of the arch, but of the perfect dome, the most difficult of arches?

"The winter habitations of the Esquimaux, who visit Churchill," says Captain Franklin, "are built of snow, and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river, where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature, corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge-form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut



ESKIMAOX.



up by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed-place was next formed and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine branches, to prevent them from melting by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon, and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window.

"The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, reared by Phidias; both are temples of art, inimitable in their kinds."

It was not before the 14th of June that the Indians considered the ice to have sufficiently broken up in the Copper-mine River, to admit of its being navigated by canoes. By this time their stock of provisions was pretty nearly exhausted, and it became evident that their future subsistence must depend on the success of the hunters, as they proceeded down the river: these hunters, however, as the time of departure approached, began to manifest a decided reluctance to proceed. It



DEER.

appeared, upon inquiry, that a Mr. Weeks, a clerk of the North West Company, who, in his remote retreat had nurtured the ancient and deep-rooted jealousies which prevailed between the two Companies previously to their recent union, had been tampering with them, misrepresenting the object of the expedition, and the character of the officers employed. It was with the utmost difficulty the unfavourable impressions, thus created on the minds of the Indians, were removed, and even after this had been done, the dread of the Esquimaux furnished another obstacle to their proceeding. At length, however, all difficulties being sur-

mounted, the whole party proceeded to the Coppermine River; which, like all those which they had hitherto navigated, was full of rocks, rapids and shoals, and in many places bridged with large masses of ice. The grassy plains on either side, however, abounded with game, particularly with that singular little animal known by the name of the musk ox, of which they killed a great number, but all of them lean, and the flesh by no means palatable.

The herds of deer and musk oxen attract great numbers of bears and wolves. The latter is a gregarious animal, and so sagacious, as rarely to be caught in any kind of trap. Inferior in speed to the moose and rein-deer, these creatures are said to have recourse to a stratagem which seldom fails to succeed, in places where extensive plains are bounded by precipitous cliffs. The party had proof of this in more places than one.

"Whilst the deer are quietly grazing, the wolves assemble in great numbers, and, forming a crescent, creep slowly towards the herd so as not to alarm them much at first, but when they perceive that they have fairly hemmed in the unsuspecting creatures, and cut off their retreat across the plain, they move more quickly, and with hideous yells terrify their prey and urge them to flight by the only open way, which is that towards the precipice; appearing to know, that when the herd is once at full speed, it is easily driven over the cliff, the rearmost urging on those that are before. The wolves then descend at their leisure, and feast on the mangled carcasses."

This stratagem was attempted on Dr. Richardson, when sitting musing one evening, on the summit of a



MUSK OX



WOLF.

a precipice, overlooking the Copper-mine river. Hearing an indistinct noise behind him, he looked round, and perceived nine white wolves advancing towards him in a crescent, evidently with the intention of driving him down the steep; but on his rising and walking towards them, they readily made an opening and let him pass: a poor deer, which was hemmed in at the same time, less bold or less fortunate, was shortly afterwards driven over the precipice.

Captain Franklin's original intention was to return (if he found it necessary to return at all) in as direct a line as the winding of the coast would admit, to the mouth of Copper-mine River, and thence through the line of woods extending along the Great Bear and Martin Lakes as far as Slave Lake; but their scanty stock of provisions having been exhausted before they reached the mouth of Hood's River, and the coast holding out

little hope of an adequate supply at this advanced period of the season, he determined on proceeding up this latter river as far as it was navigable, and then, striking across the barren grounds, to make directly for their late winter-quarters at Fort Enterprize. Their progress however was very soon stopped by the whole river tumbling over a ledge of rock in a magnificent cascade of 250 feet in height, on the other side of which it was found to be too rapid and too full of shallows for the canoes to make any way. It became necessary therefore to prepare for a journey on foot; and the first step was that of converting the canoes into two of smaller dimensions, to enable them to cross the lakes and rivers with which they had reason to believe this portion of the continent was much intersected. Every part of the baggage that could be dispensed with was left on the spot, and two days provision of fresh meat (all that could be carried in addition to the canoes) put up with the rest.

At the end of two days, the course of the river turned so much out of their direct route that they were obliged to quit its banks altogether, and proceed in a straight line towards Point Lake, whose distance was estimated at 140 miles. On the 5th of September, three days only after leaving the river, the party was surprised by the unusual and unexpected appearance of winter, in a heavy fall of snow. From this moment till the 26th of the month, three tedious weeks, they had to struggle against cold and boisterous weather; to walk through snow sometimes two feet deep, over a country which scarcely produced a shrub for fuel above six inches high; and to guess their way across an un-

known land, unassisted by celestial observations (the sun being constantly hid except on two occasions :) and, to add to their misery they had before them the appalling sight of musk oxen, deer, and every other animal, and even the water fowl, (alarmed at the snow,) hurrying to the southward with the utmost speed. In this journey of twenty-one days, all the fresh meat which they could procure amounted only to five days' consumption; the sole resource for the rest of the time being the *tripe de roche*, a species of lichen which grows on the rocks: even this weed, unpalatable as it was, could not always be found, so that one scanty meal a day was sometimes all that could be afforded, and several days were passed without eating at all.

The labours of the party in dragging their burdens and themselves through the snow, did not end with the day. Though they had no food to prepare, it was absolutely necessary to have some little fire to thaw their frozen shoes at night; and it was no easy task to find, and dig from under the snow, a sufficient quantity of stunted bushes for this purpose. The fatigue and want of food had a very sensible effect on the strength and spirits of the Canadian voyageurs, both of which were painfully noticed to be sinking very rapidly; yet, encouraged by the officers, they endured, for a time, their miseries with as much patience as could be expected. At length, however, on finding the line of their route interrupted by frequent lakes, which required them to make circuitous journeys, and seeing no hope of speedily reaching their destined point, they began to despair of their safety, and becoming alike indifferent to promises or threats, seemed to consider

themselves as liberated from all control. To add to the misery which stared them in the face, one of the canoes was rendered useless by an accident, and soon after, through the inattention and insubordination of one of the party, the other was also dashed to pieces, though those who carried it knew, from the course of the Copper-mine River, that it would be essentially necessary to enable them to cross it.

On the 26th of September the whole party arrived on the banks of this river; and having killed five small deer, began to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in having procured as much fresh meat as, with due care, would serve them till their arrival at Fort Enterprize. The weather too had become mild, and the Canadians considered their misfortunes at an end; but, alas! they had not yet begun. In the midst of their joy they forgot that, in their madness, they had deprived themselves of the only means of crossing the river which lay between them and their place of destination. The shores of Point Lake were searched in vain for pines to make a raft. The next expedient was to collect faggots of dried willows, and with those to frame a sort of float; but this was found an unmanageable machine in a stream without the assistance of oars or poles. In short, eight whole days mostly of fine weather (and the only fine weather they had,) were consumed in devising means for crossing the Copper mine River.

In this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face, Dr. Richardson, actuated by the noble desire of making a last effort for the safety of the party, undertook the hazardous enterprise of

swimming across the stream (about 180 yards) with a line attached to his body ; at a time when the mercury in the thermometer stood, in the air below the freezing point, and in the water at 38°. He succeeded in reaching very nearly the opposite bank when, benumbed with cold, he lost the power of moving his limbs, and was observed by his anxious companions to disappear beneath the surface. It may easily be imagined what their feelings were at this moment. They eagerly dragged him back by the line, and drew him out of the water with little or no hope of restoring animation. By wrapping the body in blankets, however, rubbing it and laying it before a fire, he was at length restored to life, but, as might be supposed, remained for some time in a very enfeebled state.

No other person of the party could be found to repeat the experiment ; but a kind of basket was at length constructed which, when covered over with a few fragments of canvass they had luckily preserved, it was hoped might enable them to pass the river ; but it was capable only of holding one person. In this basket Percy St. Germain, one of the interpreters, first volunteered to paddle over, carrying with him a line, and happily he succeeded ; it was then drawn back, and a second crossed, and so on until the whole party had crossed over without any serious accident, though their frail vessel was filled with water at every traverse, and generally sunk before it reached the shore.

It was now the 4th of October, and they were within forty miles of Fort Enterprize ; but the weather had again resumed its severity, the ground was covered with snow, the last morsel of their food was expended, and the whole



DR. RICHARDSON.

party miserably reduced by their recent scanty fare, and their exertions in crossing the river. Under these circumstances Captain Franklin deemed it expedient to push forward Mr. Back with three of the voyageurs in search of the Indians, who, it was hoped, would be found in the neighbourhood of Fort Enterprize. The following day the remainder moved forwards, and procured a meal of tripe de roche, which produced, however, such distressing complaints on some of the party, and reduced them to such a state of weakness, as to oblige them to leave every thing except their personal baggage; and even with this two of the people dropped behind, about the middle of the second day's march, utterly unable to proceed. Dr. Richardson, weak as he was from his late exertion, went back in search of

these two unfortunate men. He found one of them, at the distance of a mile and a half, lying exhausted in the snow, talking incoherently, and evidently in a dying state; but of the other he could discover no trace. On returning with this information, a halt was made, a fire kindled with a few stunted willows, and every argument used to induce the ablest of the party to endeavour to bring forward the poor man who had fallen, and renew the search for the other; but they all declared their utter inability; and, revolting as it was felt to humanity, both were of necessity abandoned to their fate.

As there was every reason to fear that others of the party would speedily sink under the combined pressure of famine, fatigue, and inclement weather, and as those who were strongest had renewed their threats of throwing down their loads, and pushing with their utmost speed for Fort Enterprize, though they knew not a foot of the way, Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood generously proposed to halt at the first place that offered a supply of fire-wood, and, with the weak and worn-down of the party, to remain there till assistance should be sent to them from the Fort. To this arrangement Captain Franklin reluctantly consented; but as he had every reason to hope that he should find a depot of provisions at Fort Enterprize, and a band of Indians in the neighbourhood, according to the arrangement made with Mr. Wentzel, he saw no other means of safety. The English seaman, John Hepburn, whose willing and attentive conduct on all occasions appears to be above all praise, volunteered to remain behind.

"Their tent," says Captain Franklin, "being se-

quest of the Indians, but soon found himself utterly unable to proceed, and returned to the house of misery and desolation the following day. Hopeless, however, as in every way, his situation now appeared to be, this gallant officer never once uttered a murmur, nor gave himself up to despair. He dispatched two of the strongest to endeavour to find out the Indians, and inform them of their dreadful situation; and kept the other three, who were reduced to the last extremity, with himself.

Eighteen days were passed in this miserable condition, with no other food than the bones and skins of the deer which had been consumed the preceding winter boiled down into a kind of soup; when, on the 29th October, Dr. Richardson and John Hepburn made their appearance, but without the rest of the party.

"We were all shocked," says Captain Franklin, "on beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extreme debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key.

The melancholy tale of what had befallen them is well and feelingly told by Dr. Richardson.

It appears that, on the first two days, they had nothing whatever to eat; that on the evening of the third day, Michel, the only surviving man of the four whom Captain Franklin had sent back, arrived with a

hare and a partridge, which enabled them to break their long fast. Another day passed without eating; Mr. Hood very weak and unwell. On the 11th, Michel brought them part of what he called a wolf, which he said had been killed by a stroke of a deer's horn. "We implicitly believed this story then," says Dr. Richardson, "but afterwards became convinced, from circumstances, the detail of which may be spared, that it must have been a portion of the body of Belanger, or Perrault," two of the unfortunate men whom Captain Franklin had sent back, and one or both of whom it was strongly suspected had fallen by the hands of the Iroquois. This man's bad conduct since his return grew daily worse; he absented himself from the party; refused either to hunt or to fetch wood; and frequently threatened to leave them. Poor Hood was now sinking fast; he was unable to eat the tripe de roche (and they had nothing else,) on account of the constant griping it produced.

"At this period we avoided as much as possible conversing upon the hopelessness of our situation, and generally endeavoured to lead the conversation towards our future prospects in life. The fact is that with the decay of our strength our minds decayed, and we were no longer able to bear the contemplation of the horrors that surrounded us. Each of us, if I may be allowed to judge from my own case, excused himself from so doing by a desire of not shocking the feelings of the others, for we were sensible of one another's weakness of intellect, though blind to our own. Yet we were calm and resigned to our fate, not a murmur escaped

us, and we were punctual and fervent in our addresses to the Supreme Being."

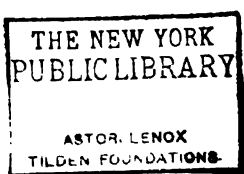
Never certainly were the blessings of religion more strongly felt than in the case of these excellent men, when to all human appearance their case was utterly hopeless; yet nothing like despondency, not a murmur ever escaped from their lips.

"Through the extreme kindness and forethought of a lady, the party, previous to leaving London, had been furnished with a small collection of religious books, of which we still retained two or three of the most portable, and they proved of incalculable benefit to us. We read portions of them to each other as we lay in bed, in addition to the morning and evening service, and found that they inspired us on each perusal with so strong a sense of the omnipresence of a beneficent God, that our situation, even in these wilds, appeared no longer destitute; and we conversed, not only with calmness, but with cheerfulness, detailing with unrestrained confidence the past events of our lives, and dwelling with hope on our future prospects. Had my poor friend (Mr. Hood) been spared to revisit his native land, I should look back to this period with unalloyed delight."

Five days more passed on without any food except a little tripe de roche collected by Hepburn, the Iroquois continuing sulky, and though strongest of the party, refusing to contribute to its relief; but it was strongly suspected he had a hidden supply of meat for his own use. Seeing the determined obstinacy and refractory spirit of this man, Dr. Richardson had told him, that if no relief came from Fort Enterprize before the 20th, Hepburn and himself should be dispatched thither with



LIEUTENANT, NOW CAPTAIN BACOK.





LEUTENANT HOOD.

a compass, by the direction of which they might be enabled to find the house. On that very day, however, as Hepburn was cutting wood near the tent, and Dr. Richardson was collecting tripe de roche, the miscreant assassinated Mr. Hood while sitting over the fire in the last stage of disease and debility. The ball entered the back part of his head and set fire to his nightcap. Hepburn had heard them conversing in an angry tone, and immediately after, the report of a gun; and on looking towards the spot, observed Michel rise from behind the spot where Mr. Hood had been sitting, and dart into the tent. It was at once clear, from the great length of the gun which had been discharged, that such a wound could only have been inflicted by a second person; and if any doubt could have existed as to the murderer, Michel's own conduct would at once have

removed it. From this time he would never suffer the two remaining of the party to be together for a moment; he was constantly asking if they suspected him of the murder? sometimes he made use of threatening language; at other times muttering to himself, and throwing out obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint. In short, as they proceeded on their dismal journey to join their companions at Fort Enterprise, his conduct became so violent and outrageous, as to convince both the Doctor and Hepburn that he would attempt to destroy them the first opportunity that offered. His strength was superior to theirs united, and he had, besides his gun, two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. On coming to a rock, he, for the first time left them together, saying he would stop to gather some *tripe de roche*, and desired them to go on. Hepburn now mentioned certain circumstances, which satisfied Dr. Richardson that there was no safety for them but in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. "I determined, however," says Dr. Richardson, "as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol: had my own life alone," he continues, "been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure; but I considered myself as intrusted also with the protection of Hepburn's, a man, who, by his humane attentions and devotedness, had so endeared himself to me, that I felt more anxiety for his safety than for my own." Michel had gathered no *tripe de roche*; and it was quite evi-

dent that he had halted for no other purpose than that of putting his gun in order, to destroy them that same evening while engaged in setting up the tent.

Dr. Richardson seems to have no doubt that a very short time must have put an end to the sufferings of Mr. Hood. On his zeal, ability, and goodness of heart, both he and Captain Franklin bestow unqualified praise.

"The loss," says the former, "of a young officer of such distinguished and varied talents and application, may be felt and duly appreciated by the eminent characters under whose command he had served; but the calmness with which he contemplated the probable termination of a life of uncommon promise; and the patience and fortitude with which he sustained, I may say, unparalleled bodily sufferings, can only be known to the companions of his distresses."

After dragging along their famished bodies for six days, existing on lichens and pieces of the skin cloak of poor Mr. Hood, on the 29th they came in sight of the fort at dusk; "and," says Dr. Richardson, "it is impossible to describe our sensations, when, on attaining the eminence that overlooks it, we beheld the smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. From not having met with any footsteps in the snow, as we drew nigh our once cheerful residence, we had been agitated by many melancholy forebodings. Upon entering the now desolate building, we had the satisfaction of embracing Captain Franklin, but no words can convey an idea of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures, but the

ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Mr. Franklin and those with him were more than we could at first bear."

An idea may be formed of the dreadful state to which the Captain's party were reduced, by the death of two of them, two days after the arrival of Dr. Richardson and Hepburn. The only remaining man and Captain Franklin were so utterly unable to assist themselves that eight-and-forty hours, and probably half that time, would have put an end to their misery. The whole labour, therefore, of procuring fire-wood, and scraping together the old pieces of skins, and fragments of bone, devolved on Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, whose strength was now rapidly declining, and very nearly exhausted, when, providentially, on the 7th of November, the long-expected relief arrived, by the hands of three Indians sent by Mr. Back. The condition to which the four survivors were reduced, is thus described by Captain Franklin.

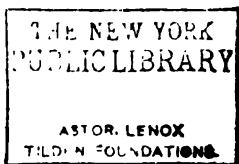
"I may here remark, that, owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet, to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of unger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always accompanied it, were usually, (though not invariably,) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyment of feasting. In the day time we

fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed that, in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.'"

Nothing could be kinder and more humane than the conduct of the Indians. They cleaned out the room, cooked their victuals, had them washed and made comfortable, and after leaving the fort, attended them to the spot where their tribe were engaged in hunting; giving up their own snow-shoes, keeping by their sides, lifting them up when they fell; and finally conducting them in safety to the nearest of the Company's posts, where they met with their companion, Back, whose suf-

ferings had scarcely been less than their own, and to whose exertions the survivors of the party unquestionably owed their safety. One of the two Canadians who had accompanied Mr. Back, fell a sacrifice to cold, hunger, and fatigue. Here Mr. Wentzel endeavoured to exculpate himself, by an explanation of the unfortunate circumstances which prevented him from fulfilling Captain Franklin's instructions, which the latter seems to think satisfactory—we confess we do not; whether from indifference, or a remnant of the old leaven clinging about him, he certainly appears to have used very little exertion in their behalf.





The roar of eight hundred houses—or how many more can there be in Aquila?—all reeling and quaking, the yells of ten thousand voices in sudden agony, had wholly subsided ere I allowed the poor woman calmly and majestically to waddle up to her good man in the garden. That, I suppose, was my notion of an orderly retreat. Rosalbina had flown from a window into the lawn, like a bird. Thank God, we found ourselves all in the open air under the broad canopy of heaven. We began to count heads. Yes, there we all stood—cook, laundry-maid, dairy-maids, stable-boys, all as obedient to the awful summons as the best disciplined troops at the first roll of the drum.

It was February, as I have twice observed; and we were in the heart of the highest Apennines. The day was rather fine, but pinching cold; and when the fever of the first terror abated, the lady and young lady began to shiver in every limb. No one dared to break silence; but Don Marzio's eye wandered significantly enough from one to another countenance in that awe-stricken group. There was no mistaking his appeal. Yet, one after another, his menials and labourers returned his gaze with well-acted perplexity. No one so dull of apprehension as those who will not understand. My good friends, I was three-and-twenty. I had had my trials, and could boast of pretty narrow escapes.

may have been reckless, perhaps, in my day. I smiled dimly, nodded to the old gentleman, clapped my hands cheerily, and the next moment was once more where no man in Aquila would at that moment have liked to be for the world—under a roof. I made a huge armful of cloaks and blankets, snapped up every rag with all

the haste of a marauding party, and moved toward the door, tottering under the encumbrance. But now the dreadful crisis was at hand.

Earthquakes, it is well known, proceed by action and re-action. The second shock, I was aware, must be imminent. I had just touched the threshold, and stood under the porch, when that curious spasmodic sensation once more stiffened every muscle in my limbs. Presently I felt myself lifted up from the ground. I was now under the portico, and was hurled against the pillar on my right; the rebound again drove me to the post on the opposite side; and after being thus repeatedly tossed and buffeted from right to left like a shuttlecock, I was thrust down, outward, on the ground on my head, with all that bundle of rags, having tumbled headlong the whole range of the four marble steps of entrance. The harm, however, was not so great as the fright; and, thanks to my gallant devotion, the whole party were wrapped and blanketed, till they looked like a party of wild Indians; we stood now on comparatively firm ground, and had leisure to look about us. Don Marzio's garden was open and spacious, being bounded on three sides by the half-crumbling wall of the town. On the fourth side was the house—a good, substantial fabric, but now miserably shaky and rickety. Close by the house was the chapel of the Ursuline convent, and above that its splendid spire rose chaste and stainless, “pointing the way to heaven.” Any rational being might have deemed himself sufficiently removed from brick and mortar, and, in so far, out of harm's way. Not so Don Marzio. He pointed to the shadow of that spire, which, in the pale wintry sunset, stretched

all the way across his garden, and by a strange perversion of judgment, he contended that so far as the shadow extended, there might also the body that cast it reach in its fall, for fall it obviously must; and as the danger was pressing, he deemed it unwise to discuss which of the four cardinal points the tower might feel a leaning toward, whenever, under the impulse of the subterranean scourge, it would "look around and choose its ground." Don Marzio was gifted with animal courage, and even nerve, proportionate to the might of his stalwart frame. But then his was merely a combative spirit. Thews and sinews were of no avail in the case. The garden was no breathing ground for him, and he resolved upon prompt emigration.

The people of Aquila, as indeed you may well know, of most towns in Southern Italy, have the habit of—consequently a peculiar talent for—earthquakes. They know how to deal with them, and are seldom caught unprepared. Two hundred yards outside the town gate, there is half a square mile of table-land on the summit of a hill—a market-place in days of ease, a harbour of refuge in the urgency of peril. From the first dropping of the earth-ball from the hand of their guardian saint, the most far-sighted among the inhabitants had been busy pitching their tents. The whole population—those, that is, who had escaped unscathed by flying tiles and chimney-pots—were now swarming there, pulling, pushing, hauling, and hammering away for very life; with women fainting, children screeching, Capuchins preaching. It was like a little rehearsal of doomsday. Don Marzio, a prudent housekeeper, had the latch-key of a private door at the back of the garden.

He threw it open—not without a misgiving at the moss-grown wall overhead. That night the very stars did not seem to him sufficiently firm nailed to the firmament! His family and dependents trooped after him, eager to follow. Rosalbina looked back—at one who was left behind. Don Marzio felt he owed me at least one word of leave-taking. He hemmed twice, came back two steps, and gave me a feverish shake of the hand.

"I am heartily sorry for you, my boy," he cried. "A *fuoruscito*, as I may say, a bird-in-the-bush—you dare not show your nose outside the door. You would not compromise yourself alone, you know, but all of us and our friends; we must leave you—safe enough here, I dare say," with a stolen glance at the Ursuliné spire, "but—you see—imperative duties—head of a family—take care of the females—and so, God bless you!"

With this he left me there, under the deadly shape of the steeple—deadlier to him than the upas-tree; ordered his little household band out, and away they filed, one by one, the head of the family manfully closing the rear. . . .

I was alone—alone with the earthquake. . . . There was a wood-cellar in one of the out-houses, access to which was easy and safe. One of my host's domestics had slipped flint and steel into my hands. In less than half-an-hour's time, a cheerful fire was crackling before me. I drew forth an old lumbering arm-chair from the wood-cellar, together with my provision and fuel. I shrouded myself in the ample folds of one of Don Marzio's riding-cloaks; I sat with folded arms,

my eyes riveted on the rising blaze, summoning all my spirits round my heart, and bidding it to bear up. The sun had long set, and the last gleam of a sickly twilight rapidly faded. A keen, damp, northeast wind swept over the earth; thin, black, ragged clouds flitted before it, like uneasy ghosts. A stray star twinkled here and there in the firmament, and the sickle-shaped moon hung in the west. But the light of those pale luminaries was wan and fitful. They seemed to be aware of the hopelessness of their struggle, and to mourn in anticipation of the moment when they should faint in flight, and unrelieved darkness should lord it over the fields of the heavens.

The town of Aquila, or the Eagle, as the natives name it, is perched, eagle-like, on the brow of an abrupt cliff in the bosom of the loftiest Apennines. Mont Reale, Monte Velino, and the giant of the whole chain, the "Gran Sasso d'Italia," look down upon it from their exalted thrones. Within the shelter of that massive armour, the town might well seem invulnerable to time and man. But, as I gazed despondingly round, the very hills everlasting seemed rocking from their foundation, and their crests nodding to destruction. Which of those mighty peaks was to open the fire of hell's artillery upon us? Was not Etna once as still and dark as yonder great rock? and yet it now glares by night with its ominous beacon, and cities and kingdoms have been swept away at its base.

Two hours passed away in gloomy meditation. The whole town was a desert. The camp meeting of the unhoused Aquilani was held somewhere in the distance: its confused murmur reached me not. Only my neigh-

hours, the Ursuline nuns, were up and awake. With shrinking delicacy, dreading the look and touch of the profane even more than the walls of their prison-house, they had stood their ground with the heroism of true faith, and reared their temporary asylum under their vine-canopied bowers, within the shade of the cloisters. A high garden-wall alone separated me from the holy virgins. They were watching, and kneeling. Every note from their silver voices sank deep in my heart, and impressed me with something of that pious confidence, of that imploring fervour, with which they addressed their guardian angels and saints. Two hours had passed. The awfulness of prevailing tranquillity, the genial warmth of my fire, and the sweet monotony of that low, mournful chanting, were by degrees gliding into my troubled senses, and lulling them into a treacherous security. "Just so," I reasoned, "shock and countershock. The terrible scourge has by this time exhausted his strength. It was only a farce, after all. Much ado about nothing. The people of this town have become so familiar with the earthquake that they make a carnival of it. By this time they are perhaps feasting and rioting under their booths. Ho! am I the only craven here? And had I not my desire? Am I not now on speaking terms with an earthquake?"

Again my words conjured up the waking enemy. A low, hollow, rumbling noise, as if from many hundred miles' distance, was heard coming rapidly onward along the whole line of the Apennines. It reached us, it seemed to stop underneath our feet, and suddenly changing its horizontal for a vertical direction, it burst

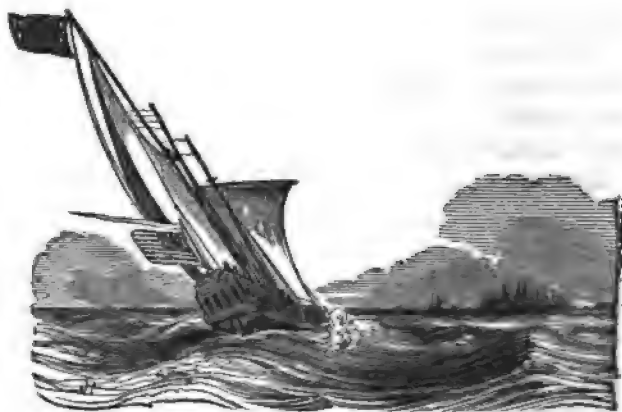
upward. The whole earth heaved with a sudden pang; it then gave a backward bound, even as a vessel shipping a sea. The motion then became undulatory, and spread far and wide as the report of a cannon, awakening every echo in the mountain. There was a rattle and clatter in the town, as if of a thousand wagons shooting down paving stones. The Ursuline steeple waved in the air like a reed vexed by the blast. The chair I stood on was all but capsized, and the fire at my feet was overthrown. The very vault of heaven swung to and fro, ebbing and heaving with the general convulsion. The doleful psalmody in the neighbouring ground broke abruptly. The chorus of many feminine voices sent forth but one rending shriek. The clamour of thousands of the town-folks from their encampment gave its wakeful response. Then the dead silence of consternation ensued. I picked up every stick and brand that had been scattered about, steadied myself in my chair, and hung down my head. "These black hounds," I mused, "hunt in couples. Now for the repercussion."

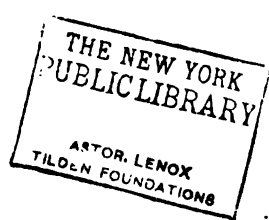
I had not many minutes to wait. Again the iron hoofed steeds and heavy wheels of the state chariot of the prince of darkness were heard tramping and rattling in their course. Once more the subterranean avalanche gathered and burst. Once more the ground beneath throbbed and heaved as if with rending travail. Once more heaven and earth seemed to yearn to each other; and the embers of my watch-fire were cast upward and strewn asunder. It was an awful long winter night. The same sable clouds rioting in the sky, the same cruel wind moaning angrily through the chinks

and crevices of many a shattered edifice. Solitude, the chillness of night, and the vagueness, even more than the inevitableness, of the danger, wrought fearfully on my exhausted frame. Stupor and lethargy soon followed these brief moments of speechless excitement. Bewildered imagination peopled the air with vague, unutterable terrors. Legions of phantoms sported on those misshapen clouds. The clash of a thousand swords was borne on the wind. Tongues of living flame danced and quivered in every direction. The firmament seemed all burning with them. I saw myself alone, helpless, hopeless, the miserable butt of all the rage of warring elements. It was an uncomfortable night. Ten and twelve times was the dreadful visitation reproduced between sunset and sunrise, and every shock found me more utterly unnerved; and the sullen, silent resignation with which I recomposed and trimmed my fire had something in it consummately abject, by the side of the doleful accents with which the poor half-hoarse nuns, my neighbours, called on the blessed Virgin for protection.

The breaking morn found me utterly prostrated; and when Don Marzio's servants had so far recovered from their panic as to intrude upon my solitude, and offer their services for the erection of my tent in the garden, I had hardly breath enough left to welcome them. Under that tent I passed days and nights during all the remainder of February. The shocks, though diminished in strength, almost nightly roused us from our rest. But the people of Aquila soon learned to despise them. By one, by two, by three they sought the threshold of their dismantled homes. Last of all,

Don Marzio folded his tent. His fears having, finally, so far given way, as to allow him to think of something beside himself, he exerted himself to free me from confinement. He furnished me with faithful guides, by whose aid I reached the sea-coast. Here a Maltese vessel was waiting to waft me to a land of freedom and security. I can tell you, my friends, that from that time I was cured forever of all curiosity about earthquakes.







HALIFAX.



ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HEAD IN CANADA.



IN 1829 Captain Head published a very entertaining volume entitled "Forest Scenes and Incidents, in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a winter's route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during a four months' Residence in the Woods, on the borders of Lakes Huron and Simcoe."



ST. JOHN'S.

Captain Head, being ordered to a station in Upper Canada, landed at Halifax in the latter end of November; the passage of the river St. Lawrence was already closed, and he had therefore to make his way thither over land, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. The time of year could hardly have been worse for the journey: though November is to the Nova Scotians their best month, so much so, indeed, as to be called, for its 'fresh frosty air and bright sun,' the Indian summer.

He went from Halifax, through Annapolis, St. John's, and Fredericton, to Presque Isle. Here, to his great satisfaction, the Quebec mail arrived, in the shape of "two men on foot, of a tempest-driven appearance;" their clothes and caps covered with snow

each with a pair of snow-shoes slung at his back, and a large white leather bag across his shoulders. They were both native French Canadians, one apparently of half Indian blood. With these men he agreed to be his guides, and draw his baggage on the two tobogins, from Presque Isle, along the course of the river by the Madawaska settlement and Lake Tamasquatha, to the shore of the St. Lawrence, for fifteen pounds. The distance is upwards of one hundred and fifty miles; and there is a line of small log-houses on the way, occupied by settlers, to whom grants of land have been ceded, for the purpose of keeping open the communication. These men had the bags from Quebec; they were, when rid of them, to join him at the house of Mr. Turner, at Presque Isle. There he was detained eight-and-forty hours, waiting first their arrival, and then their convenience; and the description of his host, who was the chief diplomatist in those parts, and, moreover, a man in authority, and the account of his establishment, presents a lively picture of civilized life (as that which is not savage must in courtesy be called) in its coarsest state.

The party consisted of Mr. Head and his servant, three travellers who joined at Mr. Turner's, and the two guides. The guides loaded the tobogins, each put himself in harness, with a broad leathern strap passing over the breast and shoulders, to which a rope was fixed, and thus he could draw his load, while his arms were at liberty. The weight, sliding easily over the snow, seemed scarcely to impede them, accustomed, as they were, to such draft and such travelling. But the rest of the party were unused to snow-shoes, the use

of which is not acquired without a severe apprenticeship. These are heavy, and they soon became heavily incumbered with ice, there being much water between the surface of the river and the snow, which froze immediately. It was necessary to be provided with short sticks for beating this off. Before them was one uniform white expanse of snow, on each side 'the heavy black wall of forest trees.' With their utmost exertions they could not proceed at the rate of two miles an hour; and happy they were, after seven hours' toil, to reach their appointed place of rest,—a small log-house, at the computed distance of ten miles from Mr. Turner's. Salted pork and sliced potatoes were the only fare which could be procured here; but there was the greatest of all comforts in such a country, to compensate for this,—a fire, composed of enormous logs, with one called the *buche* at the back of the hearth, so large as to require the strength of two or three men, with the aid of levers, to bring it in: a large one lasts full eight-and-forty hours. Over the fire the moccasins and stockings of all the party were hung to dry. To beds, as well as all other comforts, except what fire could bestow, Mr. Head had bidden adieu; but he thought his lodging good, wrapped himself in his buffalo skin, and slept soundly on the boards. The next day's was a journey of fourteen miles; snow had fallen in the night, which, as it still lay soft, made their progress, if that were possible, more difficult than before; at every step, the foot felt as if chained to the ground by ice and clotted snow: and, as the shores of the river widened, the feeling of disappointment was added to their labour; the point on which their eyes

were wistfully fixed, appeared, after an hour's hard fagging, hardly nearer than before ; they "seemed separated by interminable space, from headland after headland, and gasping, as it were, under a sort of spell-bound influence, such a disturbed dream brings to the imagination." Mr. Head's servant fell up to his middle in an air-hole, small enough for him to support himself by the arms till he could be pulled out, and, fortunately, so near the log-house where they were to rest, that there was not time for him to be frozen. At this log-house some settlers in the vicinity had collected, one of whom requested Mr. Head to take charge of a letter for his relations in Scotland, from whom it was very long since he had heard any tidings. He "seated himself on the ground, in a corner of the room ; his desk was a plate supported on his knees ; his paper was as bad as well could be ; his ink newly thawed and quite pale ; his pen, pulled out of a wild goose's tail, was oily ; his own hand was as hard as the bark of a tree ; and his broad black thumb had been smashed by the blow of a hammer or an axe, and had no sort of bend in it." This, however, was a fortunate opportunity for this poor man ; and the letter which, under these uncomfortable circumstances, he produced, was subsequently delivered to its address. Mr. Head very properly remarks upon this,—that "the difficulties attending the interchange of letters between settlers in the colonies and their friends at home, are well worthy the attention of those desirous to promote emigration. The greater the facility of correspondence, the more the stimulus to individual adventure receives strength. Epistolary intercourse being kept up, the objections to

foreign residence more resemble prejudices; withheld or delayed, they become solid, undeniable objections, and then it is that an emigrant may be considered really an exile."

He had perceived, by his servant's fall into the air-hole, that no precaution could be of any avail against this danger; and that nothing was to be done but to take the chance, in such a case, for ducking or for drowning. The postmen, it appeared next day, were of the same opinion; and, showing how little they liked the chance, proposed that each of the party should walk first, by turns. They were, perhaps, as much influenced in this by the desire of easing their labour as diminishing their danger; for the first man had to make his way upon the untrodden snow,—and upon the large track of his snow shoes, those who followed found what was comparatively firm footing. The guides prescribed their course according to their notion of the safety of the ice, which, as it could be founded only on their recollected knowledge of the river, was but blind guidance; yet they made long circuitous paths in consequence. A snow-storm came on directly in their teeth; when they had been little more than seven hours on the way, it blew a hurricane: they were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards; and the drift made the surface of the snow, through which they were toiling, appear like an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, the cloud which enveloped them was so strong, that it produced a sense of suffocation. Even the indefatigable guides admitted that it was impossible to proceed: the forest was at hand, and there they took refuge—turn-

ing their shoulders to the blast—and prepared to bivouac for the night. His companions were prepared for such an adventure. He says,

“The frequent crashes of falling trees, and the cracking of their vast limbs as they rocked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds; but it was no time to be idle: warmth and shelter were objects connected with life itself, and the Canadians immediately commenced the vigorous application of their resources. By means of their small light axes, a good sized maple tree was in a very few minutes levelled with the earth, and in the mean time we cleared of snow a square spot of ground, with large pieces of bark ripped from the fallen trees. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this, a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and bituminous matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing.

“Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above our heads, to serve as a partial defence from the snow, which was still falling in great abundance, we sat down, turning our feet to the fire, making the most of what was, under circumstances, a source of real consolation. We enjoyed absolute rest! One side of our square was bounded by a huge tree, which lay stretched across it. Against this our fire was made; and on the opposite side towards which I had turned my back, another very large one was growing, and into this latter,

being old and decayed, I had by degrees worked my way, and it formed an admirable shelter. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high, like a white wall; and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it.

"The Canadians were soon busily employed cooking broth in a saucepan, for they had provided themselves much better with provisions than I had. I had relied upon being able to put up with the fare I might meet with, not taking into consideration the want of traffic, and distance from the civilized parts of the province; owing to which, the scanty provision of the inhabitants could not allow them to minister to the wants of others, although they might be provided with a sufficiency for themselves. And I now saw the guides pulling fresh meat out of the soup with their fingers, and sharing it liberally with my servant, whom they had admitted into their mess. The poor fellows seeing that I had nothing but a piece of salted pork, which I had toasted at the fire on a stick, offered me a share of their supper, but this I felt myself bound to decline. My servant had fewer scruples, and consequently fared better. In return for their intentions I gave them a good allowance of whisky, which added to their comfort and increased their mirth. One by one they lighted their tobacco pipes, and continued to smoke; till, dropping off by degrees, the whole party at last lay stretched out snoring before me.

"Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfort-

ably warm, that I had deferred the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep, and were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at times disturbed, and the pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes wherever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been, under circumstances, truly agreeable. I sat for some time, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me for its novelty and its dreariness.

“The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side, and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest. And thus I remained without any inclination to sleep, till it was near midnight. A solemn impression, not to be called melancholy, weighed heavily upon me. The satisfaction with which I regarded the fatigue which had gone by, was hardly sufficient to inspire confidence as to what was to come; and this reflection it was, perhaps, that gave a colour to my thoughts at once serious and pleasing. Distant scenes were brought to my recollection, and I mused on past one times, till my eyes became involuntarily attracted by the filmy, wandering leaves of fire, which ascending lightly over the tops of the trees, for a moment rivalled in brightness the absent stars, and then—vanished forever! . . . I became overpowered with sleep, and, wrapping my buffalo skin around me, sank down to enjoy for several hours sound and uninterrupted repose. I slept heartily till day-light, when I awoke

feeling excessively cold, and found the whole party sitting up. The snow had ceased to fall, the sky had brightened, and intense frost had set in."

Long as this extract is, the singularity of the situation, and the liveliness of the description, have tempted us to insert it. On beginning to move, Mr. Head found his limbs stiff with cold, and an aching sensation about his ancles, which made him apprehend that he should not escape that painful consequence of his apprenticeship in snow-shoes, called by the Canadians *mal-a-raquette*—it is a violent inflammation and swelling of the instep and ancles. But the morning was bright and clear; and such is the exhilarating effect of clear frost, in any endurable degree, upon the healthy frame, that he felt his spirits renovated, and new strength and elasticity in his limbs. Six hours brought them to Salmon River, which was twenty-two miles from the house at which they had slept last. Their host was an old soldier, settled upon an allotment of one hundred and five acres. The next day the ice broke under one of their guides, and he fell into the water: there was a piercing wind to increase the severity of the cold, and no house within reach. They hastened to the bank, and kindled a fire with their best speed—but the man's feet were frost-bitten before he could have the benefit of it. At a moderate distance from the fire, his companion rubbed him with snow till the circulation returned; and in little more than half an hour, he was able to proceed. These men are as hardy as the bears, wolves and foxes, whose territory they have invaded. Four hours brought them to the house of a serjeant at the Grand Falls, where a small

military establishment, as at Presque Isle, was kept up for the sake of the communication. Mr. Head visited the falls, at no little hazard ; but we must refer the reader to the book itself for his lively description.—The next morning “broke clear and cold,” exhibiting, he says, “a loveliness of nature peculiar to the Canadian climate, and sufficient to dissipate every sensation of pain and weariness : a rare combination of frost and sunshine, such as, without being seen and felt can hardly be imagined. The wind was hushed to perfect stillness ; and as we walked along, our hair, our seven-days’ beard, and the edges of our caps, our eyebrows, and even our eyelashes, were as white as a powdering of snow could make them. In the mean time, the warmth of the sun gave a sensation of peculiar purity to the air.” We have winter weather in England in which this bracing and exhilarating effect is perceptible ; and the same sense of purity in the air is experienced in summer on our mountains.

A journey of fifteen miles brought them to the Madawaska settlement, on the Grande Rivière—a “narrow strip of a village,” inhabited wholly by French Canadians, a people with whom Mr. Head had every reason to be well pleased. Here he was agreeably surprised to find he was to be indulged with a bed ; that, for the next stage (one and twenty miles,) the snow was sufficiently beaten to bear a horse and sleigh, and that one might be hired in the village. Still more was he surprised that, in his helpless condition, when he stood in such need of such a conveyance, there was no inclination in the owner to extort from him any thing beyond a reasonable price. Fifteen shillings was the



A CARIBOU DEER.

sum which he agreed to pay; for rather less distance, and in a better country, he had been cheated into the payment of four pounds at Annapolis. The snow was so deep, the roads "so partially broken," and the vehicle, though well contrived for such travelling, so rough that he would far rather have walked, had it not been for the sake of husbanding his little remaining strength. At the cost of some half-dozen overturns, however, he performed the stage, and was taken in at the house of an inhabitant, the *auberge* being full. A dozen persons joined company with the party here; and on the morrow, with great satisfaction, he saw his snow-shoes fastened on the *tobogin*—the remainder of

the way was to be performed in mocassins : but the relief came late, for he was now so lame that he could not move a step without considerable suffering. Thus they left St. Johns, and pursued their course along the Madawaska river. It was a merry as well as a motley crew with which he found himself now associated, "some at the end and some at the beginning, of their respective journies." The former were hobbling and limping, weary and way-worn, with no spirits to expend in meriment; the latter smoked and hallooed, and whistled and sung, and pelted one another with snowballs. The guides had procured large dogs of the Newfoundland breed to draw the tobogins, and several of these great creatures were loose in their train. They roused a Caraboo deer on their way, gave chase, Mr. Head, forgetful of his lameness, joining with such ardour as to make a tolerable race, killed him, and supped that night upon one of his haunches. This was a stage of four and twenty miles—that of the next day was twenty-one; and he was now so lame as to make it a serious undertaking. It lay partly on the river, but when the ice became unsafe, in the forest along its banks—lastly, over Lake Tamasquatha, against a strong wind, when it required his utmost exertions to keep within any reasonable distance of the guides. They followed one after another, never caring for those who were behind—the foremost almost out of sight, and appearing like little black dots on the wide waste of snow ahead. At length they reached a house at the extremity of the lake, on the banks of that *portage* (the word may be considered as *Anglicized*,) which extends uninterruptedly from thence to the high road to Quebec.

No sooner had he arrived than he threw himself on the boards, thinking it would be impossible for him to proceed the next day. Nor was any refreshment from sleep to be expected: it was manifest that sleep would be murdered here. More travellers had already established themselves in these miserable quarters. There were six-and-thirty persons in the room, including the mistress of the house and her sister; these women slept in the same room on a truckled bed, (the decencies of life being disregarded in these frontiers of civilization,) the rest lay on the ground, like so many pigs. Mr. Head's next neighbour was a major in the army, whom he never saw before nor since, and who did nothing but groan all night. Travelling in that country, like misfortune, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows; they had for theirs, besides the travellers and the women, some eight of the great Newfoundland dogs, who ran about, trod upon them, growled, quarrelled, and were during the night engaged in battle royal; the whole room rising in arms to part them, by throttling them and biting the ends of their tails.

"The gabble of tongues," says Mr. Head, "the smell of tobacco smoke, and the disturbance altogether, was really dreadful. The women were not silent, and no matter who slept, some were sure to be awake and talking. I quite lost all my patience; sometimes I struck at the dogs as they galloped over me; and I shook one fellow by the collar till he roared, who, in the scuffle, had trodden on my lame ancles without remorse. The only satisfaction I had was to think that

the pain I was in would alone, without the noise, have been sufficient to keep me from sleeping."

After another day's long march they reached a resting place, within nine miles of the end of the pedestrian journey; but by this time his feet were swollen to a great size: the Canadians assured him that he had got the *mal-a-raquette*, and he lay awake all night, in the miserable loghouse, thinking how unlucky he was thus to be foot-foundered when so little a part of the way, remained to be accomplished by walking. When morning came, however, he found himself better able to endure the pain of exertion, however great, than to remain patiently where he was. He relied on the assistance of his servant, who was still strong and able, and set out accordingly, though the trial was the severest which he had undergone, for the inflammation in his feet and ankles was so acute as exactly to resemble the pain of the gout; merely to set his feet to the ground was torture, and the slightest twist, when he trod in the holes made in the hard snow by the footsteps of former travellers, increased it: sometimes he was obliged to lie down in the snow for relief, though the intense cold obliged him to rise almost immediately; but by the servant's help, after eight hours of this exertion, he arrived at the village of Rivière de Loup, with a proper sense of thankfulness at having thus accomplished what he had more than once despaired of. It was only six miles to Rivière de Cape, where there was a good inn, and a sleigh might be procured to take him there. Beset as he was with a pack of dirty companions, he ordered it to be got ready, and made a last effort to crawl into it, ready, he says, to endure any

thing so he could but free himself from his present associates. On reaching the inn, he found a humane and attentive hostess, a good arm-chair, a comfortable meal, and other such indulgences as never before had been so seasonable and so welcome. It is remarkable that ease of mind brought with it immediate ease of body; though not at the end of his journey, he was at the end of all those difficulties which it required bodily exertions to cope with, and all pain left him that evening. He slept well, breakfasted well, and set off in buoyant spirits, in a post cariole (or small sleigh drawn by one horse), on a good and well-beaten road. Sixty miles he posted that day, and reached Listet half-frozen; the weather being intensely cold but clear, and the glories of the evening such, he says, as a winter sunset in Canada can alone produce. Fifty-one miles of the same sort of travelling brought him, on the following day, to Point Levi, an uncomfortable passage-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where the river is a mile and a half wide, and opposite to Quebec.

In the morning, looking from his window on the river he saw it "frozen on each bank at least three or four hundred yards from the shore, and the channel filled with pieces of ice driven forward and backward by the eddies of an impetuous tide; these were rising one above another, twisting round and round, sinking, labouring, and heaving, by the action of a current running at the rate of seven knots an hour. Sometimes there was a space of clear water, wherein enormous flakes, of a superficies of three or four thousand square yards, would glide by; huge lumps, as big as a stage coach and all its passengers, would roll over and over,

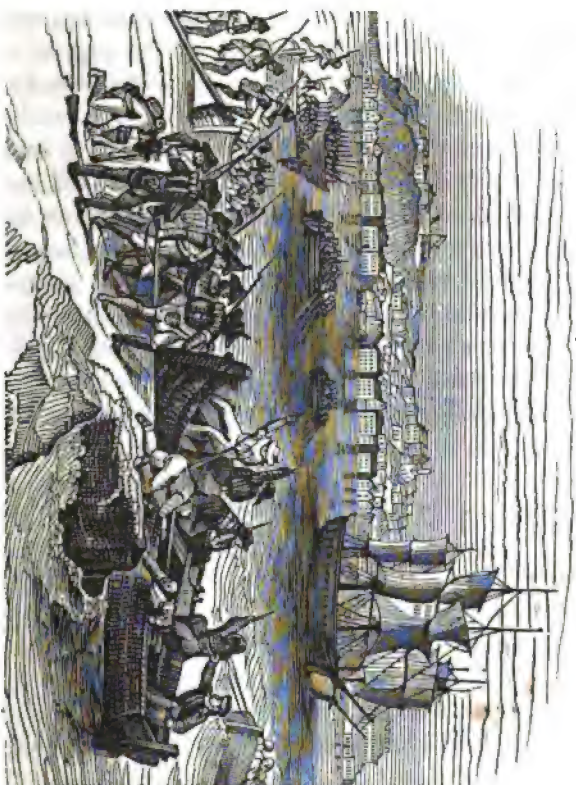
and tumble in various directions, now and then sinking altogether, and afterwards rising several yards a-head; large masses would meet, and drive against each other with a tremendous crash, piling flake upon flake, and presenting a most awful spectacle,—the more interesting, as it was my business to cross over that very day."

As the ice was expected every day to set, (the weather being more than ordinarily severe,) when it would be possible for sleighs to pass, a traveller, less impatient of delay than Mr. Head, would have waited where he was, unless his business had been more urgent. The passage he was told was difficult, but practicable, and with very little danger; and the time for attempting it, at slack water. He engaged a log canoe, after a hard bargain, for thirty shillings; the canoe was nothing more than some fifteen feet of an entire tree, rounded at both ends alike, and hollowed by the adze. Six boatmen, each with an axe in his sash, and a paddle in his hand, dragged it from the shore, over the ice, to the edge of the water, chopping away the last six or eight feet of unsound ice with their axes, till the head of the canoe was brought close above the water. The tide was nearly at ebb, but the ice continually in violent motion, and the appearance very formidable. He and his man embarked as they were directed; sat down at the bottom of the canoe, in midships, in readiness for a launch; a large flake floated by, leaving them a clear channel of about one hundred yards across: *tenez ferme!* cried the boatmen, pushed the canoe plump into the water, a fall of about two feet, and instantly they were all on board, each in his place, and paddling with might and main, to avoid a large piece

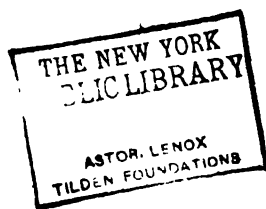
of ice then bearing down upon them, and to gain a frozen surface right a-head. Succeeding in this, out they jumped, dragged the canoe by a rope at her head out of the water, pushed her over this sheet of ice, some hundred and fifty yards,) then launched her a second time, but in this launch the passengers were splashed all over, and the water immediately froze on their clothes.

"But we had not time to shake ourselves, for a large quantity of loose ice, which appeared just to have risen up from the bottom of the river, was bearing down upon us in a very formidable manner. The men paddled, and strained, and abused each other, but all would not do, and we were in a very few seconds hemmed in and jammed on both sides by a soft pulpy mass, together with which we were helplessly carried away by the current sidewise from the point we were endeavouring to reach. I could not help admiring the determination and address of the men at this moment; for they jumped out, above their knees in water, sometimes up to their hips, while they used their utmost strength to drag the canoe forward by the rope. Although the surface gave way continually under their feet, letting them down upon the large slabs of ice which were floating underneath, they managed, by pulling and hauling, and with their axes occasionally cutting and reaking away the obstructing blocks which stood in their way, to get free of all impediments, and gain once more a channel of clear water.

"While this was going forward, it was extremely annoying to be perfectly helpless in the midst of so much bustle and energy; and when the fellows shouted



QUEBEC.



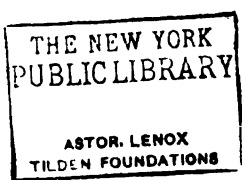
"Branlez ! sacre Dieu, branlez ! they meant that we should rock the canoe from side to side as we sat, to prevent her freezing on to the ice, which disaster was only to be avoided by keeping her in continual motion. If this had taken place, the consequences might have been serious, as the day was intensely cold, and we must have floated away, with no very great chance of assistance. However, by the skill of the men we avoided it, and the thirty shillings were certainly fairly earned, for they were three or four minutes at this spell in the water, sometimes up to their knees, and now and then nearly up to their middle. It seems almost incredible that men should be able to work at all upon ice so unsound as not to afford a surface capable of supporting the weight of the body ; but on their part there seemed to be no sort of apprehension of absolute danger, owing to the vast thickness of the floating substance, a comparatively small part of which was, as they knew, that which appeared above the water ; and there was invariably a lower stratum, upon which they were received and supported as often as they sank in.

"Such was the manner of making the passage across the river St. Lawrence, at the season of the year and under such circumstances as it happened to me to undertake it ; and I have only to add, that the time occupied in going across was somewhat more than an hour, and that the varieties already cited followed each other in rapid succession, till the moment of our disembarkation at the opposite shore. At one time we were in clear water ; the next moment struggling through congealed heaps of melted snow ; then rapidly driven along over sheets of ice, and pushed over ob

structing blocks, which opposed our progress in ridges seven or eight feet high. The Canadians were, however, indefatigable: every obstacle, so soon as encountered, was surmounted in a moment. Hard ice was hewn down with the hatchets. They were active as ants: all was energy, spring, and bustle. They were in the canoe and out of the canoe, paddling and cutting, pushing with the boat-hook, and hauling on the rope, all with instantaneous impulse, and appliance of strength in different ways, and with the most effective success."

Well might he rejoice at finding himself, after such a passage, safely landed in Quebec, though so stiff with cold as scarcely to be able to move, and so incrustated with ice as to be as much like an armadillo, he says, (if armadillos carried the *os sublime*, and the *erectos ad sidera vultus*,) as a human being. The difficulties and miseries of his journey were now at an end.







JUNG BAHADOOR, THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.



ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER AT AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN NEPAUL.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT in his recent account* of his journey with the camp of the Nepaulese ambassador, Jung Bahadoor, who returned from England in 1850, gives the following very lively account of an elephant hunt on a great scale near Hetowra, and not very far from Katmandu, the capital of Nepaul. The narrative presents many novel and highly interesting features. We quote his words :

“We found our camp prettily situated at the village of Hetowra, on the Rapti, surrounded by hills clothed

* A journey to Katmandu (the capital of Nepaul) with the camp of Jung Bahadoor ; including a sketch of the Nepaulese ambassador at home. By Lawrence Oliphant. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

to their summits with evergreen jungle not unlike those I had lately left in Ceylon.

"The Minister Sahib, having received information that a herd of wild elephants were in the neighbourhood, paid us a visit immediately on our arrival at camp, in a great state of excitement, and enjoined upon us the necessity of an early start if we wished to partake of a sport which he promised would exceed any thing we had ever witnessed, and prove such as no European had ever before had an opportunity of joining in.

"I was aroused about 3 on the following morning, by the tune of the 'British Grenadiers,' played by the bands of the two regiments, which marched past my tent on their way to beat the jungle, and I wondered whether its composer ever imagined that its inspiring effects would be exercised upon men bound on so singular a duty as those whose tramp we now heard becoming fainter and fainter as they wound up the valley. This was a signal for us to abandon our mattresses, which were always spread on the ground, in default of a four-poster, but were none the less comfortable or fascinating to their drowsy occupants on that account. It was necessary to make such a morning's meal as should be sufficient to last 24 hours. This was rather a difficult matter at that early hour, as we had eaten a large dinner over-night: however, we accomplished it to the best of our power, and, jumping into our howdah, soon overtook Jung, whom we accompanied to what was to be the scene of action, a thick saul jungle on the banks of the Curroo Nuddee, here a considerable stream.

"Down a hill before us, and by a particular pass, the

wild elephants were to be driven by the united efforts of the gallant rifle corps, a regiment of infantry, and a hundred elephants; while our party, which comprised an equal number of these animals, was prepared to receive their brethren of the woods.

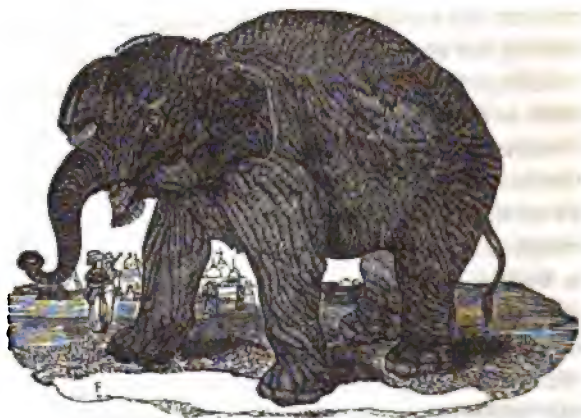
"Our patience as sportsmen was destined to be severely tried, and mid-day came without any elephants having made their appearance: we therefore lit a huge fire, and, dismounting, partook with Jung of some very nice sweet biscuits and various specimens of native confectionery, declining the green looking mutton which was kindly pressed upon us. Had the elephants chosen that moment to come down upon us, a curious scene must have ensued: Jung's grapes would have gone one way, and his curry-powder the other—he was eating grapes and curry-powder at the time; and his brother, who was toasting a large piece of mutton on a reed, must have either burnt his mouth or lost the precious morsel: however, the elephants did not come, so Jung finished his grapes and curry-powder, and his brother waited till the mutton was cool, ate it in peace, and went through the necessary ablutions. He then gave me a lesson in cutting down trees with a kukri, a sort of bill-hook, in the use of which the Nepaulese are peculiarly expert. The Minister Sahib at one stroke cut through a saul-tree which was 18 inches in circumference, while sundry unsuccessful attempts which I made on very small branches created great amusement among the by-standers skilled in the use of the weapon.

"At last a dropping shot or two were heard in the distance: this was the signal of the approach of the herd, and I was put by the minister through the exer-

the jungle as rapidly as their unwieldy forms would let them, crushing down the heavy jungle in their headlong career, while their riders were gesticulating violently, each man punishing his elephant, or making a bolster of himself as he flung his body on one side or the other to avoid branches ; while some, Ducrow-like, and confident in their activity, were standing on the bare backs of their elephants, holding only by the looped rope,—a feat I found easy enough in the open country, but fearfully dangerous in the jungle. A few yards in front of us was a wild elephant with her young one, both going away in fine style, the pace being 8 or 9 miles an hour. I was just beginning to appreciate the sport, and was contemplating hammering my elephant so as to be up amongst the foremost, when we, in company with about half a dozen others, suddenly disappeared from the scene. A nullah, or deep drain, hidden in the long grass, had engulfed elephants and riders. The suddenness of the shock unseated me, but fortunately I did not lose my hold of the rope, and more fortunately still my elephant did not roll over, but, balancing himself on his knees, with the assistance of his trunk, made a violent effort, and succeeded in getting out of his uncomfortable position.

“The main body of the chase had escaped this nullah by going round the top of it ; but we were not so much thrown out as I expected, for we arrived in time to see the wild elephant charging and struggling in the midst of her pursuers, who, after several attempts, finally succeeded in noosing her, and dragging her away in triumph between two tame elephants, each attached to the wild one by a rope, and pulling different ways

whenever she was inclined to be unmanageable. I was watching the struggles which the huge beast made, and wondering how the young one, who was generally almost under the mother, had escaped being crushed in the mêlée, when a perfect roll of small arms turned our attention to another quarter, and I saw an elephant with an imposing pair of tusks charging down upon us through a square of soldiers, which had just been broken by it, and who were now taking to the trees in all directions. I ought to remark, lest the gallant riflemen should be under the imputation of want of valour in this proceeding, that they were only allowed to fire blank cartridge. The elephant next to me stood the brunt of the charge, which was pretty severe, while mine created a diversion by butting him violently in the side, and, being armed with a formidable pair of tusks, made a considerable impression; the wild one was soon completely overpowered by numbers, after throwing up his trunk, and charging wildly in all directions. Of the violence of one of these charges I have retained visible proof, for a splintered tusk, which had been broken short off in the combat, was afterwards picked up and given to me as a trophy. Having succeeded in noosing this elephant also, we were dragging him away in the usual manner between two others, when he snapped one of the ropes and started off, pulling after him the elephant that still remained attached to him, and dashed through the jungle at full speed, notwithstanding the struggles of the involuntary companion of his flight. For a moment I feared that the courage of the mahout would give way in the pell-mell career, and that he would slip the rope which bound



A YOUNG ELEPHANT.

the two animals together. But he held on manfully and after another exciting chase we succeeded in surrounding the maddened monster; my elephant jostled him so closely that I could touch him as we went neck and neck. It is a curious fact that the elephants never seem to think of uncurling their trunks, and sweeping their persecutors from the backs of their tame brethren: this they have never been known to do, though it has not unfrequently occurred that a wild herd have proved more than a match for a tame one, and then there is nothing for it but to turn and make off in an ignominious retreat as fast as the blows of the mahouts can urge them. It is only under these circumstances that there is any danger to the riders, and such an occurrence can take place only when the tame herd is small, and encounters an unusually large number of

the wild elephants. Upon this occasion we mustered so strong that defeat was out of the question.

"We now heard a terrific bellowing at a short distance, which, in my ignorance, I thought proceeded from a huge tusker making a gallant resistance somewhere; I was rather disappointed therefore, to find that the object of interest to a large group of men and elephants was only a young one struggling on his back in a deep hole into which he had fallen, and from which he was totally unable to extricate himself. Lying on his back, and kicking his legs wildly about in the air, he looked the most ridiculous object imaginable, and certainly made more noise in proportion to his size than any baby I ever heard. So incessant was his roaring that we could scarcely hear each other speak; at last, by means of ropes attached to various parts of his body, and by dint of a great deal of pulling and hauling, we extricated the unfortunate infant from his awkward position.

"The poor little animal had not had a long life before experiencing its ups and downs, and it now looked excessively bewildered at not finding its mother, who had escaped with the rest of the herd. He was soon consoled, however, by being allotted to a tame natron, who did not seem particularly pleased at being thus installed in the office of foster mother whether she liked it or not.

"We now all jogged home in great spirits, and, though Jung professed himself dissatisfied with only having captured four out of a herd of twelve, we were perfectly contented with a day's work which my ele-

phant-shooting experience in Ceylon had never seen equalled, and which so fully realized the promise made by the Minister at starting, that we should be the first to partake of a sport to be met with only in the noble forests of his native country.





JAPANESE COSTUME.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN'S PARTY IN JAPAN.



IN April, 1811, captain Golownin, of the Russian navy, was ordered by his government to survey the coast of Tatar northward to Okotsk, and the Kurile Islands, the southernmost of which are in the possession of the Japanese. Having

ventured on shore on one of these islands, he was taken prisoner with two of his officers, and four seamen, and sent to Matsmai. The immediate cause of this severe proceeding was not the jealous policy of the Japanese government, but the unprovoked outrages committed by a Russian captain, who a few years before had attacked the Japanese villages on those islands. Golownin observes, that during his journey southwards, along the coast to Chacodade, a distance exceeding 506 miles, he beheld populous villages on every bay and creek. During the summer the people reside in leaf huts, built between these villages; the whole population is employed in catching, salting, and drying fish; they likewise gather a kind of sea weed, which grows in great abundance on the coast, and which the Russians call sea cabbage. This weed is spread upon the sands to dry, then collected into heaps resembling hay-cocks, and covered with matting, until the time arrives for loading the vessels which carry it to Nippon. The Kurile villages consist of small huts, without gardens or plantations, and have an appearance of extreme poverty; but the Japanese villages present a very different aspect. They are large; have regular streets: and the houses are very neatly constructed of wood. Every house has a garden, and many are furnished with orchards. The cleanliness which prevails in the streets and houses filled the Russians with astonishment. The inhabitants are extremely vivacious, and contentment seems painted on every visage.

The southern Kuriles appear to be a different race from those who inhabit the islands claimed by Russia. They are tall and strongly made, very active, and far

more handsome than their northern neighbours, from whom they also differ totally in language. The Kurile islanders, like the Patagonians, have given rise to much contradiction and variety of opinion among travellers. The gigantic stature of the latter, and hairiness of the former, have been asserted and denied in equally positive terms. Captain Saris was informed in Jeddo, by a Japanese traveller, that the people of Yesso had their bodies covered with hair, like monkeys. Spanberg confirmed this story; and Broughton observes of these islanders, that "their bodies are almost universally covered with long black hair, and that even in children the same appearance is observable;" but notwithstanding this weight of testimony, and the difficulty of proving a negative, Krusenstern ventures to assert that the hairiness of the Kuriles is an idle story; because, as far as his examination went, he found these islanders as smooth as Europeans. Yet Golownin, who had abundant opportunities of observing these people, frequently speaks of the hairy Kuriles as a separate people.

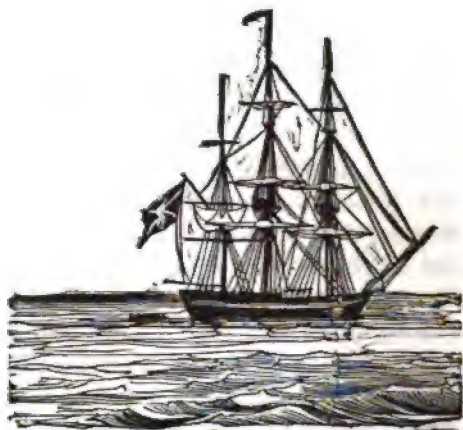
On approaching Chacodade, multitudes came out to meet the Russian captives, who were conducted to prison with a kind of processional pomp. "Both sides of the road," observes Golownin, "were crowded with spectators, yet every one behaved with the utmost decorum. I particularly marked their countenances, and never once observed a malicious look, or any signs of hatred towards us; and none showed the least disposition to insult us by mockery and derision."

The prisoners having little hopes of liberation, and

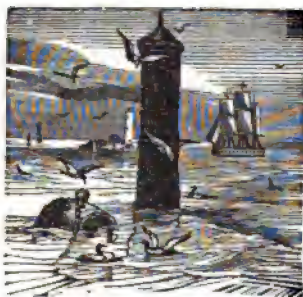
prompted by the glimpse of the sea which they caught from the windows of their prison at Matsmai, resolved to attempt an escape. Being conducted by their guards to exercise on the skirts of the city, they were enabled to take a view of the country, and to observe the paths which they might choose in their flight. In the night of the 23d of April, they broke an opening in the fence of their prison, through which they crept, and made their way through the trees to the nearest hill. The island of Matsmai is extremely mountainous and almost uninhabited in the interior. The Russians, who avoided the roads and wandered in the most unfrequented places, were extremely distressed from fatigue, owing to the ruggedness of the country, from exposure to the cold during the night, and from want of good food. Winter still reigned among the mountains, but they preferred the regions of forests and of snow to the chance of falling again into the hands of the Japanese. Their intention was to descend to the sea shore during the night; and, seizing on some large boat, to put to sea, and trust themselves to fortune. But they were not unobserved. For two or three nights they visited the beach, but their strength was so much reduced that they were unable to launch the boats that were drawn up on the shore. They caused an alarm that proved fatal to their hopes; and, being surrounded in a thicket where they took shelter, were compelled to surrender to the Japanese soldiers. "When we passed through the villages," says Golownin, "the inhabitants flocked from all sides to look at us; but to the honour of the Japanese it ought to be observed, that not one of them treated us with any thing like insult. They all seemed

to commiserate us, and some of the women even shed tears while they presented us with something to eat or drink. Such was the expression of feeling among a people whom enlightened Europe has regarded as barbarians."

To prevent any further attempts at escape, the Russians were now more rigorously confined. They were imprisoned in small cages, placed together in the same room, and nearly excluded from light. That in which Golownin was obliged to enter was six paces long, five broad, and about ten feet high. They were inspected by the guards every half hour, and awakened from their sleep to answer the call. This rigour, however, was of short continuance; the disposition of the Japanese seems to be as humane as their principles are severe. The governor of Matsmai represented the strangers favourably to the emperor; and this, united with the negotiations of Captain Rikord, who had captured a wealthy Japanese by way of reprisal, had the effect of procuring their liberation, after a confinement of about two years. The kind-hearted Japanese evinced the sincerest joy at their release; and in conformity with the general wish of the inhabitants, the *bunyo* or governor of Matsmai ordered that prayers for the safe voyage of the Russians should be offered up in all the temples for the space of five days.



LOSS OF THE BLENDENHALL.



IN the year 1821, the Blendenhall, free trader, bound from England for Bombay, partly laden with broad-cloths, was proceeding on her voyage with every prospect of a successful issue. While thus pursuing her way through the Atlantic, she was unfortunately driven from her course, by adverse winds and currents, more to the southward and westward than was required, and it became desirable to reach the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning.



SHIPWRECK OF THE BLENDENHALL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

This island, which is called after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered it, is one of a group of three, the others being the Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, situated many hundreds of miles from any land, and in a south-westerly direction from the Cape of Good Hope. The shores are rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and form, perhaps, the most dangerous coast upon which any vessel could be driven.

It was while steering to reach this group of islands, that, one morning, a passenger on board the *Blendenhall*, who chanced to be upon deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out.—The weather was then extremely hazy, though moderate; the weeds continued; all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, “breakers ahead!” startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck.—“Breakers starboard! breakers larboard! breakers all around,” was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarcely uttered, when, and before the helm was up, the ill-fated ship struck, and after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about mid-ship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the fore-castle, when the stern and quarter-deck broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished—the rest, including officers, passengers and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life!

At this moment, the Inatcessible Island, which till then had been veiled in thick clouds and mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity, one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting down the foremast (the foretop-mast being already by the board.) The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes. Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom—death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. But exertion was required, and every thing that human energy could devise was effected.—The wreck, on which all eagerly clung, was fortunately drifted by the tide and wind between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of several hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising from amidst the deafening surf to the height of twenty, forty and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove. At last the wreck drove right in: ropes were instantly thrown out, and the crew and passengers, (except two who had been crushed in the wreck,) including three ladies and a female attendant, were snatched from the watery grave, which a few short hours before had appeared inevitable, and safely

landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck. Bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of a milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest, (containing a tinder-box and needles and thread,) with a number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, and part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents—all hands were busily at work to procure shelter from the weather; and with the bed-posts and broad cloths, and part of the fore-sail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals on the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain, hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated,—the shipwrecked voyagers retired to their tents. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks and spars, and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land: and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over—there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen.—All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, rocks, ferns, and other plants. The top of the

mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese, were consumed; and from one end of the island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security had been secreted under ground, only remained. Famine now began to threaten. Every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain.

In this dreadful extremity, and while the half-famished seamen were at night squatting in sullen dejection around their fires, a large lot of sea-birds, allured by the flames, rushed into the midst of them, and were greedily laid hold of as fast as they could be seized.—For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in; and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured. These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were exposed again to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remained. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguin

alighted on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the number of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth. The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company after their stock of eggs were exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected; when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment with the unexpected and joyful tidings that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore." The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks that flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber, and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach; but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had ventured in her for Tristan d'Acunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately

the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting a landing, after much labour, on the island, where they were received with much cordiality and humanity by Governor Glass—a personage whom it will be necessary to describe.

Tristan d'Acunha is believed to have been uninhabited until 1811, when three Americans took up their residence upon it, for the purpose of cultivating vegetables, and selling the produce, particularly potatoes, to vessels which might touch there on their way to India, the Cape, or other parts in the southern ocean. These Americans remained its only inhabitants till 1816, when, on Bonaparte being sent to St. Helena, the British government deemed it expedient to garrison the island, and sent the Falmouth man-of-war with a colony of forty persons, which arrived in the month of August. At this time the chief of the American settlers was dead, and two only survived; but what finally became of these we are not informed. The British garrison was soon given up, the colony abandoned, and all returned to the Cape of Good Hope, except a person named Glass, a Scotchman, who had been corporal of artillery, and his wife, a Cape creole. One or two other families afterwards joined them, and thus the foundation of a nation on a small scale was formed; Mr. Glass, with the title and character of governor,

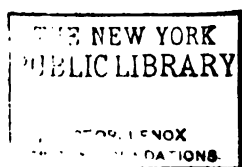
like a second Robinson Crusoe, being the undisputed chief and lawgiver of the whole. On being visited in 1825, by Mr. Augustus Earle, the little colony was found to be on the increase, a considerable number of children having been born since the period of settlement. The different families inhabited a small village, consisting of cottages covered with thatch made of the long grass of the island, and exhibiting an air of comfort, cleanliness, and plenty, truly English.

It was to this island that the boat's crew of the *Blendenhall* had bent their course, and its principal inhabitant, Governor Glass, showed them every mark of attention, not only on the score of humanity, but because they were fellow subjects of the same power—for, be it known, Glass did not lay claim to independent monarchy, but always prayed publicly for King George as his lawful sovereign. On learning the situation of the crew, on *Inaccessible Island*, he instantly launched his boat, and unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men.

After being hospitably treated by Glass and his company for three months, the survivors obtained a passage to the Cape, all except a young sailor named White, who had formed an attachment to one of the servant girls on board, and who, in all the miseries

which had been endured, had been her constant protector and companion; whilst gratitude on her part prevented her wishing to leave him. Both chose to remain, and were forthwith adopted as free citizens of the little community.

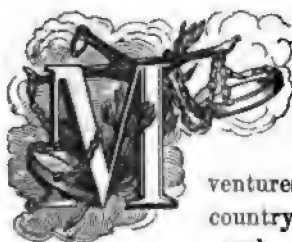






SPANISH GIPSIES GAMBLING.

MR. BORROW'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE GIPSIES IN SPAIN.



R. GEORGE BORROW'S two books the "Gipsies of Spain" and "The Bible in Spain" contain some very amusing accounts of his adventures among the Gipsies of that country. His acquaintance with the regular language of these people and his intimate knowledge of their manners and costumes, always caused him to be received among them as a genuine gipsy.

From his Bible in Spain we shall proceed to make some extracts which exhibit the manners of the gipsies, and contain many singular revelations. It appears that stealing horses and donkeys and selling them forms a considerable part of the business of these lawless robbers.

Soon after passing the Spanish line Mr. Borrow fell into company with a party of his old friends, the gipsies. One of them, the Antonio familiar to the readers of his former work, offers to be his guide onward, and the ancient hankering for *Rommani* society is too strong for the temptation. The missionary accepts the

offer ; and we have him pursuing his way for more than a week, mounted on a spare pony (*Egypticè gras*), from the Gitano camp—lodging, whether in field, forest, village, town, or city, exactly where Antonio would naturally have lodged had there been no stranger with him. There can be no sort of doubt that throughout his travels Mr. Borrow had usually passed with gipsies for one in part at least of their own blood. It was so at Moscow—where the Prima Donna of the celebrated Singing Company was at once ready to hail him as a kinsman. It is so every where in Spain ; and most queer are some of the results to the supposed “Caloro.”

“Towards evening we drew near to a large town or village. ‘That is Merida,’ said Antonio, ‘formerly a mighty city of the Corahai. We shall stay here to-night, and perhaps for a day or two, for I have some business of Egypt to transact in this place. Now, brother, step aside with the horse, and wait for me beneath yonder wall. I must go before and see in what condition matters stand.’ I dismounted, and sat down on a stone beneath the ruined wall to which Antonio had motioned me: the sun went down, and the air was exceedingly keen: I drew close around me an old tattered gipsy cloak with which my companion had provided me, and, being somewhat fatigued, fell into a doze which lasted for nearly an hour.

“Is your worship the London Caloro?” said a strange voice close beside me. I started, and beheld the face of a woman peering under my hat. Notwithstanding the dusk, I could see that the features were hideously ugly and almost black: they belonged, in fact, to a

gipsy crone, at least seventy years of age, leaning upon a staff. "Is your worship the London Caloro?" repeated she. "I am he whom you seek," said I; "where is Antonio?" "*Curelando, curelando, bari-bustres curelos terela,*"* said the crone: "come with me, Caloro of my garlochin, come with me to my little ker; he will be there anon." I followed the crone, who led the way into the town, which was ruinous and seemingly half deserted; we went up the street, from which she turned into a narrow and dark lane, and presently opened the gate of a large dilapidated house. "Come in," said she. "And the gras?" I demanded. "Bring the gras in too, my chabg, bring the gras in too; there is room for the gras in my little stable." We entered a large court, across which we proceeded till we came to a wide doorway. "Go in, my child of Egypt," said the hag; "go in: that is my little stable." "The place is as dark as pitch," said I, "and may be a well for what I know; bring a light, or I will not enter." "Give me the solabarri (bridle)," said the hag, "and I will lead your horse in, my chabo of Egypt; yes, and tether him to my little manger." She led the horse through the doorway, and I heard her busy in the darkness; presently the horse shook himself: "*Grasti terelamos,*" said the hag, who now made her appearance with the bridle in her hand; "the horse has shaken himself: he is not harmed by his day's journey. Now let us go in, my Caloro, into my little room."

We entered the house and found ourselves in a vast room, which would have been quite dark but for a faint

* "Doing business, doing business;—he has much business to do."

glow which appeared at the farther end ; it proceeded from a brasero, beside which were squatted two dusky figures. "These are callees," said the hag ; "one is my daughter, and the other is her chabi ; sit down, my London Caloro, and let us hear you speak." I looked about for a chair, but could see none : at a short distance, however, I perceived the end of a broken pillar lying on the floor ; this I rolled to the brasero and sat down upon it. "This is a fine house, mother of the gipsies," said I ; "rather cold and damp, though it appears large enough to be a barrack." "Plenty of houses in Merida, my London Caloro, some of them just as they were left by the Corahanoes. Ah ! a fine people are the Corahanoes ; I often wish myself in their chim once more." "How is this, mother ?" said I ; "have you been in the land of the Moors ?" "Twice have I been in their country, my Caloro—twice have I been in the land of the Corahai. The first time is more than fifty years ago : I was then with the Sese (Spaniards), for my husband was a soldier of the Crallis (King) of Spain, and Oran at that time belonged to Spain." "You were not then with the real Moors," said I, "but only with the Spaniards who occupied part of their country ?" "I have been with the real Moors, my London Caloro. About forty years ago I was with my ro in Ceuta, for he was still a soldier of the king ; and he said to me one day, 'I am tired of this place, where there is no bread and less water ; I will escape and turn Corahano : this night I will kill my sergeant, and flee to the camp of the Moor.' 'Do so,' said I, 'my chabo ; and as soon as may be I will follow you and become a Corahani.' That same night he killed

his sergeant, who five years before had called him Calo and cursed him; then running to the wall he dropped from it, and, amidst many shots, he escaped to the land of the Corahai: as for myself, I remained in the presidio of Ceuta as a sutler, selling wine and repaⁿi to the hundunares. Two years passed by, and I neither saw nor heard from my ro. One day there came a strange man to my cachimani (wine-shop): he was dressed like a corahano, and yet he did not look like one; he looked more like a callardo (black), and yet he was not a callardo either, though he was almost black; and as I looked upon him I thought he looked something like the Errate (Gipsies); and he said to me, 'Zincali; chachipe!' and then he whispered to me in queer language, which I could scarcely understand, 'Your ro is waiting; come with me, my little sister, and I will take you unto him.' 'Where is he?' said I; and he pointed to the west, to the land of the Corahai, and said, 'He is yonder away; come with me, little sister, the ro is waiting.' For a moment I was afraid, but I bethought me of my husband, and I wished to be amongst the Corahai. The sentinel challenged us at the gate, but I gave him repaⁿi, and he let us pass. About a league from the town, beneath a cerro (hill), we found four men and women, all very black like the strange man, and they all saluted me and called me little sister, and they gave me other clothes, and I looked like a Corahani, and away we marched for many days amidst deserts and small villages, and more than once it seemed to me that I was amongst the Errate, for their ways were the same: the men would hokkawar (cheat) with mules and asses, and the

women told *baji*; and after many days we came before a large town, and the black man said, 'Go in there, little sister, and there you will find your *ro*;' and I went to the gate, and an armed *Corahano* stood within the gate, and I looked in his face, and lo! it was my *ro*.

"Well, brother, to be short, my *ro* was killed in the wars, before a town to which the king of *Corahani* laid siege, and I became a *piuli* (widow), and I returned to the village of the renegades, as it was called, and supported myself as well as I could; and one day, as I was sitting weeping, the black man, whom I had never seen since the day he brought me to my *ro*, again stood before me, and said, 'Come with me, little sister, come with me; the *ro* is at hand:' and I went with him, and beyond the gate in the desert was the same party of black men and women which I had seen before. 'Where is my *ro*?' said I. 'Here he is, little sister,' said the black man, 'here he is; from this day I am the *ro*, and you the *romi*; come, let us go, for there is business to be done.' And I went with him, and he was my *ro*; and we lived amongst the deserts, and *hokkavar'd* and *choried* and told *baji*; and I said to myself, 'This is good: sure I am amongst the *Errate*, in a better *chim* than my own.' And I had three *chai* by the black man; two of them died, but the youngest, who is the *Calli* who sits by the *brasero*, was spared: it came to pass that once in the winter-time our company attempted to pass a wide and deep river, and the boat upset, and all our people were drowned, all but myself and my *chabi*, whom I bore in my bosom. I had new no friends amongst the *Cerahai*, and I wan-

dered about the despoblados, howling and lamenting till I became half lili (mad), and in this manner I found my way to the coast, where I made friends with the captain of a ship, and returned to this land of Spain. And now I am here, I often wish myself back again amongst the Corahai."

Our "London Caloro" is now, we understand, a married man: but in 1835 he was open to a tender disposition.

In the afternoon I was seated with the gipsy mother in the hall; the two Callees were absent telling fortunes. "Are you married, my London Caloro?" said the old woman to me. "Are you a ro?"

Myself.—Wherefore do you ask, O Dai de los Cales?

Gipsy Mother.—It is high time that the lacha of the chabi were taken from her, and that she had a ro. You can do no better than take her for romi, my London Caloro.

Myself.—I am a stranger in this land, O mother of the gipsies, and scarcely know how to provide for myself, much less for a romi.

Gipsy Mother.—She wants no one to provide for her, my London Caloro; she can at any time provide for herself and her ro. She can hokkawar, tell baji, and there are few to equal her at stealing á pastesas. Were she at Madrilati, she would make much treasure; in this foros she is nahi (lost), for there is nothing to be gained; but in the foros baro it would be another matter; she would go dressed in lachipi and sonacai (silk and gold), whilst you would ride about on your black-tailed gra; and when you had got much treasure,

you might return hither and live like a Crallis, and all the Errate of the Chim del Manro should bow down their heads to you. What say you, my London Caloro?

Myself.—Your plan is a plausible one, mother; but I am, as you are aware, of another chim, and have no inclination to pass my life in this country.

Gipsy Mother.—Then return to your own country, my Caloro; the chabi can cross the pani. Would she not do business in London with the rest of the Caloro? Or why not go to the land of the Corahai?

Myself.—And what shall we do in the land of the Corahai? It is a poor and wild country, I believe.

Gipsy Mother.—Aromali! I almost think that I am speaking to a lilipendi (simpleton). Are there not horses to chore? Yes, I trow, better ones than in this land, and asses and mules. In the land of the Corahai you must hokkawar and chore even as you must here, or in your own country, or else you are no Caloro. Can you not join yourselves with the black people who live in the despoblados? Yes, surely; and glad they would be to have among them the Errate from Spain and London. I am seventy years of age, but I wish not to die in this chim, but yonder, far away, where both my roms are sleeping. Take the chabi, therefore, and go to Madrilati to win the parne, and, when you have got it, return, and we will give a banquet to all the Busne (Christians) in Merida, and in their food I will mix drow, and they shall eat and burst like poisoned sheep And when they have eaten we will leave them, and away to the land of the Moor.

Mr. Borrow, we suppose, had nothing for it but to hint that he was engaged to be the Ro of some Chabi among the East-Anglian Errate. He passes over his method of escape, however, with a lyrical obscurity; and we soon find him in the open country again with his elegant companion Antonio. To be sure, the learned and devout agent of the Bible Society seems a little out of his place in some of the subsequent scenes of this journey. For example:—

We dismounted, and entered what I now saw was a forest, leading the animals cautiously amongst the trees and brushwood. In about five minutes we reached a small open space, at the farther side of which, at the foot of a large cork-tree, a fire was burning, and by it stood or sat two or three figures; one of them now exclaimed "Quien vive?" "I know that voice," said Antonio, and rapidly advanced: presently I heard an Ola! and a laugh. On reaching the fire, I found two dark lads, and a still darker woman of about forty; the latter seated on what appeared to be horse or mule furniture. I likewise saw a horse and two donkeys tethered to the neighboring trees. It was in fact a gipsy bivouac. "Come forward, brother, and show yourself," said Antonio; "you are amongst friends; these are the very people whom I expected to find at Trujillo, and in whose house we should have slept." "And what," said I, "could have induced them to leave their house and come into this dark forest, in the midst of wind and rain, to pass the night?" "They come on business of Egypt, brother, doubtless," replied Antonio; "Calla boca!" "My ro is prisoner at the village yonder," said the woman; "he

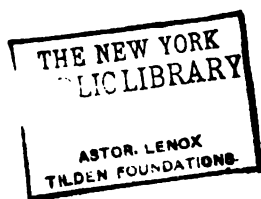
is prisoner for choring* a mailla (*donkey*); we are come to see what can be done in his behalf; and where can we lodge better than in this forest, where there is nothing to pay?" One of the striplings now gave us barley for our animals in a large bag, into which we successively introduced their heads, allowing the famished creatures to regale themselves till we conceived they had satisfied their hunger. There was a puchero simmering at the fire, half full of bacon, garbanzos, and other provisions; this was emptied into a large wooden platter, and out of this Antonio and myself supped, the other gipsies refused to join us, giving us to understand that they had eaten before our arrival; they all, however, did justice to the leathern bottle of Antonio.

The sun was just appearing as I awoke. I made several efforts before I could rise from the ground; my limbs were quite stiff, and my hair was covered with rime; for the rain had ceased, and a rather severe frost set in. I looked around me, but could see neither Antonio nor the gipsies; the animals of the latter had likewise disappeared, so had the horse which I had hitherto rode; the mule, however, of Antonio still remained fastened to the tree; this latter circumstance quieted some apprehensions which were beginning to arise in my mind. "They are gone on some business of Egypt," I said to myself, "and will return anon." I gathered together the embers of the fire, and, heaping upon them sticks and branches, soon succeeded in calling forth a blaze, beside which I again placed the puchero, with what remained of the provision of last

* Stealing.



GIPSY HORSE DEALERS.



night. I waited for a considerable time in expectation of the return of my companions, but, as they did not appear, I sat down and breakfasted. Before I had well finished I heard the noise of a horse approaching rapidly, and presently Antonio made his appearance amongst the trees, with some agitation in his countenance. He sprang from the horse, and instantly proceeded to untie the mule. "Mount, brother, mount!" said he, pointing to the horse; "I went with the Callee and her chabés to the village where the ro is in trouble; the chinobaro, however, seized them at once with their cattle, and would have laid hands also on me, but I set spurs to the grasti, gave him the bridle, and was soon far away. Mount, brother, mount, or we shall have the whole rustic canaille upon us in a twinkling."

By-and-by they came in sight of Jaraicejo: but the missionary's friend declines to enter the town in company.

"Brother, we had best pass through that town singly. I will go in advance; follow slowly, and when there purchase bread and barley; you have nothing to fear. I will await you on the despoblado." Without waiting for my answer he hastened forward, and was speedily out of sight. I followed slowly behind, and entered the gate of the town, an old dilapidated place, consisting of little more than one street. Along this street I was advancing, when a man with a dirty foraging cap on his head, and holding a gun in his hand, came running up to me: "Who are you?" said he, in rather rough accents; "from whence do you come?" "From Badajoz and Trujillo," I replied; "why do you ask?" "I am one of the national guard," said

the man, "and am placed here to inspect strangers.— I am told that a gipsy fellow just now rode through the town; it is well for him that I had stepped into my house. Do you come in his company?" "Do I look like a person," said I, "likely to keep company with gipsies?"

The national measured me from top to toe, and then looked me full in the face with an expression which seemed to say, "Likely enough." In fact, my appearance was by no means calculated to prepossess people in my favour. Upon my head I wore an old Andalusian hat, which, from its condition, appeared to have been trodden under foot; a rusty cloak, which had perhaps served half a dozen generations, enwrapped my body. My nether garments were by no means of the finest description, and as far as could be seen were covered with mud, with which my face was likewise plentifully bespattered; and upon my chin was a beard of a week's growth.

"Have you a passport?" at length demanded the national. I remembered having read that the best way to win a Spaniard's heart is to treat him with ceremonious civility. I therefore dismounted, and, taking off my hat, made a low bow to the constitutional soldier, saying, "Senor nacional, you must know that I am an English gentleman, travelling in this country for my pleasure. I bear a passport, which, on inspecting, you will find perfectly regular: it was given me by the great Lord Palmerston, minister of England, whom you of course have heard of here; at the bottom you will see his own handwriting; look at it and rejoice; perhaps you will never have another opportunity. As

I put unbounded confidence in the honour of every gentleman, I leave the passport in your hands whilst I repair to the posada to refresh myself. When you have inspected it, you will perhaps oblige me so far as to bring it to me. Cavalier, I kiss your hands." I then made him another low bow, which he returned with one still lower, and, leaving him now staring at the passport and now at myself, I went into a posada, to which I was directed by a beggar whom I met.

I fed the horse, and procured some bread and barley, as the gipsy had directed me; I likewise purchased three fine partridges of a fowler, who was drinking wine in the posada. He was satisfied with the price I gave him, and offered to treat me with a copita, to which I made no objection. As we sat discoursing at the table, the national entered with the passport in his hand, and sat down by us.

National.—Caballero! I return you your passport; it is quite in form: I rejoice to have made your acquaintance; no doubt you can give me some information respecting the war.

Myself.—I shall be very happy to afford so polite and honourable a gentleman any information in my power.

National.—What is England doing? If she pleased, she could put down the war in three months.

Myself.—*No tenga usted cuidado, Senor nacional.*—You have heard of the legion which my Lord Palmerston has sent over? Leave the matter in their hands.

National.—It appears to me that this Caballero Balmerson must be a very honest man.

Myself.—There can be no doubt of it.

National.—I have heard that he was a great general.

Myself.—In some things neither Napoleon nor the sawyer* would stand a chance with him. *Es mucho hombre.*

National.—I am glad to hear it. Does he intend to head the legion?

Myself.—I believe not; but he has sent over, to head the fighting men, a friend of his, who is thought to be nearly as much versed in military matters as himself.

National.—*¡O me alegro mucho.* I see that the war will soon be over. Caballero, I thank you for your politeness, and for the information which you have afforded me. The despoblado, out yonder, has a particularly evil name; be on your guard, Caballero. I am sorry that gipsy was permitted to pass; should you meet him and not like his looks, shoot him at once, stab him, or ride him down. He is a well-known thief, contrabandista, and murderer, and has committed more assassinations than he has fingers on his hands. Stay; before I go I should wish to see once more the signature of the Caballero Balmerson.

I showed him the signature, which he looked upon with profound reverence, uncovering his head for a moment; we then embraced and parted.

I mounted the horse and rode from the town, at first proceeding very slowly; I had no sooner, however, reached the moor than I put the animal to his speedy

* "El Serrador, a Carlist partisan, about this time much talked of."

trot, and proceeded at a tremendous rate for some time, expecting every moment to overtake the gipsy. I, however, saw nothing of him, nor did I meet with a single human being. The road along which I sped was narrow and sandy, winding amidst thickets of broom and brushwood, with which the despoblado was overgrown, and which in some places were as high as a man's head. Across the moor, in the direction in which I was proceeding, rose a lofty eminence, naked and bare. The moor extended for at least three leagues; I had nearly crossed it, and reached the foot of the ascent. I was becoming very uneasy, conceiving I might have passed the gipsy amongst the thickets, when I suddenly heard his well-known O-la! and his black savage head and staring eyes suddenly appeared from amidst a clump of broom. "You have tarried long, brother," said he; "I almost thought you had played me false."

Antonio found presently that he had no chance of escape except in quitting the high road altogether. Our living Polyglott therefore proceeds in solitary state. But near Talavera he is overtaken by another horseman, a grave, well-clad man of middle age, with whom he jogs on for a few minutes. The stranger speaks good Castilian; but in a moment of excitement an exclamation escapes him which betrays the *Moresco*.* Mr. Borrow caps him in Arabic.

The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he

* It appears by this account that some of the Spanish clergy are Mahometans.

turned, and, taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last he said,—

"Es usted tambien de nosotros."

Mr. Borrow could scarcely answer before the man signified that he knew him to be English. They explain to their mutual satisfaction.

It was late at night when we arrived at Talavera. We went to a large gloomy house, which my companion informed me was the principal posada of the town. We entered the kitchen, at the extremity of which a large fire was blazing. "Pepita," said my companion to a handsome girl, who advanced smiling towards us; "a brasero and a private apartment: this cavalier is a friend of mine, and we shall sup together." We were shown to an apartment in which were two alcoves containing beds. After supper, which consisted of the very best, by the order of my companion, we sat over the brasero and commenced talking.

Myself.—Of course you have conversed with Englishmen before, else you could not have recognised me by the tone of my voice.

Abarbenel.—I was a young lad when the war of independence broke out, and there came to the village in which our family lived an English officer in order to teach discipline to the new levies. He was quartered in my father's house, where he conceived a great affection for me. On his departure, with the consent of my father, I attended him through both the Castiles, partly

as companion, partly as domestic. I was with him nearly a year, when he was suddenly summoned to return to his own country. He would fain have taken me with him, but to that my father would by no means consent. It is now five-and-and-twenty years since I last saw an Englishman; but you have seen how I recognised you even in the dark night.

Myself.—And what kind of life do you pursue, and by what means do you obtain support?

Abarbenel.—I experience no difficulty. I live much in the same way as I believe my forefathers lived; certainly as my father did, for his course has been mine. At his death I took possession of the herencia, for I was his only child. It was not requisite that I should follow any business, for my wealth was great; yet, to avoid remark, I have occasionally dealt in wool; but lazily, lazily—as I had no stimulus for exertion. I was, however, successful in many instances, strangely so; much more than many others who toiled day and night, and whose soul was in the trade.

Myself.—Have you any children? Are you married?

Abarbenel.—I have no children, though I am married. I have a wife and an amiga, or I should rather say two wives, for I am wedded to both. I however call one my amiga, for appearance sake, for I wish to live in quiet, and am unwilling to offend the prejudices of the surrounding people.

Myself.—You say you are wealthy. In what does your wealth consist?

Abarbenel.—In gold and silver, and stones of price, for I have inherited all the hoards of my forefathers.

The greater part is buried underground ; indeed, I have never examined the tenth part of it. I have coins of silver and gold older than the times of Ferdinand the Accursed and Jezebel ; I have also large sums employed in usury. We keep ourselves close, however, and pretend to be poor, miserably so ; but on certain occasions, at our festivals, when our gates are barred, and our savage dogs are let loose in the court, we eat our food off services such as the Queen of Spain cannot boast of, and wash our feet in ewers of silver, fashioned and wrought before the Americas were discovered, though our garments are at all times coarse, and our food for the most part of the plainest description.

Myself.—Are there more of you than yourself and your two wives ?

Abarbenel.—There are my two servants, who are likewise of us ; the o is a youth, and is about to leave, being betrothed to one at some distance ; the other is old : he is now upon the road, following me with a mule and car.

Myself.—And whither are you bound at present ?

Abarbenel.—To Toledo, where I ply my trade occasionally. I love to wander about, though I seldom stray far from home. Since I left the Englishman my feet have never once stepped beyond the bounds of New Castile. I love to visit Toledo, and to think of the times which have long since departed ; I should establish myself there, were there not so many accursed ones, who look upon me with an evil eye.

Myself.—Are you known for what you are ? Do the authorities molest you ?

Abarbenel.—People of course suspect me to be what

I am ; but as I conform outwardly in most respects to their ways, they do not interfere with me. True it is that sometimes when I enter the church to hear the mass, they glare at me, over the left shoulder, as much as to say—"What do you here?" And sometimes they cross themselves as I pass by ; but as they go no further, I do not trouble myself on that account. With respect to the authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power ; and as for the low alguazils and corchetes, they would do any thing to oblige me in consideration of a few dollars which I occasionally give them, so that matters upon the whole go on remarkably well. Of old, indeed, it was far otherwise ; yet, I know not how it was, though other families suffered much, ours always enjoyed a tolerable share of tranquillity. The truth is, that our family has always known how to guide itself wonderfully. I may say there is much of the wisdom of the snake amongst us. We have always possessed friends, and with respect to enemies, it is by no means safe to meddle with us ; for it is a rule of our house, never to forgive an injury, and to spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing ruin and destruction upon the heads of our evil doers.

Myself.—Do the priests interfere with you ?

Abarbenel.—They let me alone, especially in our own neighbourhood. Shortly after the death of my father, one hot-headed individual endeavoured to do me an evil turn, but I soon requited him, causing him to be imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, and in prison he remained a long time, till he went mad and died ?

Myself.—Have you a head in Spain, in whom is vested the chief authority?

Abarbenel.—Not exactly. There are, however, certain holy families who enjoy much consideration; my own is one of these—the chiefest, I may say. My grandsire was a particularly holy man; and I have heard my father say that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his head.

Myself.—How can that be? What reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or grandsire?

Abarbenel.—More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the *ruah* was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

Myself.—What you say surprises me. Have you reason to suppose that many of you are to be found amongst the priesthood?

Abarbenel.—Not to suppose, but to know it. There are many such as I amongst the priesthood, and not amongst the inferior priesthood either; some of the most learned and famed of them in Spain have been of us, or of our blood at least, and many of them at this day think as I do. There is one particular festival of the year at which four dignified ecclesiasties are sure to visit

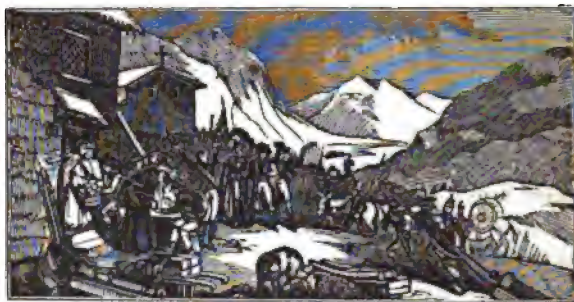
me ; and then, when all is made close and secure, and the fitting ceremonies have been gone through, they sit down upon the floor and curse.

Myself.—Are you numerous in the large towns ?

Abarbenel.—By no means ; our places of abode are seldom the large towns ; we prefer the villages, and rarely enter the large towns but on business. Indeed, we are not a numerous people, and there are few provinces of Spain which contain more than twenty families. None of us are poor, and those among us who serve do so more from choice than necessity, for by serving each other we acquire different trades. Not unfrequently the time of service is that of courtship also, and the servants eventually marry the daughters of the house.

We continued in discourse the greater part of the night ; the next morning I prepared to depart. My companion, however, advised me to remain where I was for that day. “ And if you respect my counsel,” said he, “ you will not proceed farther in this manner. To-night the diligence will arrive from Estremadura, on its way to Madrid. Deposit yourself therein : it is the safest and most speedy mode of travelling. As for your Caballeria, I will myself purchase her.”

Mr. Borrow followed the sensible advice that concludes this very extraordinary conversation. On reaching Madrid, (February, 1836) he takes lodgings in the house of a fat old woman from Valladolid, whose son, a tailor, is one of the most profligate little fellows wearing the uniform of the national guard.



NAPOLEON AT THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

EXCURSION TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, BY AN ENGLISH LADY.



WHILE visiting Switzerland in the summer of 1850, we were able to realise the long-anticipated pleasure of visiting the renowned Hospice on the top of the Great St. Bernard—an Alpine height where one may be said to look into the north of Europe on the one side, and the south, with its sunny skies, on the other. It was about six o'clock in a very delightful morning when we started from Martigny to go upon this interesting excursion.

But whilst we have been feasting our eyes with the scenery, our civil landlord of La Poste, and his most perfect waiter, have been waiting to hand us into the curtained char-a-banc which is to convey us to Liddes: after which mountain hamlet, the road becomes im

practicable for carriages, and we are to mount our mules.

Our road was any thing but solitary, for both yesterday and to-day are kept as annual fetes by the people; and three hundred peasants who had been to offer their devotions at the shrine of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and had slept at the convent the previous night, were now returning to their homes.

On arriving at Liddes in the little inn, we were ushered into a small room, already occupied by a numerous French family, returning from a mountain excursion, and by two parties of Italians. We were, however, accommodated with a table in the corner, and soon supplied with delicious venison, milk, bread, and a bottle of vin d'Asti, which one bottle was equal to any St. Perry. We never afterwards had the same good fortune when we called for similar wine. We were very hungry, and did ample justice to our excellent fare. The little room was very close from being so overcrowded, so that we did not at all regret the departure of the guests, who, with the exception of two Italians, speedily bowed themselves out of our presence. Edward, not having been lately much of a pedestrian, doubted his powers to keep up with my mule and guide, and it was therefore agreed that he should precede us at his own leisurely pace; so with his good oaken staff he also departed.

I felt not the least uneasy in being thus left to the care of my guide, and had never even given a thought to the two Italians, who remained with me in the salon. Seated on a sofa, I studied, what my unfailing companion, "Murray's Hand Book," had to say about

our route ; and occasionally I glanced anxiously at the clouds that began to scud across the sky more quickly than I liked. Soon, however, the loud, noisy altercation of my companions, drew my attention more to them. One was a fine, tall, athletic man, with a face as dark as a European's could well be ; his hair and moustache, brows and eyelashes, perfectly black. The other was deformed, and had besides a club foot, too plainly made manifest by his pacing in an irritable manner up and down the room. He bit his nails to a painful extent. Both appeared completely to have forgotten my presence, until the entrance of the landlady, who, by their orders, brought them some brandy and water, and who looked very hard at me, as if she expected that I would address her. But as I had nothing to say, she slowly retired. This slight action, however, seemed to remind the two Italians that they were not alone. The club-footed man stopped abruptly in his deck-like paces exactly opposite me, making some observations which I did not understand ; but to which, when he repeated them in French, I of course replied.

His companion walked to the window. "Madam," he said, "had better decide on remaining at Liddes for the night. It would be impossible for so delicate-looking a lady to face the storm that is now breaking over the mountains. The rush of wind down the narrow abyss would unseat her !"

"Madam will see to perfection the torrent and water fall of the Val Orsey !" musingly exclaimed Club Foot, to whom I had taken an invincible antipathy.

This warning only made me the more anxious to

overtake my brother, who had left his overcoat and plaid with me. When, however, I anxiously inquired for the guide, the only answer I could obtain from both host and hostess was, either that he was coming, or that he could not be found. Thus full half an hour elapsed, whilst the rain beat in torrents against the windows. I lost all patience. I thought of my poor brother exposed to this pitiless storm, and for the fourth time inquired if my guide had not made his appearance. No, he had not! So I desired that another might be procured, as I was most anxious about my brother. All my expostulations were vain. It was evident that, as soon as the door was closed, both host and hostess troubled themselves no more about me.

All this time Club Foot seemed heartily to enjoy my vexation; whilst his friend, sipping his brandy and water, eyed me askant, as if I were some curious study. I got angry, and running down stairs, came full tilt against a boy, who was seeking for shelter in the covered archway. "My boy," said I, "do you know Jean Joumont, a guide, who lives here?" He knew him very well; and, tempted by the reward of a few batzen, brought him to me in less than five minutes. Of course no message had ever been delivered to him from me. It was useless for him or any one to remonstrate, or to entreat me to wait until the storm was over. I had but one object before my eyes; Edward drenched to the skin, and peering out anxiously for us on an unknown and perhaps dangerous road. So I was conducted to the shed where my mule awaited me. Encumbered as I was with shawls and wrappers, it was

impossible to spring into the saddle ! Moreover, flung across the creature's back was a sack of provender for its refreshment at the convent, no provision being attainable in that sterile, rocky land. How was I to mount ? Ah ! I was told there was the substantial rope-woven dunghill placed most conveniently at the entrance of each Swiss hovel ! Well, many have risen from the same stepping-stone far higher in this good world's estimation than to the back of a mule ; so why should I have objected ? Nevertheless I did, and scrambled into my seat as best I could. A dozen kind peasant hands helped to arrange my coverings ; and as I had insisted upon my guide wearing my large Macintosh, the same party fastened it around him with many a laugh and jest at his new costume. As I passed forth beneath the window of the salon, its sash was thrown up, and Club Foot's face was projected thence with a malignant grin, as he congratulated me on the weather. Of this I should have taken no notice, had I not perceived his companion behind him raising his hat in a manner which made me involuntarily bend my head in token of farewell.

With the wind howling around us, and the sleet and rain beating against us, my guide and I reached the wretched hamlet of St. Pierre, where we trusted that Edward had taken shelter. A peasant informed us that a gentleman answering to this description had gone on towards the hospice. So we pushed forwards, until a shout and merry burst of laughter made us halt under a projecting rock, and where, in its farthest recess, we discovered Edward, perfectly dry, and extremely amused at our forlorn and dripping appear-

ance. At first we felt provoked, but, thinking better of the matter, withdrew to the same shelter until the storm had spent its fury. With the first struggling sunbeam we pursued our route, our guide pointing out to us the spot where Napoleon fell as he preceded his artillery in 1800, and where he encountered the greatest natural obstacles to his ambitious career across the Alps. We left this route above us, and gladly pursued the "excellent road cut by the Valaisans across the precipices which overhang the deep course of the Drance, avoiding the steep rises and falls of the old road, and leading us by a safe path which their daring engineers have cut out of the rock through a savage and appalling defile."

The trees and shrubs are now dwarfs in comparison to their brethren of the valleys; but there is rich pasturage in the Prou where numerous herds are feeding. We still ascend, and come on a dreary, naked scene: not a blade of grass, not a sign of vegetable life; brown rocks, snow, and ice. We shiver, our teeth chatter, and we draw our mantles more closely about us: my feet are benumbed. Six hours ago we could hardly endure the heat! We ask anxiously if that enormous mass of rock, which seems to shut out all further egress from the valley, is not the Great St. Bernard. No; it is Mount Velau, and the guide points out the thread-like pathway. We have now reached the last human habitation ere we arrive at the hospice—a small inn that can only be inhabited in summer. I gladly enter to draw more stockings over my frozen feet. The peasants within are laughing, dancing, and drinking; the good-natured hostess pulls

a blanket off her bed, and tucks me in it upon the mule. Three Piedmontese with returned mules joined us here. One, a very handsome lad, sat with his face to his mule's tail, in order to converse more freely with his companion who followed. Edward had also mounted a returned mule by the guide's advice, and he headed our party, all winding along the edge of the rock in Indian file. Be the road ever so wide, the mule chooses the edge; they derive this habit from being taught, when carrying burdens, to keep as far from the mountain-wall as possible: the least concussion against it would overbalance them on a narrow pathway, and would hurl them over the precipices. The Drance must now be crossed over that wooden plank; but is it wood or ice? The merry back-rider shouts 'Coraggio Signora!' and slipping and sliding, we venture over, and are safe on the other side. And as we still climb the icy pathway, my guide points to a small hollow between two rocks, and tells that had it not been for the Brethren of St. Bernard, he would have died there three years ago. He, with two other men had urgent business to transact at Aosta, which lies on the other side of the Pass of the Great St. Bernard. It was in the spring, when the sun's influence detaches the avalanches from their snowy beds, and when, therefore, it is the most dangerous time to travel in their vicinity. It was a dull day when they set off for Oasières, but they did not anticipate rain: at Liddes, however, a drizzling mist fell round them, which by the time they had reached the miserable inn, where I had been lent the blanket, had turned into sleet and snow. The house was not yet occupied, it

being too early to venture a residence there. So they pushed onwards, never speaking, for fear the sound of their voices should detach the loosened masses of snow that slightly adhered to the mountain's sides, and congratulating themselves each in his heart that thus far they had safely journeyed towards the hospitable walls of the convent, where they were sure of a welcome for the night. But on crossing the Drance, to their utter dismay all traces of the path to the convent had been obliterated by the recent fall of snow: to return to Liddes was hopeless; the shades of evening were closing in fast upon them. With beating hearts and uncertain steps they sought for the lost path in every direction—in vain. Terrified and bewildered, they seemed to be hunting in a magic circle. At last Jean declared that he had discovered it; the other two maintained he was mistaken; but he toiled onwards until, as his friends had refused to follow him, he lost faith in himself, and, as he expressed it, sank upon the ground with a 'dying heart;' and whence he instantly slipped down a shelving projection of the rock. His last recollection was hearing a terrific explosion, as if the solid rock had been rent from its base, and of his agonizing struggle to extricate himself from the soft, yielding snow, which, the more he wrestled with it, the more effectually wrapped him in its stifling embrace. He had a sensation of forever sinking—sinking!—and he remembered no more as all consciousness forsook him.

The monks of the hospice were out in that awful hour on their charitable mission, as is their usual custom. Provided with lanterns, and carrying vials of



DISCOVERY OF JEAN.

restoratives, and accompanied by their dogs, they had sallied forth, in quest of any helpless travellers who, like Jean and his companions, might have lost their way across that dreary solitude. The unerring instinct of the dogs led them to the place where Jean was buried. They burrowed beneath the snow, scenting their course; whilst their long bushy tails rising above its surface told their masters at times where to follow them. When close to our poor guide's body, they commenced whining and scratching the ground. Forthwith the monks dug into the snow-heap, and discovered him almost dead! He was placed on a stretcher, and carried by them to the hospice, where they tended him with all tenderness for the following three weeks that he struggled between life and death. But notwithstanding all their skill he has never fully recovered the shock; and his eyes are ever most painfully affected by the snow. Most fortunate it was for him that he

had slipped into this crevice of the rock ; for the avalanche had rolled harmlessly over it : an instant later, and he would have been inevitably crushed to death. His companions were found close to the hospice, but in the blinding snow-storm had failed to discover its proximity : they had been walking about to keep off sleep, but were at last yielding to its fatal influence, and in despair had thrown themselves on the ground.

It was with a species of veneration for its inhabitants that I gazed upon the low massive stone-walls of the Hospice of St. Bernard, which at the conclusion of my guide's story, appeared in view. Here, 8200 feet above the level of the sea, live a community of *religieux*, who, young, accomplished, with every feeling alive to the enjoyments of the world, still voluntarily devote themselves to a life of toil and dangers. In the spring and summer time of their existence, when 'youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm' beckon their bark forwards to sail on the stream of pleasure, they cast their anchor on this tempest-shaken rock, heart and soul, giving themselves up to the service of those fellow-beings, who, in this dreary but frequented pass of the mountains, would inevitably perish without their aid. For here, across this savage solitude, is the great peasant thoroughfare between Italy and Switzerland ; across this pass come our organ-boys, our dormice-bearers, and those children of the south who swarm our streets. Almost all can tell, with raised caps in sign of reverence, that they have been welcomed on their homeless road by 'Our Brethren of St. Bernard!' Without such aid hundreds would have perished. Even in the depths of winter such wander-

ers are forced to seek its shelter ; and the hospice has never been known to be without its guests.

As we rode up to the low dwelling, one of the brethren stood at the door, bidding farewell to a party of travellers. We alighted, and craved his hospitality for the night. He was a young man of two-and-thirty, with a pale countenance and delicate frame ; and yet he braved the midnight storm in the cause of charity ! his dress struck me, woman-like, at once, as being most becoming. A long frock-coat, fastened down the front with large buttons, and descending even to the ankles ; full sleeves falling over tighter ones of the same material ; a white collar, worked bead-fashion with black ; and a linen scarf, with black silk ends, thrown gracefully across the chest, composed an attire at once most clerical and most gentlemanly. He raised his velvet cap with courteous grace to welcome us, and expressed his pleasure at receiving an English gentleman and lady within the walls of the hospice. He was the clavendier, or the brother deputed to welcome and entertain travellers. He laughed heartily at my blanket, and at once ushered me into the reception-hall—a large room hung with pictures, the gifts of travellers, and furnished solely with a long table and chairs—after which he hastened to conduct Edward into a sleeping-apartment, where he might change his thoroughly-oaked boots.

By the wood-fire, at the end of the hall, were crouched two Aosta girls. Immediately on my entrance they rose, and offered me a seat between them, commencing a conversation in semi-Italian and French perfectly charming, so free was it from forwardness

and its opposite extreme, sullen reserve. These maidens, with their golden-bodkined hair, were enchanted when they found that I had come from England; for at first they had taken me for a Frenchwoman. England with them was synonymous with gold; and many and curious, though not at all impertinent, were the questions they plied me with. "Was it quite true that, though we all did as we liked, we would die for our Queen? Was she very pretty?" I replied, it was quite true that we all loved our Queen, and women as well as men would fight for her were it necessary: that our Queen was a fair, blue-eyed lady, with skin so dazzlingly white, that when the ermine of her royal robe had rested on her shoulders it looked to me yellow in comparison. Upon this the two maidens raised their own sunburnt hands, and nodded their heads, until their long earrings swayed to and fro with the motion.

Soon the clavendier joined us, and, rather to my dismay, every word of my conversation was volubly poured forth into his attentive ears by those Aosta maidens. He entered into their interest about trifles with childlike heartiness, but soon turned to other subjects; and I found him perfectly acquainted, not only with the graver topics of the day, but also with our light literature, poetry, and recent discoveries. In all this the peasant girls mixed with a propriety, where they understood the subject, which would have astonished me had I not met with it before. They soon, however, took their leave, not without giving me a pressing invitation to bring my brother and see their beautiful Aosta. In the retirement of my own room,

where I was now conducted, I could not but marvel at myself; here for an hour had I been chatting away with the monk and these peasant maidens without restraint—I, whom Edward is continually lecturing on reserve and hauteur.



Popular Work! Twelfth Thousand Now Ready!

LEWIE, OR THE BENDED TWIG.

BY COUSIN CIOELY,

Author of "Silver Lake Stories," etc., etc.

One Volume 12mo., - - - - - Price \$1.00

BEARDSLEY, Auburn and Rochester, N. Y.

Publishes

"Mother! thy gentle hand hath mighty power,
For thou alone may'st train, and guide, and mould
Plants that shall blossom, with an odor sweet,
Or, like the cursed fig-tree, wither, and become
Vile cumberers of the ground."

Brief Extracts from Notices of the Press.

* * * A tale which deserves to rank with "The Wide, Wide World." It is written with graphic power, and full of interest.—*Hartford Repub.*

* * * Her writings are equal to the best. She is a second Fanny Fern.—*Palmira Democrat.*

* * * It is recommended by its excellent moral tone and its wholesome practical inculcations.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

* * * Full of grace and charm, its style and vivacity make it a most amusing work. For the intellectual and thinking, it has a deeper lesson, and while it thrills the heart, bids parents beware of that weakness which prepares in infancy the misery of man. "Lewie" is one of the most popular books now before the public, and needs no puffing, as it is selling by thousands.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

* * * The moral of the book is inestimable. The writer cannot fail to be good, as she so faithfully portrays the evils which owe their origin to the criminal neglect of proper parental discipline.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

* * * The plot is full of dramatic interest, yet entirely free from extravagance; the incidents grow out of the main plot easily and naturally, while the sentiment is healthy and unaffected. Commend us to more writers like Cousin Cicely—books which we can see in the hands of our young people without uneasiness. Books which interest by picturing life as it is, instead of giving us galvanized society.—*National Democrat.*

* * * A touching and impressive story unaffected in style and effective in plot.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

* * * The story of the Governess, contained in this volume, is one of rare interest.—*Highland Eagle.*

* * * The story is a charming one—the most affecting we ever read.—*Jersey Shore Republican.*

* * * "Cousin Cicely" is just the person to portray family scenes.
* * * This story will be profitable reading.—*Daily Capital City Fact Columbus, Ohio.*

* * * The contents of the work are of the first order, and unexceptionable.—*Hartford Daily Times.*

* * * Let every youth peruse it, and we promise them they will find their hearts and lives improved by it.—*Advocate, Batavia.*

Truth is the basis of the work before us. In it the accomplished authoress has done an honor to her sex, and we doubt not secured blessings upon many households by the publication of this finished and elegant little volume. Her former labors have endeared her to children. The present one should secure for her the affection and gratitude of parents.—*Geneva Courier.*

* * * It is lively without triviality, and replete with interest from the first to the last.—*New York Day Book.*

* * * Believing this work adapted to lead mothers to rightly train the little shoots springing up around the parent tree, and to restrain their wandering inclinations, we commend it to their perusal.—*Student.*

Cousin Cicely is gifted with rare powers. It is of home incidents she writes, and in a manner highly attractive. * * * Traces with graphic force the loved and petted child. The volume is full of instruction to parents, and should have a place in every family library.—*Providence Daily Post.*

* * * Cousin Cicely is well known, and a work from her pen will meet with ready welcome.—*Providence Daily Times.*

* * * Her works are of decided merit, and should be possessed by all.—*Rochester Daily American.*

* * * She has got the hearts of parents and children through the Silver Lake Stories and Lewis.—*Rochester Daily Democrat.*

* * * The moral of the story is good, and the plot is so touching, that we cannot wonder at the book's success.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

* * * Agnes, the sister of spoiled Lewis, is treated with unmotherly injustice; grows up a character of uncommon oveliness; and, though "only a Governess," marries splendidly.—*N. Y. Church Journal.*

* * * Downright interesting story. It is crowded with domestic pictures, true to nature. * * * The short and melancholy career of poor Lewis, shows the importance of properly managing children.—*Western Literary Messenger.*

* * * The description of an American home is true to the life. Many of the incidents are truly affecting. * * * Passages of remarkable beauty of expression and sentiment. We give the following as a specimen of the thought and style which characterizes the work: "It is strange how much a human heart may suffer and beat on and regain tranquility, and even cheerfulness at last. It is a most merciful provision of Providence, that our griefs do not always fall as heavily as they do at first, else how could the burden of this life of change and sorrow be borne. But the loved ones are not forgotten when the tear is dried, and the smile returns to the cheek; they are remembered, but with less of sadness and gloom in the remembrance; and at length, if we can think of them as happy, it is only a pleasure to recall them to mind."—*Patriot, Jackson Michigan.*

Every one is Ecstasied with the Book—Every one will
Read it!

SIX THOUSAND PUBLISHED IN THIRTY DAYS!

UPS AND DOWNS,

Or Silver Lake Sketches.

BY COUSIN CICELY, Author of *Lewie* or the Bended Twig
*One Elegant 12mo. Vol., with Ten Illustrations by Coffin, and engraved
by the best artists. Cloth, gilt, \$1.25.*

BEARDSLEY, Auburn and Rochester, N. Y.,
Publisher

The Critics give it Unqualified Commendation.

Cousin Cicely's "*Lewie, or the Bended Twig*," published and wisely read not long ago, was a volume to sharpen the reader's appetite for "more of the same sort." * * * * * "*Ups and Downs*" is a cluster of sketches and incidents in real life, narrated with a grace of thought and flow of expression rarely to be met. The sketches well entitled the volume to its name, for they are pictures of many sides of life—some grave, some gay, some cheering and some sad, pervaded by a genial spirit, and developing good morals.

Either of the fifteen sketches will amply repay the purchaser of the volume, and unless our judgment is false, *after a careful reading*, "*Ups and Downs*" will make an impression beyond "the pleasant effect to while away a few unoccupied moments." The Publishers have given Cousin Cicely's gems a setting worthy of their brilliancy. The ten illustrations are capital in design and execution, and it strikes us as remarkable how such a volume can be profitably got up at the price for which it is sold. The secret must lie in large circulation—which "*Ups and Downs*" is certain to secure.—*N. Y. Evening Mirror*.

Who is Cousin Cicely?—We begin to think Cousin Cicely is *somebody*, and feel disposed to ask, who is she? We several months ago noticed her "*Lewie*" in this journal. It is a story with a fine moral, beautiful and touching in its development. It has already quietly made its way to a circulation of *twelve thousand*, "without beating a drum or crying oysters." Pretty good evidence that there is *something in it*. Our readers have already had a taste of "*Ups and Downs*," for we find among its contents a story entitled "*Miss Todd, M. D., or a Disease of the Heart*," which was published in this journal a few months ago. We venture to say that no one who read has forgotten it, and those who remember it will be glad to know where they can find plenty more of the "same sort."—*U. S. Journal*.

* * * Sketches of life as it is, and of some things as they should be; all drawn with a light pencil, and abounding with touches of real genius. Cousin Cicely has improved her former good reputation in our opinion, by this effort.—*The Wesleyan*.

THE MOST CHARMING BOOK OF THE SEASON.

Of "Lewie," by "Cousin Cicely," we have recently spoken in terms of unqualified praise. "Cousin Cicely" may take her rank with the several remarkably successful female authors of the day, who, within the last two or three years, have created a public mania for female literature.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

* * * The stories are pleasingly written. There are many pathetic descriptions, and many others concealing a good deal of covert and well-merited satire. We make the following extract from a sketch entitled "Miss Tod, M. D., or a Disease of the Heart;" from the portfolio of a young lawyer. The extract will give a sample of the author's style.

"In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my head, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at the door. 'Come in,' I called out, and to my surprise in stepped the neatest, brightest, most cheerful looking little woman it had ever been my lot to meet.

"'You sent for me, I believe sir?' she said in a brisk, pleasant way.

"'I? No, Madam—you are laboring under a mistake.'

"'Ah! I beg pardon,' said the little woman; I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbe, No. 14, Mrs. Grays' boarding-house, with a request that I would call and see him.'

"'Your slate, madam! I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment—'you are surely not a——'

"'Physician! yes, sir,' she interrupted quickly; 'I'm a physician; Dr. Tod.'

"'Extraordinary!' was all that I could say; for, though I had heard at a distance, of such a being, this was my first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapean art."

[*N. Y. Despatch*.

Cousin Cicely has studied human nature, and expresses her views easily and gracefully. Well written sketches, and are calculated to reprove the follies and vices of life. They will be read, and what is better, they will leave a good impression.—*Genesee Evangelist*.

These sketches are pictures of many sided life. The grave and gay, the lively and severe, the sad and glad, the fortune of prosperity, and the misfortunes of reverse, are all depicted with a felicity of expression that is rare in this day of "writing for effect." There is no straining or "highfalutin," no construction of mere words for the sake of their own jingle, no appeal to bad passions, and no mere effort at humor. If we mistake not, this book is destined to have a large sale.—*Rock American*.

* * * There is a freshness and naturalness about the sketches which make them popular with almost all classes.—*N. Y. Day Book*.

We do not know of a writer whose works evince a purer or more wholesome taste. This book of sketches under the above title, is like her former productions, of a very superior tone. The "Vermont Cousin," and the "Adopted Daughter," are rich in quiet humor, and the latter peculiarly so, in depth of feeling and fine sentiment; while the "Lesson of Contentment" is one which every person ought to read, in these hard times.—*Orleans Republican*.

Cousin Cicely has acquired an enviable reputation as a writer of pleasing stories. The sketches in this work are highly interesting, and at the same time of a high moral character. The book will have a great sale.—*Newark Whig*.

THE MOST CHARMING BOOR OF THE SEASON.

* * We have been deeply interested in reading some of the sheets. The vivacity of the narrative and dialogue is admirable. The characters are well exhibited, and the talk of the country people is given with singular correctness, and with a peculiar charm. Virtue finds its reward, and a good moral tone marks the story. We predict that the "Ups and Downs" will be a favorite with the public. It is not a desperate effort for popularity. All is easy and amiable, and the reader not only honors, but loves the kind, genial, heart-moving, and heart-purifying influence of the story which is making his time fly so rapidly.—*N. Y. Evening Mirror*.

Cousin Cicely has made herself well known the world over by her beautiful sketches. Her stories are made up of song, sentiment, sermon, fancy, essay, and philosophy, amusingly mingled in a manner greatly to interest. The present volume assumes more the form of connected tales, the object of which shall be to "point a moral." The authoress, with ease and elegance, has sent out her books to instruct and improve the reader. They abound in rich moral tone and beautiful description.—*De troit Daily Advertiser*.

* * * A glance at its pages convince us that its style is beautiful and its pages full of interest. It takes us back to our old homes, or it transports us to other climes, portraying as its title indicates, "Ups and Downs."—*Niles Enquirer, Mich.*

Cousin Cicely, whoever she may be, is a highly valued relative of the human family. She possesses a fund of good feeling and good sense, and has so much unquestionable strength, that she can afford to be natural. In presenting her interesting reminiscences she proceeds in a straightforward manner, and tells her story in unaffected, and often in beautiful and impressive language. Her former productions have procured a place for her in many hearts, and the present sketches fully sustain her position. They are lively, vigorous, and always to the purpose, frequently illustrating an important moral truth by a powerful narrative.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The volume before us is from the pen of one whose writings we have always admired—and the cause of our admiration may be found in their naturalness, feeling and grace. We find here no less than fifteen sketches—each one skillfully and successfully wrought, and all containing thoughts for which their author will be cordially thanked. "Cousin Cicely" knows all about

———"the stuff that life is made of,"

and uses that knowledge to excellent advantage. It is sure of a cordial welcome.—*Buffalo Express*.

The first story in the collection is a good natured satire on female doctors. A young lawyer fancies himself afflicted by an organic disease of the heart. A physician is summoned, and comes in the shape of an intelligent young lady, Miss Tod, M. D. The result of the acquaintance thus formed is a reciprocal attachment; for once, "the course of true love does run smooth," and Miss Tod consents to become a resident physician.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

* * * Social scenes in every-day life, genially sketched; designed to entertain a quiet hour of relaxation, and inculcates high moral lessons.—*Home Journal*.

Four Thousand in Thirty Days!
TWO ERAS OF FRANCE
OR, TRUE STORIES FROM HISTORY!
BY HUGH DE NORMAND.

*One volume 12mo., (uniform with *Levie and Pearl Fishing*.)*
368 pages.

* * * In the Stories of the Revolution, the author has detailed the mournful history of the "Dauphin," and presented a summary of the evidence so far discovered, in regard to that most interesting historical question—the identity of the *Rev. Eleazer Williams with Louis XVII.*

Nuslin, Gilt, \$1, Gilt Edges, \$1.35, Full Gilt Edges & Sides, \$1.75.

BEARDSLEY

Auburn, N. Y.,
Rochester, N. Y., { *Publisher*

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

* * * We have read this volume with a good degree of satisfaction and interest. * * * The soul-stirring events of the incarceration of the Dauphin, Prince Louis XVII. his probable escape through the aid of the friends of the reigning King, and the evidence *pro* and *con*, relating to the claims of Rev. Eleazer Williams, now a missionary in this country, to be the identical person—the rightful heir to the throne of France, in place of the present incumbent.—*Ontario Messenger.*

* * * A most interesting volume. We need but mention the fact that the author has selected for his stories two of the most important periods in the annals of France. To the general reader, as well as to the scholar, this portion of French history is confessedly remarkable for its intense interest.—*Syracuse Journal.*

* * * The author treats of the Williams Dauphin question, and has stated the arguments, and pronounced it "at least highly probable" that Mr. W. is the Dauphin. This volume will be found a very attractive one to young readers, and should have a place in all the libraries for young men.—*Evening Mirror, New-York.*

* * * These stories traverse one of the most deeply interesting periods of French History. * * * A fine steel engraving of the reverend gentleman prefaces the volume.—*The Medina Whig.*

* * * Thrilling events. The revolution of 1789 stands distinguished for deep and world-wide interest. * * * The fate of the helpless infant Dauphin has excited the deepest emotions of the civilized world. Whatever relates to these events is read with interest. * * * It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we have perused the late issue. Full of startling incident, and withal bearing the stamp of truth on all its pages, it cannot fail to entertain and instruct him who sits down to its perusal.—*Lima Visitor.*

* * * Of remarkable and intense interest to the general reader and the scholar. * * * Its contents are worthy of examination.—*Palmyra Glee Book*.

* * * The facts which are given to prove the identity of Mr. Williams with the *Dauphin*, are of an exceedingly interesting character, and deserve a careful examination. The extraordinary resemblance which the Indian Missionary bears to the portraits of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. is not the least remarkable part of the matter. We commend this readable book to the attention of our friends, as one well worthy of notice.—*Fred. Douglass' Paper, Rochester*.

* * * Two of the most interesting periods in all the history of that nation. * * * Some of the more striking points in the history of those events.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

* * * The sketches are written in pleasant style, and are authentic. * * * It can be read with pleasure and profit by all persons who would have a correct statement of two most important events.—*Rochester Daily American*.

* * *. The fate of the Huguenots of France—and the mysterious history of the Dauphin or son of Louis XIV., constitute the points of attraction in this book.—*The Wesleyan, Syracuse, N. Y.*

* * * These are portions of history of remarkable interest. * * * Every new book upon the subject is eagerly snatched up by the public, especially by a lively and graphic pen, like the one which drew these sketches. The work is replete with interest, and will repay a perusal. * * * The author's object has been to re-produce these great eras with vividness and freshness, rather than to express any novel views respecting them. He has certainly produced vivid pictures, and condensed a variety of historic information that ought to be in every reader's possession. The idea is a capital one, which ought to be more fully carried out. The reader may be assured of a very impressive and readable book.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

* * * The volume will be found a very attractive one to young readers and should have a place in all the libraries for young men.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

* * * This is a book of great interest and excellence. It contains two stories; but each one is full of stirring events; each develops an era in the history of France.—*Boston Traveller*.

This work is of great interest and of usefulness to the general reader, the student and statistician. It is a sketch of Biographies, thrilling incidents and recitals, replete with Historical Fact and valuable information, divested of the prolixity which necessarily appertains to standard Historic works. * * * We commend the book as a digest of History.—*The American Citizen*.

Six Thousand in Sixty Days! Dickens' New Book!

PEARL-DIVING.

Choice Stories.

Comprising selections from that admirable publication, "Dickens' Household Words."

FIRST SERIES.—1 vol. 12mo., (uniform with Lewie,) price \$1.00

ALDEN, BEARDSLEY

Auburn, N. Y.,
Rochester, N. Y., } Publishers.

This volume is the *first* in a series gathered from the same publication. It is enriched with an admirable likeness of DICKENS, engraved for this work. The Publishers commend the volume as pure in sentiment, wholesome in morals, and abounding in such incident and interest as cannot fail to secure a friendly reception and a wide circulation with American readers. (Second series will be published July 1st, 1854.)

So say the Press.—Short Extracts from Lengthy Notices.

It is not a story of pearl diving in the Indian seas, but a choice collection of pearls fished from Dickens' *Household Words*, and strung together as an ornament for the library and the parlor. * * * Such a selection of Dickens' own gems is quite a favor to his admirers in the United States. * * * The story of *Lizzie Leigh* is alone worth the price of the volume.—*N. Y. Independent*.

It was a good thought of the publishers to collect the best stories of the *Household Words* into acceptable volumes, printed in large new type, on good paper, to please fastidious readers like ourselves, and to entice even aged people to the perusal. * * * This series should command a large circulation, if good taste in the choice of fictitious literature has not died out with the success of *Hot Corn* and similar atrocities.—*N. Y. Times*.

* * * The book contains a charming selection of the best stories from "Dickens' Household Words." * * * Most valuable and interesting publication, handsomely printed in the large type, open page, which are happily superseding the absurd, crowded, and illegible pages which the cheap publication system has imposed upon the American public.—*New York Day Book*.

These stories, selected from Dickens' *Household Words*, make a handsome volume, with a fine likeness of their author. It is a capital thought to gather up such of those interesting papers as will be of most interest to the American reader.—*Providence Daily Post*.

* * * In gathering these choice stories the selection has been made of such as furnish the most brilliancy and value. * * * Replete with incident and absorbing interest, from beginning to end. And what is more and better, the lessons they teach are of the purest morality.

* * * The stories have point and force, and will be read by all, old and young, with delight and profit.—*Auburn Daily Advertiser*.

